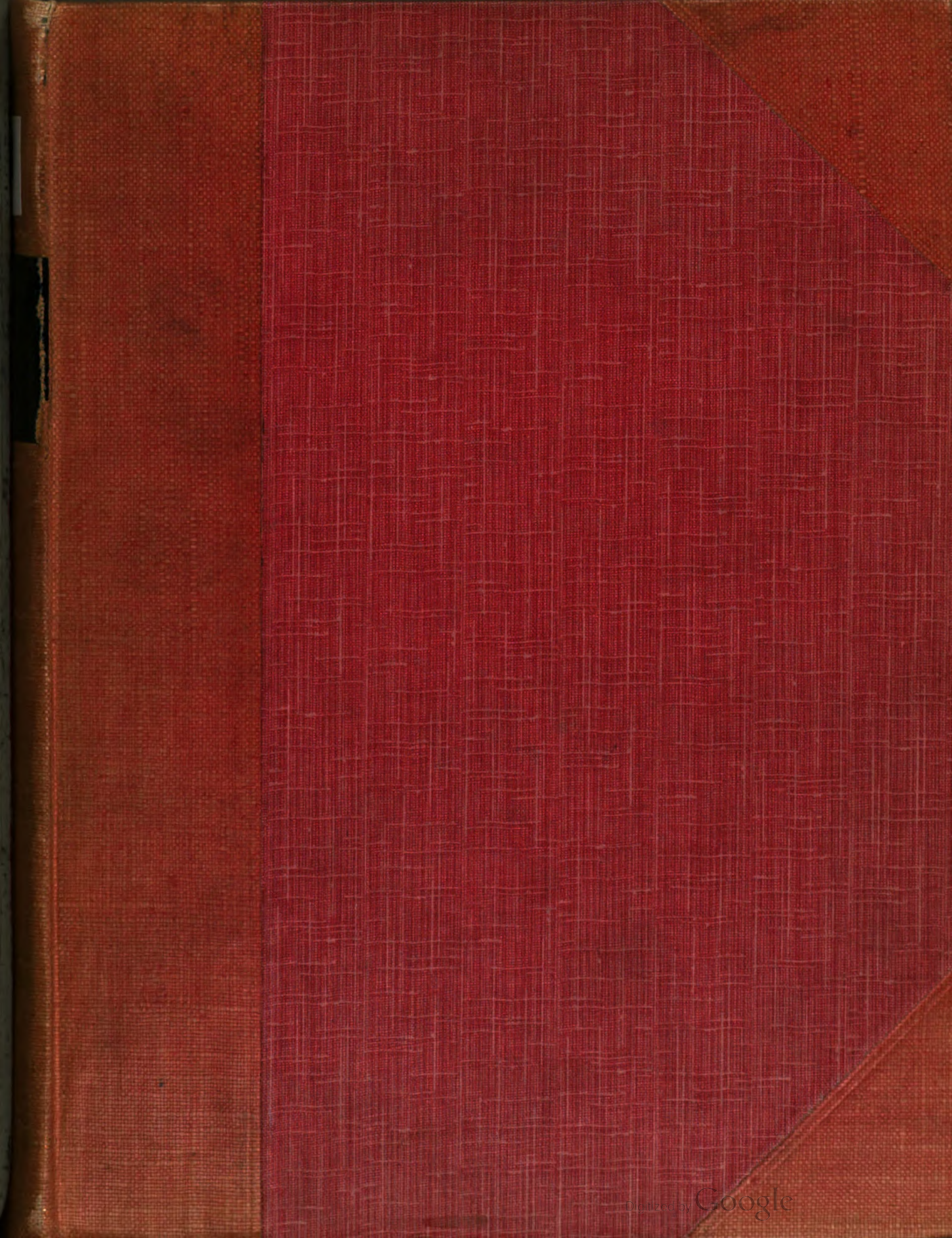

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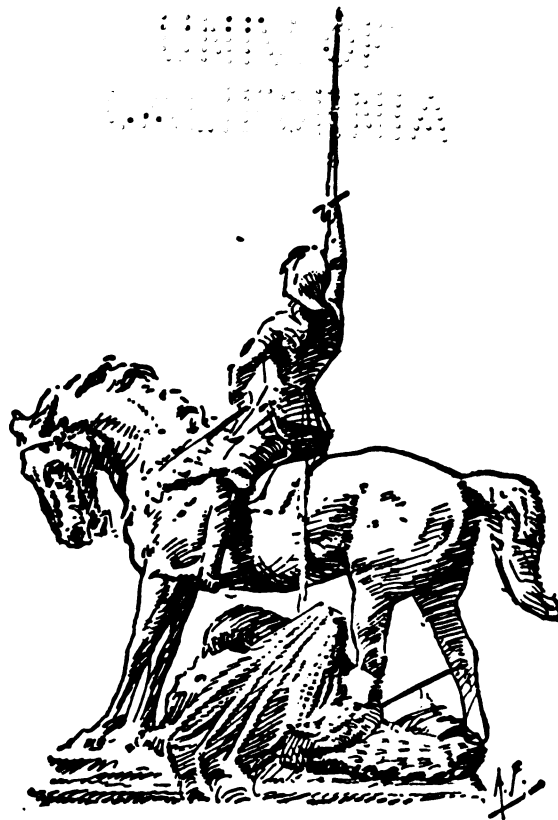






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COLONEL JAMES HUGONIN

4th Light Dragoons, 1821

From the Painting by J. Pardon

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JAMES HUGONIN

1st Dragoons 1821

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THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1931

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COLONEL JAMES HUGONIN

NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE.

THERE appear to have been three generations of the Hugonin family in the 4th Regiment of Dragoons, viz. :—

1. James Hugonin (probably the grandfather of the James Hugonin, of the portrait) who joined the Regiment as a Captain on 15th October, 1759, was Brevet Colonel in 1782, and Major-General in 1790.

2. Francis Hugonin—Cornet 4th Dragoons, 1768. Was appointed Colonel of the Regiment in 1808 and died in 1836.

3. James Hugonin (the subject of the portrait) joined the 4th Dragoons as a Cornet on 1st April, 1795, was Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in 1819, and retired from the Regiment in 1821.

The 4th Dragoons were converted from Heavy to Light Dragoons in 1818, and the uniform changed from scarlet to blue.

An interesting feature of the picture is the Negro Trumpeter, shewn in the background. The 4th were always noted for Negro trumpeters, and as far back as 1755, in the Inspection Report it is mentioned that the "Drummers" are all Blacks. In the report of 1776—"Trumpeters are Negroes," in 1800—Trumpeters "Turbans," are shown in a list of clothing.

By an Army Order issued in 1811, the Trumpeters of all Cavalry Regiments, were to adopt the same uniform as worn by the ranks of the Regiment. This order the 4th Light Dragoons seem to have ignored, as is shewn in this painting of 1821.

*THE LITERATURE OF A LIGHT CAVALRY
REGIMENT—THE FOURTH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS*

By J. PAINE

"CAVALRY! What memories that word awakens! I hear again the jingling spurs, the champing bits, the clatter of the long columns on the cobbled roads. Dream pictures of horse and horsemen, battles, bivouacs and billets rise up and thrill me through and through. . . ."

ARDERN BEAMAN.

Of the two British Cavalry regiments which display the early Battle Honours of the First Afghan War, one still cherishes the memory of a long since departed non-commissioned officer who, like most of his barrack-room associates, had never dreamt of writing a book, but was induced, after his brief spell of active service, to put his observations into print. The worthy warrior so prevailed upon by "good-natured, though perhaps misjudging friends," bore the name of William Taylor and the results of his literary efforts were published in 1842 under the title of "Scenes and Adventures in Affghanistan." The author is described on the title page as a late Troop Sergeant-Major of the Fourth Light Dragoons, a regiment which under a more familiar title, is now stationed in York. Little can be said about the narrative since it is just a short simple straightforward account of the hardships which attended the Army of the Indus in its march through the Scinde Desert and the Bolan Pass to Kandahar and thence to Kabul by way of Ghuznee.



4th Light Dragoons

In March, 1840, the Fourth were back again at Kirkee where less than eighteen months previously the two chosen squadrons of the regiment had received orders to join the force detailed to reinstate the unpopular Shah Soojah on the Afghan throne. The author pays a fine tribute to a Captain of his regiment who fell a victim to the cholera as a result of visiting the afflicted ones of his troop and records with pride the fact that Major Daly of the Fourth was the winner of a prize gold-hilted sword in a horse race got up in Kabul to show the Shah what the Derby was like. The fighting in the book is confined mainly to accounts of the resisting of the numerous attacks made by the bands of thieving Beloochees. The dedication of this little book is made to Lady Sale who is well known as an authoress of a journal kept during the campaign. Whether intentional one cannot say, but it is interesting to note that the worthy sergeant-major's book is bound in covers of green, the colour of the facings adopted by the Fourth in 1836. Taylor's book was not the first publication of interest to the regiment,* but, to the best of the writer's knowledge, it was the first volume of a personal nature to leave the press. One beholds the name of the same author on the title page of a book published a few years later entitled "Life in The Ranks," a second edition of which made its appearance in 1847. This is the story of Taylor's life in the Fourth during the regiment's stay in India in the 'twenties and 'thirties and should be read before his first book. Soldiering in the Shiny East a century ago must have been a nightmare to what it is now and some of the author's anecdotes are anything but pleasant and of a far too sordid nature for repetition in the pages of this journal. His chapters relate to the regiment's first tour in the country, the first five years of which cost the Fourth in losses from sickness some dozen officers and five hundred men. One of many interesting

*An old publication of regimental interest is the "Correspondence Relating to the Stationing of a Troop of The Fourth Regiment of Dragoons in the County of Carnarvon" edited by Edward Griffith, a copy of the third edition of which, published in two parts in 1806-07, is bound up with a volume of contemporary tracts preserved in the North Library of the British Museum. The correspondence is between the magistrates and military authorities and is an interesting relic of the anticipated danger of insurrection among the quarrymen of Carnarvon and Bangor in 1801.

regimental characters who figure in Taylor's yarns is the Commanding Officer who threatened to place him under arrest for his impertinence in daring to suggest that a certain weekly paper be procured for the benefit of the non-commissioned officer's leisure hours. The author was then a sergeant and his long desired wish that his comrades should have a library was fulfilled when a new and better liked chief took the place of the doubtless well-meaning old martinet who had expressed the view that "the only two books fit for soldiers are the Articles of War and the Bible."

The next campaign in which the Fourth Light Dragoons was destined to play a distinguished part was that with Russia in 1854, a conflict which recalls the publication half a century ago of "The Light Cavalry Brigade in The Crimea. Extracts from the Letters and Journal of the Late General Lord George Paget, K.C.B., During The Crimean War." Most of these letters were written to Gen. Paget's first wife and portions of the journal were amended after the diarist had carefully read the Balaclava volume of Kinglake's history. This one time Inspector-General of Cavalry died in 1880 and when his book left the press in the following year it naturally enough had the effect of raking up the Light Brigade controversies, a subject which might well have been allowed to rest. Nevertheless, the volume should appeal to those interested in the doings of the Fourth since its author commanded the regiment in the Crimea, led the second line of the Six Hundred at Balaclava and eventually became Colonel* of the regiment. During the tenure of his command the regiment was reputed to have adopted a style of drill frowned on by some of the older school, hence the now forgotten nickname "Paget's Irregular Horse." Paget's rollicking letters

*Lord George Paget was one of two officers who lived to hold Lieut.-Colonel's rank in the regiment, to eventually hold its full Colonelcy and to write a book devoted to the Cavalry arm, though the one never lived to see his book in print. The book written by the other officer, Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Charles Dalbiac, was a small work not to be found in the British Museum, entitled "Military Catechism for Officers of the Cavalry" published in 1806 when the author was a Major in the Fourth. He commanded the regiment in the Peninsula during the occasional absence of Lord Edward Somerset and was husband of the lady whose gallant bearing under fire at Salamanca is immortalised in the pages of Napier. The Dalbiacs and their relative, Lieut. Norcliffe Norcliffe form the subject of an interesting article, "A Family Regiment in the Peninsular War" contributed to the "Cavalry Journal" in 1928 by Major-Gen. J. C. Dalton.

covering the whole campaign come to an abrupt end in the middle of the book, the remaining half being taken up with detailed descriptions and remarks on the various actions. One of the best points of the book is that it contains much that is amusing. In one of his letters home he writes, "You ask me about my major. I have no particular fault to find with him. He is very subservient, but fidgets the officers and men so much, that I am obliged sometimes to pull him up." And in that same epistle he refers to one who was so weak that he stumbled at every step, "Exquisite," his charger. Of his gallant orderly, the winner of the Victoria Cross, mention will be made hereafter. One of Paget's Captains was smoking a pipe (Paget himself had a cigar on) prior to being severely wounded in the charge at Balaclava and that pipe, together with his shot-marked overalls, revolver and holster are still exhibited in the Royal United Service Museum, where Field-Marshal Lord Raglan's medals, decorations and other relics recall the fact that the unfortunate commander of the forces in the Crimea received his first commission in the Fourth. The museum just referred to has, by the way, an old shabraque and sabretache of the regiment and one of Ackermann's coloured prints of an officer in the uniform worn prior to 1861, the year which witnessed the conversion of this regiment of Light Dragoons to Hussars.

Some more Crimean epistles which found their way into book form long after the campaign were those of Captain Robert Portal, who, prior to joining the Fourth Light Dragoons in the 'forties, had served with an infantry regiment in Canada. His "Letters From The Crimea, 1854-55," printed for private circulation only at Winchester thirty-one years ago, contain some interesting scraps of information about the previously mentioned General Lord George Paget, who on obtaining his Brigade, had appointed Portal as his Aide-de-Camp. To those who have not already digested the literature of this campaign, a perusal of these many letters written by a bachelor officer to his mother, brother and sisters will reveal much that is informative and humorous. When at vile Varna in August, 1854, he deplored the fact that the army was without a Wellington and whilst

encamped before Sebastopol he laments the fact that amongst the papers received from home there were no copies of "Household Words." He was naturally enough disgusted with the account in "The Times" of the taking of Sebastopol before it was taken, a repetition of which sort of thing was not uncommon in the Press during the late war. His reference to "the maddest and most extraordinary order ever given to Cavalry" applies, as may be readily surmised, to the Light Brigade charge, from which he was brought out safely on his own horse, despite the latter's wounded leg. It is something in the nature of an accepted fact that this was the most mismanaged of all our big campaigns and those responsible for much of the suffering among the troops are not spared by this indefatigable letter writer, many of whose statements, however, are contradicted in later letters which only serves to show that he wrote just as he felt at the time. Unlike the books by Taylor and Paget, this volume is adorned with a portrait, an attractive study of this rather outspoken captain and his mare "The Wave," with Light Dragoons and their horses depicted in the background. Portal, who was one of the three officers of the Fourth to receive the special Crimean medal given by the King of Sardinia, lived to command the Fifth Lancers (he had hoped to get the Fourth) and died in the late 'eighties.

A small volume bearing the design of a Crimean medal on the cover and entitled "Crimean Campaigning and Russian Imprisonment," by One of the "Six Hundred," was published at Dundee in 1889, the author being Robert Stuart Farquharson who, after taking part in the celebrated charge, fell into the hands of the Cossacks. His captivity lasted over a year and after leaving the Fourth, he was able to hold the appointment of State Trumpeter in Edinburgh since he had at one time served in the band of the regiment.

In "Told From The Ranks," a collection of soldiers' narratives edited by E. M. Small in 1897, may be found a short contribution on the Light Brigade Charge by ex-Sergeant Joseph Gregg who rode with the Fourth into the Valley of Death and retired after twenty-five years' Army service. In a very similar

book edited by Walter Wood nine years later, is another brief pen picture of regimental interest in the shape of ex-Sergeant H. Herbert's Balaclava narrative. A glance at the regiment's crest reveals the fact that the Battle Honours* of the regiment were destined to remain without additions after the termination of hostilities with the Russians and until the advent of the Great War when the Fourth formed part of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade which proceeded to France in August, 1914. That a detachment of the regiment served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1884-85 is an item of information worthy of mention, as is also the fact that for two successive years in the early 'eighties the Fourth had been the winner of the trophy awarded for the best shooting regiment in the Cavalry.

Just four months prior to the outbreak of war with Germany the diary of an officer who had fought with the regiment a century previously was published in the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution." It filled fifty pages of that publication and was "A Journal of Events which took place from the Day I [Lieutenant Charles Dudley Madden] Marched from Chichester to Embark." This was April, 1809, when Madden went out with his troop to Portugal. Like most diaries kept on active service it is rather scrappy and finishes with his return to England in August, 1811, the most interesting portion being that devoted to the battle of Albuhera. This diary is of joint interest with that other interesting contribution by Charles Dalton, "A Dragoon Officer's Experiences at Salamanca," published in "The Cavalry Journal" in 1912. The officer to whom Dalton devoted his notes was none other than the gallant Lieut. (afterwards Lieut.-Col.) Norcliffe Norcliffe whose brilliant charge into the enemy's ranks with a handful of Dragoons at Salamanca has always been a treasured episode in the regiment's history and whose letter to his father after he had been wounded in that fight is the main item in Dalton's contribution.

*"Dettingen." "Talavera." "Albuhera." "Salamanca." "Vittoria." "Toulouse." "Peninsula." "Ghuznee, 1839." "Afghanistan, 1839." "Alma." "Balaclava." "Inkerman." "Sevastopol." Authority to bear the first of these Honours was not granted to the regiment till 1882, almost one hundred and forty years after the battle had been fought!

To the professional cavalryman the Great War was a disappointment since much of his time was spent as an infantryman in the trenches, a fact which may account to some extent in his desire to refrain from giving the public a narrative of his experiences. Of the few contributions which have made their way into print Ardern Beaman's "The Squadron," published in 1920, deserves nothing but praise and might well be recommended to those whose ordinary common intelligence must tell them that the bulk of the last few years' best sellers were written either purely for propaganda purposes or were the work of members of the male sex who, no matter in what sphere of life you place them, can only see, or will only see, the one side of the medal. The title of Beaman's book is a good one, even if spelt in the latest way, and there is not much that troubles the writer save that which came within his immediate notice in that particular squadron of the Fourth which he joined in 1917 and remained with till the end of the campaign. Unlike so many so-called war books, this one is well written and moreover is a very faithful replica of the actual conditions under which the officers and men lived in those strange times. In short, it breathes the atmosphere of things as they really were out there and the man who can produce things of this order with a pen can indeed lay claim to be called an author. The book's real charm lies in its many fine passages one of which a humble admirer could not resist placing at the head of this discussion. Many of us feel the better for that little bit of military service rendered during those eventful years and this book will recall "memories of those old days of once upon a time when all young men were heroes and when all Englishmen were brothers." With these words the Padre, as he describes himself in the narrative, brings to a close a volume which should be read by all who had the privilege of taking part in the Great Adventure.

In addition to the writers of personal memoirs, there are, of course, the historians of the regiment. Strictly speaking, the history of the regiment has never been written and it is high time that the omission was rectified. Richard Cannon, whom J. M. Bulloch describes as "a dry-as-dust old soul," compiled

in 1843 an "Historical Record of The Fourth, or The Queen's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons, 1685-1842," but this little work sadly needs enlargement and improvement on the period it treats of, to say nothing of being brought up to date. Another very brief history leading up to the year 1909 was compiled from the historical records by Major H. Watkin, a former adjutant of the regiment, who fell at Gallipoli in 1915. His record was duly brought up to date by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. Pragnell, D.S.O., and as "a Short History of The IV Queen's Own Hussars" was published in India in 1923. It was three years prior to the appearance of this monograph that "The 4th Queen's Own Hussars in the Great War" was published at Aldershot. This much needed chapter in the regiment's career was the work of Captain H. K. D. Evans, M.C. and Major N. O. Laing, D.S.O., both of whom served with the Fourth in the campaign which gave to the regiment a list of Battle Honours* which in itself is a testimony to its varied and splendid services. That the introduction to this attractive and well-illustrated volume should have been contributed by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill was not altogether a matter of surprise since the great politician passed from Sandhurst into the Fourth Hussars and in the full dress uniform of that illustrious regiment he is shown in the portrait which accompanies the chapter devoted to his eventful career by R. H. Davis in his "Real Soldiers of Fortune," published twenty-four years ago.

Though there would not appear to be any particular poem of merit that could be mentioned in connection with the regiment, it is worth remembering that on a neat marble tablet placed in Kidderminster church to the memory of one of the regiment is an inscription which includes the concluding verse of one of the best known poems of our language, Gray's "Elegy Written in a

*"MONS" "Le CATEAU" "Retreat from Mons." "MARNE 1914" "AISNE 1914" "Messines 1914" "Armentières 1914" "YPRES 1914, '15" "Langemarck 1914" "Gheluvelt" "ST. JULIEN" "Bellewaarde" "ARRAS 1917" "Scarpe 1917" "CAMBRAI 1917" "SOMME 1918" "AMIENS" "Hindenburg Line" "Canal du Nord" "Pursuit to Mons" "France and Flanders 1914-18".

Those Battles shown in capitals were the honours selected for emblazoning on the Drum Banners of the Regiment. The War Memorial takes the form of a tablet inscribed with the names of the fallen and, wherever the regiment may be quartered it will stand in front of the Main Guard Room where daily at noon the Main Guard will turn out and carry swords to it as a mark of respect.

Country Churchyard." The inscription reads as follows :
"Sacred to the memory of John Taylor, late a sergeant in the 4th (or Queen's Own) Dragoons, who departed this life at Elvas, in Portugal, on the 14th of November, 1809, at the early age of twenty-seven. He fell a sacrifice (among hundreds) to the sickness which visited the army of Lieutenant-General Lord Wellington, after the retreat from Talavera, in the Spanish dominions. This humble monument was erected by his captain, as a small tribute of respect for one to whom he was much attached, and who was a most excellent non-commissioned officer, and an honest, sober, upright man."

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

It will be noted that this apparently highly respected sergeant was serving in the regiment before it was finally clothed and equipped as light cavalry, for it was not till nine years after the victory at Talavera that the regiment was ordered to style itself "Light Dragoons," though on a previous occasion, 1799, the regiment had been equipped as Light Dragoons. The regiment's services in the Peninsula are commemorated by almost half its pre-war Battle Honours and, in addition to the two diaries already mentioned, there exists another interesting relic of this campaign in the shape of a Regimental Medal* presented to one of the Fourth.

A few words should not be out of place concerning the musicians of the regiment, information respecting whom will be found in various documents and publications which though deserving of notice would most probably be omitted by the average compiler of a regimental bibliography. Some of the old Army Inspection Returns preserved in the Public Record Office in London contain an entry here and there of infinite interest and it is from one of these documents of 1755 that one

*"Reward of military merit, presented to H. Allen, by Major Jas. Hugonin, a token of regard and esteem, 1815", with a bar inscribed "Peninsula". Seven years beforehand another regimental medal bearing a trophy of arms in fine relief was presented to the Fourth's best swordsman.



Photograph by Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd.

DRUM HORSE 4th QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS

70 VINTAGE
ARTISTS

learns that all the drummers of the then styled Fourth Regiment of Dragoons were blacks. In common with the trumpeters and hautbois they wore green coats and scarlet waistcoats and breeches, the rest of the regiment wearing scarlet tunics and green waistcoats and breeches. A score of years later one notes that the trumpeters were negroes and mention is made of their turbans in a Return of the beginning of the last century. Since the Fourth made a speciality of its blacks it was perhaps only natural that now and then a bad bargain was met with. Accounts, for instance, of three very unpleasant affairs concerning these coloured musicians of the Fourth appeared in the Ipswich Journal in 1750, 1761 and 1790. The first was the execution, for murder, of Drummer Toby Gill, "a very drunken profligate fellow," at Blythburgh, Suffolk. His victim was a woman, but the second offender, also a drummer, was content with killing his horse valued by the authorities at twenty-three pounds, an amount he was sentenced by the Court Martial to refund by two shilling weekly instalments, in addition to receiving his thousand lashes. The regiment was quartered in Essex at this time but was back again in the adjoining county when the third affair came about. This was a case of absence without leave from Ipswich and conduct in the streets disorderly enough to merit a Court Martial, the finding of which was the usual flogging, the two offenders, Trumpeters Othello and Carter, afterwards being shipped off on a man-of-war. From the unpleasant announcements of a now long defunct provincial newspaper one passes to a monograph of the Fourth's band which appeared in Robert A. Marr's "Music and Musicians, a Retrospect of the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886," published in Edinburgh in 1887. Bands, military and civil, from all over the country, vied with one another in the musical performances given on the occasion of this great exhibition. Marr appends to his monograph a list of the pieces rendered by the Fourth's band which was, by the way, the only Line cavalry band represented and consisted at that time of no less than forty members. In his "Rise and Development of Military Music," published in 1912, Henry George Farmer only details the composition of two British

cavalry bands, one, however, being that of the Fourth Light Dragoons in the early 'forties, when it could only muster sixteen all told, the three cornets, five trumpets, two French horns, a Kent bugle, an ophicleide, three trombones and the traditional pair of kettledrums. Even this was a brilliant contrast to the states of things prevalent about twenty years beforehand when, according to Marr, the Fourth's "band" in the Shiny East consisted of six trumpeters, a kettledrummer and a trumpet-major, all of whom were Indians. The regiment can claim to have had in 1842 the last of the coloured trumpet-majors in the person of "Bush" Johnstone, an Indian who in his own country had served for twenty years with this British cavalry regiment as its trumpet-major. Talking of trumpet-majors recalls the fact that the Fourth's one and only Victoria Cross was awarded to a trooper for saving the life of the regiment's trumpet-major in the Crimean War, a deed which has, of course, an honourable mention in the many works devoted to that coveted decoration.* His Victoria Cross is now in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution, but unfortunately a duplicate exists, and experts so far have been unable to tell which is the one he really received from the Queen at the historic first distribution of these Crosses in Hyde Park in June, 1857. Parke's act of bravery forms the subject of one of Chevalier Desanges' paintings in the Victoria Cross Picture Gallery at Wantage. Of the seventeen trumpeters who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade, two were killed, and, curious to add, both belonged to the Fourth. It is the custom in the regiment for "Reveille" to be played by a full band on each Balaclava anniversary. The Regimental March, by the way, is known as "The Carmelite."

In conclusion, it is worthy of note that "The Houghunters' Annual," first published in India in 1928, is edited by two officers of the Fourth Queen's Own Hussars, Captains Nugent Head and

*"In the charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade at Balaclava, 25 Oct., 1854, Trumpet-Major Crawford's horse fell and dismounted him, and he lost his sword; he was attacked by two Cossacks when Private Samuel Parkes (whose horse had been shot), saved his life by placing himself between them and the trumpet-major, and drove them away by his sword. In attempting to follow the Light Cavalry Brigade in the retreat, they were attacked by six Russians, whom Parkes kept at bay, and retired slowly fighting, and defending the trumpet-major for some time, until deprived of his sword by a shot."—*London Gazette*, 24th Feb., 1857.

Scott Cockburn, two famous riders to pig. To participators in the kingly sport of pigsticking, the name of the last-mentioned officer is familiar as the winner on three occasions of the Kadir Cup. It is to be hoped that the control of this unique publication will in the future remain in the hands of the regiment in which it had its birth. Another annual deserving of mention is the "IV Hussars Journal," the first number of which was published in India in 1923. The 1926 issue had a coloured reproduction of a print by Mansion and Eschauzier showing the uniform of 1815, but both the illustrations and the letterpress of this journal have so far been devoted mainly to current happenings in the life of the regiment. Needless to add, the sporting element in its pages is much in evidence. One would like to terminate this discussion with an appreciation of a "full dress" History of the Fourth Hussars, but since such a work has yet to be written, one must rest content with having been able to devote a discussion to those volumes whose authors have already helped to perpetuate events in the career of this illustrious regiment.



SIGNALS AND THE CAVALRY

By MAJOR H. A. J. PARSONS, M.C., Royal Signals.

THE development of "Signals" as regards the cavalry is naturally of considerable importance nowadays in the general evolution of the army, which is now in progress. It must be realized that the cavalry have now ceased to have one pace; they have mechanized machine-guns as well as transport, apart from the familiar horse squadrons, to say nothing of the recently formed armoured car regiments. All this development in the organization and armament of the cavalry naturally demands a more flexible system of signals than was available during the Great War; also a cavalry regiment will require signals of a new type if it is to meet present day requirements. There are two main questions to be considered, the provision of units by the Royal Corps of Signals, who work as far forward as cavalry regimental headquarters, and the organization of signal troops within cavalry regiments. Before cavalry in its new form can be really efficient, both these types must be improved.

The Royal Corps of Signals.

It is not proposed for a moment to offer any criticism of the present organization of Signals units working with cavalry, but rather to point out the type of tasks they will have in the future and to make suggestions for the best way of carrying out these tasks. There are two main Signals problems regarding the cavalry: communication with a cavalry regiment forming part of an infantry division, and communication within a cavalry brigade or division.

Of these, communication with the cavalry regiment of an infantry division is plainly the easiest task. It is obvious that the regiment may be working at a considerable distance from divisional headquarters, and that it cannot be tied down to well defined lines of communication. This shows immediately that wireless is the only satisfactory means of communication with the regiment, and where it is working as part of the protective troops of the division wireless must be allotted to it. What is important is that the type of set must be able to work on the move, or at any rate as soon as it halts; time prevents the setting up of aërials. Fortunately such a set will be available in the not too distant future. The chief difficulty lies in the actual allocation of sets to the cavalry. A divisional signals cannot possibly afford to allow the cavalry regiment a set permanently, but, on the other hand, the cavalry will usually be engaged while the communication to the infantry is fairly small. When the cavalry are protecting the front or flank of a division, they are carrying out important work and must be provided with the necessary wireless. When the opposition stiffens, and more and more infantry come into action, the cavalry will often be withdrawn, and then their wireless can be issued to the infantry, as they no longer require it. As long as it is generally realized that wireless cannot be permanently allotted to the cavalry regiment, there should be no difficulty for Signals to provide it when required.

Communication within a cavalry brigade or division is not so easy, however, on account of the distances involved. The problem for Signals is to provide wireless sets, which are sufficiently powerful to work on the move, but which can keep up with the headquarters of the different formations or units. One cannot visualise commanders of these formations moving on horseback; they will presumably be in cross-country vehicles, so Signals must produce sets which can move in a similar way. This is largely a question of design and there is no doubt that it can be done. What must be generally understood is that wireless is by far the best means of communication, at any rate up to cavalry regiments. Whether wireless telegraph or tele-

phone will be required is of minor importance; what commanders and staffs must realize is that they will have to depend on wireless, with its drawbacks of cipher and interference to be set against its great advantages. Moves of armoured car regiments may cover fifty to a hundred miles in a day; the use of despatch riders may be very difficult, so that wireless becomes essential. This is not the place for technical details, but there is no doubt that, given suitable apparatus, a cavalry formation can be controlled by wireless, provided that commanders and staffs are accustomed to its use.

The Cavalry Signal Troop.

As usual in the army, the nearer we get to the enemy the more difficult become our problems. At present the cavalry signal troop consists of sixteen other ranks (war establishment) under an officer. There is no need for these men to be trained specially as despatch riders, as every cavalryman should be able to take messages on his horse; but a certain number of baby Austin cars, motor-cycles and horses are provided for the transport of the troop. At the moment the signal troop of an armoured car cavalry regiment is not being considered.

The first obvious difficulty is that there are not enough men in the troop for permanent communication to be established during moves of the regiment. An infantry battalion has a reserve of signallers to move on in order to establish a new headquarters beforehand, but this cannot be done in a cavalry regiment with only half as many signal personnel and two sabre and one machine gun squadrons to communicate with. It is, on the other hand, quite useless for Signals to hold up their hands and say that they cannot get on without more men. These can only be produced by the sabre squadrons, which is quite out of the question. Some other method of improving the signals must be found. It must, at the same time, be remembered that the presence of motor-cyclists in the signal troop considerably helps the maintenance of communication even though there are not enough signallers to send on fresh stations before a move.

Now it is estimated that up to a distance of two miles or so, in ordinary country, it is quicker to send messages by despatch rider than by visual. This does not of course consider wear and tear of horses or motor-cycles. Signals' first duty is therefore to cut down the time expended on visual and to improve what is called "picking-up stations." Both these can be done, and efforts are now being made to reduce the procedure used in sending a message. Seldom, if ever, will a cavalry commander want to send a long or complicated visual message, nor will he want to use a flag. It is suggested therefore that by the reduction of flag drill, so that the flag is only used for attracting attention, if necessary, and by giving more practice in lamp and helio, cavalry signallers can be trained to work much quicker than at present. In fact, we want signallers who can converse by visual, just as post office operators converse over the key. If this can be done and procedure be reduced, messages will get through quicker than at present and so the use of despatch riders can be reduced. At the same time picking up stations is purely a question of practice. When signallers get good at it, any short halt by cavalry regiments can be employed in getting through visual messages, thus saving horse-flesh and motor-cycles, provided that commanders of regiments and squadrons are trained to site their headquarters in places giving a good view, so that visual can be established.

This acceleration of visual does not, however, solve the problem of providing continuous communication. It must also be remembered that, with the speed of movement of the cavalry, visual can only be used at a halt. As the whole of the cavalry signal troop are trained to work as despatch riders, there is bound to be a tendency to use them as such. During a move, and immediately on arrival at a new position, communication must at present be carried out by despatch riders. Although the strain thrown on the signal troop is considerable, it should be equal to its work, as long as the regiment only has two sabre squadrons.

There is, however, a further suggestion for improving cavalry communications, namely, the introduction of a short

range wireless set, mainly for telephone work. These sets are at present being experimented with in the artillery, who have the first priority; but their introduction in the cavalry would undoubtedly have most beneficial results. At present they are only designed to work when both ends are at the halt; but should the design experts produce sets which can work on the move, one can see a great increase in the control which the regimental commander can exercise. After all a small cross country vehicle is not much more conspicuous than the horses of a sabre squadron, while the forward end does not have to be concealed like an artillery O.P. If it is made possible for the regimental commander to talk to his squadron commanders, whether stationary or on the move, the efficiency of the cavalry regiment is bound to be increased. The difficulty will be the manning of the wireless stations; it is too early at present to say whether Royal Signals or Cavalry personnel will be provided; but one would like to see the cavalry signaller as a man who is good across country, an expert with a lamp or helio, and able to work a small wireless set. The maintenance of the wireless will undoubtedly be the task of the Royal Signals, but one would like to see the cavalryman able to work it. This sounds a good deal, but it will be worth while selecting intelligent men for a cavalry signal troop, if wireless is to be provided; for it must be remembered that not only will the commanding officer be able to communicate quickly with his squadron commanders, but also the difficulty of communication on the move will be done away with.

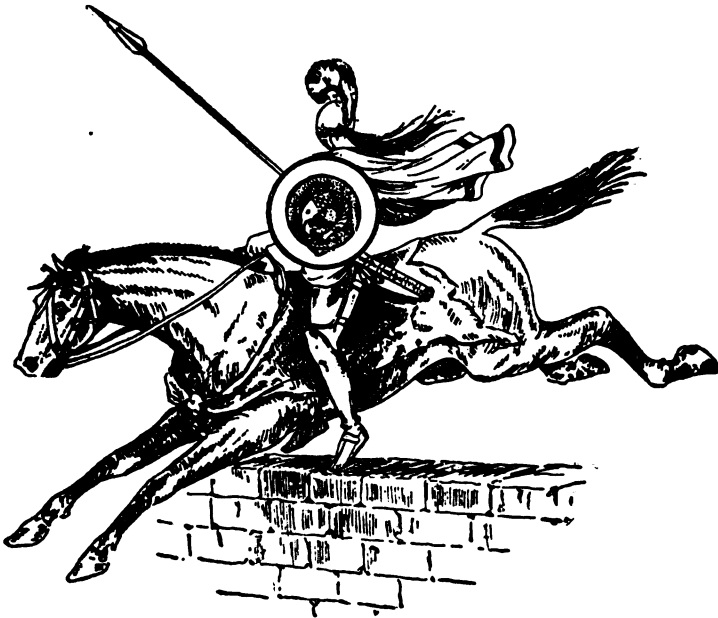
There are still two types of signals in the cavalry regiment which have not been touched on, namely within armoured car regiments and within squadrons. As far as the latter is concerned it is difficult to imagine any communication except by despatch rider, whether mounted or motor cycle depending on the type of squadron. The distances are too short for any other means of communication supplanting the despatch rider.

The armoured car regiment is still too experimental to be considered here. No doubt the wireless telephone provides the solution, but the design both of the sets and of the armoured

cars is not yet settled. It is very unlikely that any means, other than wireless or despatch rider, will be considered in the future.

Conclusion.

From the above remarks it will be seen that the satisfactory development of cavalry signals depends largely on design. The quick moves of the cavalry make wireless so important that it is impossible for cavalry to be really controlled, while doing their proper work, except by wireless. On the other hand, when wireless design does meet our requirements, one can see prospects of a satisfactory solution, both in formations and in units, without an increase of men, such an increase being out of the question.



"A NIGHTCAP"

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

THE club dining-room was cleared but for one table in the corner, around which sat six sportsmen almost completely enveloped in a pall of cigar smoke.

With the exception of the old club steward, who stood resignedly with arms folded in the doorway, the rest of the retainers had retired and the majority of the lights had been extinguished.

The Madeira, which came from a cellar any club might be proud to own, was now going round on its fifth journey.

McCarthy-Moore, the Crown solicitor of the county, known in the fox-catching *milieu* as "The Crusher"; Barry Ronhan, the local M.F.H.; and four soldier-men belonging to the cavalry regiment quartered in the district, composed this congenial party.

Five good yarns had been spun out and the onus was on McCarthy, who was noted for his repertoire of stories.

"Come on, now, Crusher, cap the lot," exclaimed Ronhan.

Having studied the perfect grain of the mahogany table for a few moments, the Crusher filled up his glass, and commenced :

"Racing is my *bête noire*, fond and all as I am of horseflesh, for racing and gambling smashed my father, and I can never forget as a lad of eighteen seeing the old home in Mayo, which had been mortgaged up to the hilt in his last years, passing before my very eyes to the damned bailiff within a week of his death.

“ That day I swore by all the gods never would I again go to a race meeting or back horses.

“ Well, as you know now, I never go racing; however, in spite of the resolution I made at the time of the crash I have been once, but only once, and I’ll now tell you about the story that’s attached to that memorable day’s outing.

“ Well, to cut the cackle, I found myself in an office perched up on top of a high stool trying to earn my bread and butter, and for quite two years I slaved totting up innumerable columns of figures. Now, I had for my companions four of the wildest devils you could imagine, they were absolutely racing mad, and when they were not talking about the Turf, they were spotting would-be winners. As I took no interest whatsoever in racing, they left me somewhat severely alone.

“ One Boxing Day, however, for some reason or other they cajoled me into going with them to the Tipperary Races—I took some enticing too, but in the end they practically hauled me on to an outside-car, and off we drove. Well, when we got on the course I realized why they brought me, as all their methods—tipsters, jockeys’ mounts, following form, etc., had failed utterly, they thought that they would make me a medium for spotting winners and see if I could bring them luck! Giving me a race card and a pin they told me to prick the names of the horses which I thought would win the six respective races, and to oblige them I did; and, not knowing one horse’s name from the other, did so, haphazardly. Well, I picked out the first winner, much to their delight,—it turned up at 6 to 1. The same procedure succeeded with the next two races, in which I picked the winners, which incidently happened to be favourites. Having thus picked the first three winners, I discovered that these rascals were becoming reckless and were putting on fairly large stakes; in the fourth race my horse dead-heated; in the fifth my horse was second, but an objection was made to the winner which was upheld, so my companions again won. Now I was beginning to get very interested, and decidedly thrilled—I suppose, unbeknownst to me, I had inherited the cursed gambling spirit from my poor old father.

After the fifth race Peter Nugent—good lad too, killed afterwards with the Yeomanry in South Africa—came to me and said :

“ Look, here’s £30 for you ; after you picked the first winner I put on a flutter for you on the other horses.”

‘ Now I would never have won £30 in a month of Sundays, so I thanked him profusely and asked him to put the lot on a horse by the name of Donnelly’s Folly in the last race, which happened to be a 3-mile steeplechase. It was a rank outsider at 33 to 1, in a field of thirteen starters of good class, the favourite being a horse called Slattery’s Pride, a winner at Punchestown and Fairy House, and entered in the National.

“ After completing the first two miles of the race, it seemed a dead certainty for the favourite who was drawing well away from the field and fencing beautifully. At last I thought to myself, my lucky-star had fallen, and with it my unexpected winnings. Somewhat despondently I looked round to take stock of the crowds who were roaring the favourite’s name.

“ There was a sudden lull, which instantly caused me to look back at the race. A horse had emerged from the group and was steadily overhauling the favourite three fences from home.

“ I focussed my glasses, and, simultaneously as I identified the magpie colours of the challenger a roar went up from a little group standing just below me—“ Donnelly’s Folly ! ”

“ He had almost drawn level with the top weight, and they landed over the next fence together. Both jockeys were riding for all they were worth, and although a fine horseman, Tom Canty on the favourite, must have been flustered, having been caught unawares, when he had seemingly the race at his mercy.

“ He drew out a length approaching the big double, but he couldn’t shake off the unwanted attentions of Donnelly’s Folly ; they both seemed to rise simultaneously before the bank on the top of which the favourite slipped up and came down a terrific purler, pinning poor Canty beneath him in the ditch.

“ Well, a regulation fence was the last impediment to Donnelly’s Folly, who took it in his stride to romp home in a common canter.

"Well, you should have seen us—I was literally torn to pieces by my hilarious companions.

"We drew our winnings, and off we drove to Heffernan's Hotel, which the jarvey had recommended.

"Here we decided to have a dinner party to celebrate the occasion; after dinner we were joined, I remember, by some hangers on. I was made the hero of the occasion—a decidedly doubtful compliment—they even drank to me and the evening became uproariously merry. We toasted every winning horse and jockey, and Donnelly's Folly a score of times. Half way through dinner we decided to stop the night in the hotel, and by the time that it had come round to drink to the last winner several of our would-be companions had disappeared—one was, I remember forcibly ejected; and another had slipped beneath the table.

"Now for one so young, I had always prided myself that I could hold my drink like a man and when I was called on to make a speech, I found myself almost alone in my glory. All were reposing on the floor in a drunken slumber, and one was sprawling across the heavily stained tablecloth snoring heavily. Suddenly the room began to sway, and sitting down abruptly, I called for a waiter; after a time a little ferrety-faced boots showed his face round the door, and I asked him to show me my room.

"Well, he handed me a flickering candle and told me 'twas the end left-hand room on the second floor, leaving me to grope my way upstairs. Well, I took the turn and entered my room when a gust of wind blew out my candle.

"After a few moments groping round the room I found the bed and sat down on it heavily to take off my boots. Leaning back—I must have been swaying a bit—I felt a dig in the back; startled and sour with drink, no doubt, I asked who in the blazes was in my bed, but sorra a reply I got. Perplexed, I went on unlacing my boots until the floor seemed to rise to meet me, and sitting back to avoid it, again I got another dig in the kidneys. In a fury I clutched at the bedclothes and hurled them

across the room, and then lay back to sleep in a drunken slumber oblivious to all things.

"I woke at dawn with a start, feeling a terrible wreck, with the drink died in me, when suddenly to my horror I espied a yellowish-white face with a great gash across the temples regarding me from a heap of blankets! In a frenzy I clutched at the bell rope and pulled and pulled while a cold sweat poured down me. At last in came the ferrety-faced boots, whom I greeted with 'Oh, God! but I've killed a man!'

"Arrah, be aisy Sorr, shure you do be in the wrong room. Wasn't it here we laid out Canty after he'd been killed beyont in the big double yesterday?

"And now, gentlemen, you will understand why I have never raced since that awful day," said the gallant old fox-hunter feelingly.

All the above names are fictitious.







GENERAL GERARD, VISCOUNT LAKE OF DELHI, &c.

“LAKE AND VICTORY”

THE BATTLE OF DELHI, 1803

By COLONEL E. B. MAUNSELL, *p.s.c.*,
Late The 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse.

IN order to appreciate the power of the Mahratta Confederacy in 1803 a glance at the map is necessary to understand the extent of its dominions. It will be seen that they stretched right across India, touching the sea to east and west. Of the five principal chiefs, two, however, were allied to the British, namely the Peishwa and the Gaekwar of Baroda. As the Peishwa ruled in the Deccan the bulk of the Mahratta people, *per se*, were friendly to the British and welcomed Arthur Wellesley when he marched north to Poona prior to the outbreak of the war. The first phase of the war was fought against Scindhia, by far the most powerful of the Mahratta chiefs, and the Raja of Berar. Lake, the Commander in Chief in India, in Hindustan, was concerned with Scindhia only, but Arthur Wellesley, in the Deccan, had both Scindhia and the Berar Raja on his hands. This phase of the war, moreover, differed entirely from the second phase, against Holkar, the second most powerful chief, in that it was a war of major action, including Delhi and Laswari in Hindustan, and Assaye and Argaum in the Deccan, and predatory horse were only a secondary consideration. With the exception of Argaum, moreover, the battles were the first fought in India against native troops disciplined, trained and equipped on European lines. Argaum was a mere “walk over” against a native rabble of the Berar Raja. In this phase, Holkar held aloof, watching, with intense satisfaction, the overthrow of his brother chiefs, though, had he joined with

them, it is certain that, as events subsequently proved, the war would have been long and very bloody.

The great power of Scindhia had been built up solely by the genius of the great Savoyard adventurer, de Boigne, thanks to whom the chief had become master of Agra and Delhi, with the blind Moghul Emperor in his charge. De Boigne had prevailed upon Scindhia to allot him an area in the Doab near Agra, from the revenues of which he was to raise and maintain an army, led by European adventurers, the majority of whom were British, but, above all, the sons of British officers by native women. The troops were organized into what were termed "brigades," which were, in strict point of fact, very highly organized divisions of all arms, with cavalry, infantry and a most formidable artillery, manned in many cases by British or French gunners, usually runaway soldiers and sailors. These formations were always kept intact, and, as will be shown later, were equipped far ahead of the troops of the Honorable Company, and with greatly superior transport. Few, if any, Mahrattas were in their ranks, and the men comprised every martial race in Northern India, Jats, Rajputs and Hindustani Mussulmans predominating. The most famous of these Brigades, namely the First, encountered by Wellesley at Assaye, had been in existence since 1790, and, it is a fact that, until a battle in 1801 outside Poona, between Holkar and Scindhia, in which British adventurers fought each other, with the British Resident as a spectator, Scindhia's Brigades had never lost a gun, and no native armies could stand before them. When their battalions entered our service, usually under their own British, or British half-caste officers, they proved themselves quite the equal of the Company's sepoys. De Boigne had proceeded to Europe in 1796, being succeeded by one of his officers, Perron, a Frenchman. De Boigne had warned Scindhia not to fight the British on any account, but Perron commenced to intrigue with the French Directory and it gradually became evident that his existence in Hindustan was a menace to the Honorable Company. In the Marquis Wellesley's directions to Lake at the outbreak of the war it is obvious that Perron and "The French State established

on the banks of the Jumna” was almost the sole objective. Perron had been ousting the senior British officers from the Brigades and substituting Frenchman, quite regardless of their capacity, and it was the fact that one, Louis Bourquien, a pastry cook and poltroon whom Perron had raised from the gutter, turned against him after the fall of Aligarh, that Perron decided the game was up and that he had better surrender. The Brigades, thanks to a most judicious proclamation by the Marquis Wellesley on the outbreak of the war, had just been deprived of the whole of their British and British half-caste officers. They now lost their Commander-in-Chief, and found themselves commanded by a few low class Frenchmen who started fighting each other. The confusion, uncertainty and loss of moral among the unfortunate troops can well be appreciated, and accounts for the relatively feeble fight put up by them at Delhi. At Assaye, on the other hand, there is reason to suppose that the First Brigade had not received the Governor-General’s proclamation, and European officers were present, though they were all French. By the time Laswari was fought, the Fourth Brigade had found an excellent native officer to lead them, though this officer was gifted rather with power of command than skill in manoeuvre.

The immediate *casus belli* was the refusal of Scindhia and the Berar Raja to remove a huge army they had concentrated near the borders of the Nizam of Hyderabad, our ally. For some time previously the Marquis Wellesley, the Governor-General, had been arranging concentrations of troops with a view to a simultaneous advance into the Mahratta dominions the moment war broke out. Thus, Arthur Wellesley, then a few miles west of Ahmednagar, carried that place by escalade on August 8th, the same day that Lake marched from Cawnpore for his concentration point at Secundra Rao, forty miles east of Muttra and a few miles from the Mahratta Frontier to the south of Aligarh, Perron’s chief arsenal and fortress. As the troops were marching to the assault of Aligarh, news arrived of the fall of Ahmednagar, and Aligarh itself was carried, after a desperate resistance, in three hours, the success of the storm being largely

due to a gallant Irish adventurer, Lucan, who had come into Lake's camp, in company with many other adventurer officers, including James Skinner, from Perron's service, two days before. This was on September 5th, and that evening news arrived of a raid on Lake's communications by a large body of horse, commanded by a Frenchman named Fleury. From this body of horse, is sprung the present First Bengal Lancers.

The effect of this raid was that Lake diverted a great number of troops on the way to his concentration, together with a whole brigade of cavalry then with his army, in order to cope with it, and marched on Delhi on September 7th, short of two of his three cavalry brigades and of one of his four infantry brigades. Meanwhile Perron, astounded at the fall of Aligarh, which he counted on holding out for two months, confronted by Louis Bourquien declaring him a traitor and receiving a notification that a native, Ambaji, had been appointed subadar of Hindustan in his place—not that this last would have mattered had Bourquien not played him false and led the two Brigades at Delhi astray—saw the game was up and wrote to Lake asking to come in, a proposal readily assented to. The Second and Third Brigades, at Delhi, after fighting among themselves, resolved to cross the Jumna, which was then in flood and unbridged, and give battle to the advancing British. According to James Skinner, who knew a great deal, Bourquien had attempted to avoid a battle, but the troops, with their great traditions behind them, refused to comply and placed one Sarwar Khan, who afterwards commanded at Laswari, in command. The official despatches, however, state that Bourquien commanded—but at a very safe distance indeed.

Lake's army, at the battle of Delhi consisted of one brigade of cavalry, including the 27th Dragoons, and eight battalions of infantry, only one of which, the 76th, was British.

The native cavalry were "regular," and made to approximate to dragoons as near as possible, except that they wore red coats. The Bengal Army was then at its zenith, but began its decline a few years later, culminating, through lack of discipline, in the Mutiny, fifty-four years later. The men were high caste

Hindus and Rajputs, with certain Hindustani Mussulmans, and were of the same race that fought in the Sikh wars—and fought badly into the bargain. At this period, however, their discipline was excellent, and the battalions had a big proportion of white officers. The men stood up to casualties amounting to as high as thirty per cent. in some cases, while fifteen to twenty per cent. were common, and ten per cent. was usual, facts to be remembered, for there is a tendency to imagine the old “Pandy” sepoy was a soft man. Provided he was driven and under strong discipline he was anything but soft.

A feature with the cavalry regiments were the two galloper guns attached, then a relative novelty. There were no Horse Artillery batteries proper, though an experimental troop joined the army after Laswari. Each infantry battalion had also, a couple of six pounders attached. The remaining artillery, termed “guns of the line” was almost negligible, consisting of a few twelve pounders and howitzers. The artillery personnel was half-native, the European element being, like all the Company’s European troops, the scum of the British Isles, and including many foreigners.

DELHI.

On September 10th the Grand Army camped at Sikandera-bad, thirty-two miles south-east of Delhi. Here news came in that the enemy had crossed the Jumna, and were now drawn up on the banks of the river, ready for battle. In view of the happenings of the following day, it should be noted that the impression at Headquarters was that this merely indicated a position a couple of miles or so from the city. It is probable that, for this reason, Lake decided to make a long march on the 11th, to the Hindan stream, in order to be within reasonable reach for a battle on the 12th. The Hindan was about eighteen miles from camp. It might be supposed that, in view of there being some likelihood of meeting the enemy horse the following day, the cavalry would have been sent on ahead of the army. This was not the case. The only departure from the normal was to add a squadron of dragoons to the escort for the Deputy

Quartermaster-General's camp colour party, which always preceded the army by about an hour in order to mark out the ground of the new encampment. The "General," or warning for parade, was to beat at two in the morning of the 11th, and the "Assembly," or "fall in" at three. This would allow of about four hours marching in the relatively cool early hours, for the weather was intensely hot and it was desirable to get the men under shelter before the sun became too powerful. None the less, marching in the dark over a rough dusty country track is extremely fatiguing, and the mob of baggage animals on the flank of the column cannot have added to its comfort, particularly if the wind drifted the huge dust clouds raised by them across the marching troops.

About daybreak, Pester, who accompanied the Deputy Quartermaster-General in his capacity as Quartermaster of Brigade—the present day equivalent of Staff Captain—noticed two men endeavouring to avoid the party and brought them in. They were enemy scouts who, after being threatened, stated that there were then some fourteen thousand infantry and one hundred guns within six miles, drawn up in order of battle and awaiting attack. The men were threatened with instant death should the report prove incorrect, but they persisted in the story. This was passed back to Lake, but neither Campbell, the Deputy Quartermaster-General, nor he, placed any credence in it. The enemy was not believed to have gone far from Delhi.

The Hindan stream was duly crossed at the point where the old road existed, eleven miles from Delhi and about a couple of miles north of the Jumna, and the camp, in one long line, with the cavalry on the right, was marked out near the village of Bhangelā. The "line," or fighting troops, had come up about 10.30, greatly fatigued by a march which, accurately measured, was a good twenty miles, and, for the last four hours the sun had been growing more and more powerful. Already men in the 27th Dragoons and 76th Foot, the only British corps present, had dropped dead from heat stroke.

The picquets were posted, probably at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or so from the front and flanks of the camp,

arms were piled, and the troops undressed. Many of the sepoy commenced the elaborate process of cooking their food. In other words, having stripped nearly naked, each high caste Hindu proceeded to mark out a space about fifteen feet square for himself, and the space between the picquets and front of the camp would be dotted with men squatting on their haunches before small fires and vigorously shooing away any individual whose shadow might defile their meal.

Those officers wealthy enough to afford the keep of an elephant would, by now, have their tents up and their breakfasts laid, while the impecunious subalterns and rank and file were still roasting in the sun. The faster moving transport had already reached the ground and a huge cloud of dust, extending to the south-east as far as the eye could reach, proclaimed that the baggage, bazaars and migration in general that accompanied the Grand Army was now approaching—probably to the tune of some seventy-thousand human beings, men, women and children of every possible type and description—while a babel of yells, imprecations, bubbling of camels, dust, bullocks and confusion inconceivable accompanied the unloading by the followers.

There had been a mild bickering along the line of the picquets from the moment they had taken up their positions, and sundry horsemen could be seen along their front. On the right, however, there was an occasional cannon shot, and, as these became more and more frequent, the officers on the left of the line heard, in the distance, the unmistakeable sound of the cavalry trumpets sounding the Boot and Saddle. In about twenty minutes they could see, about a mile off on the right, the dust raised by the cavalry moving out, the light blue jackets of the 27th Dragoons flanked on either side by the red coats of the 2nd and 3rd Native Cavalry. Not ten minutes after this, the cannon fire on the right increased and, for some way along the front, but at a distance of about a mile and a quarter from the camp, could be seen the puffs of smoke of a long line of guns, extending towards the Jumna on the left, though, owing to high clumps of grass and patches of jungle it was difficult to see anything beyond the smoke.

The cannonade lasted an appreciable time, when the cavalry were seen to be falling back. Lake, riding at their head, had completed his reconnaissance, such as it was, for he could see but little owing to the jungle, smoke and dust occasioned by the blast of the guns. About all that could be seen was a line of guns, stretching at least a mile, from what would appear to have been the village of Burroulah, on the right or north, through Agapoor and Sudurpur, towards the Jumna on the left. Burroulau bordered on the Hindan, so the northern flank could only be turned with difficulty. It is most improbable that anything was known of the enemy right, and Lake came to the conclusion that the best thing was to attack forthwith, and direct against the front, and not against any particular portion of it. That he held the enemy lightly is evident from this mode of advance, for there was no reserve whatever. During the reconnaissance he had his horse killed. His second horse, a very famous Arab, named Old Port, killed a couple of months later at Laswari, was being ridden by one of his Civil Servant staff officers, a Mr. Wemyss, who, while carrying some orders, turned a complete summersault in front of the whole army, the animal having put its foot in a hole. The general then mounted that of his son, Major Lake, who was destined to fall, at the head of his battalion, at Rolica, in Portugal five years later.

Meanwhile, the cannonade had attracted the attention of the long line of infantry. Groups of officers and sepoy watched the cannon smoke extending further and further towards their left, revealing the extent of the enemy position, and making it clear that this was no mere bickering of outposts.

The cavalry, having fallen back to a position about three quarters of a mile in advance of the right halted, and, after an interval of some twenty minutes, the gunfire, which had ceased, re-opened on them, for the enemy had followed them up, with yells and shouts of exultation. A number of men and horses were knocked over, and a most trying wait ensued until the infantry came up.

Meanwhile the staff officers were galloping out with their orders, which amounted to nothing more than fall in and

advance straight ahead, and, on the extreme right, could be heard the taps of the drummer of the 76th on duty, beating the drummers' call. Within a minute was heard the long roll of drums, beating to arms, and the call was passed, first by the famous Lal Palton, of Clive, on their left, and then battalion by battalion, right down the line.

The cooking ceased, the sepoy, wearing at the moment nothing more than their short white drawers, with the blue edging, common to the whole of the Company's sepoy, donned their red coatees and extraordinary hats. From a great distance, despite their red coats, sepoy could be distinguished from the most sunburnt British troops by their black cross belts, with the result that the keen eyed enemy gunners invariably “laid” on the latter, for the “gora log” were ever the first mark.

Each battalion was to leave a picquet, probably a company of about sixty or seventy strong as baggage guard, and the four companies of the 17th were detailed in addition. There were, thus, the 76th Foot, on the extreme right, and seven sepoy battalions available for the attack. This was to be carried out in one long line, no reserve being kept in hand, a sufficient evidence that Lake despised his enemy. The line, thus, deployed, would be the best part of a mile long, and Lake, in person, headed the 76th. The right was considerably nearer the enemy than the left, and came under distant gunfire soon after starting. Each battalion advanced in what was known as column of grand divisions, the equivalent of column of companies, with its battalion guns on its flank.

The battle of Delhi showed the Bengal sepoy in his finest and best light. The line of battalions, moving in that stiff wooden manner we can now see at the Tattoos the firelocks perpendicular at the “support,” the men moving like machines without swinging their arms, all in that dead silence of men in the presence of great danger. When within about fifteen hundred yards of the enemy, the guns opened, the round shot trundling and bounding over the broken ground like cricket balls—and woe betide the ignorant recruit who took a kick at them, for he would be minus a leg in a winking. As the battalions closed,

so did the fire increase, and the roar of the cannonade spread right along the line, overlapping our left, and the men began to drop fast. In all directions careered madly deer, jackals, wild pig, and hares, for the country teemed with game. The grey boar, no respecter of persons, enraged at his sanctum being invaded, upset the ranks right and left, and the surgeons had many cases of men badly cut. A village, with an enclosure, evidently Serai Sudurpoor, unoccupied by the enemy, was avoided by the left Brigade, commanded by that very able soldier, Blair, as it was deemed likely to cause confusion to the attack. The point is of interest in view of what happened a year later at Deeg, when the whole force passed through Kasba Au at the very opening of the battle, with the result that it became, and probably remained, hopelessly mixed up. On passing Serai on its west side, line was formed to the north of it, closing on the Brigade on the right, and now the gunfire redoubled, the men falling fast. The round shot changed to grape, and the whine of bullets took the place of the whirr of the shot. The ground, dusty at the best of times, ploughed and splashed with bullets, raised a cloud which, in addition to the battle smoke, rendered it difficult to see more than a hundred yards or so. Still the advance continued, "silent and determined" the men not moving their muskets from their shoulders, until, when within one hundred and fifty paces of the enemy, the line was halted. After one tremendous discharge of musketry, the drums struck up, and, with a loud cheer, the whole charged. The enemy gunners, true to the end, were in some cases bayoneted when actually ramming home the charge, and in others fought it out with rammers and pikes, for Perron's artillerymen, better equipped than those of the Honorable Company, were armed with pikes. The infantry, their moral shaken by the happenings of the last fortnight, and without the European officers who had led them to victory for many years, for the first time since their formation, broke and fled. Lake's cavalry, following close in rear of the right wing—Thorn states forty yards or so behind, in other words, in a position where the maximum of casualties could be incurred, and where, if the infantry

were thrown into confusion, the cavalry would be also—pressed through the intervals in pursuit. Thanks to their not having been seriously engaged they were enabled to inflict very heavy loss and turn defeat into an utter rout.

Such had been the rapidity of the advance that our guns could not keep up, the bullocks being too slow.

The pursuit was carried on until brought up by the Jumna, the enemy, owing to our cavalry being on the right, directing their flight towards the ravines and broken ground bordering the river, rather than in a northerly direction. Great numbers were killed or drowned attempting to cross, for the gallopers plied them with grape at easy range.

The troops, now greatly exhausted, retraced their steps to the line of captured guns, sent out parties to bring in the wounded, and took a much needed rest. More Europeans had dropped dead from heat, including Major Middleton of the 3rd Cavalry, a famous tiger shot and hog hunter, and a Cornet Sanguine, of the 27th Dragoons. Despite their exhaustion, when Lake passed down the line, the men crowded round him, cheering wildly, “and his Excellency had full employment returning their salutes. The General had been all day where the battle was hottest, and his heroic example did not pass unnoticed among the soldiers.” “Leek sahib bahadur,” indeed, was as magic to the native soldiery for many decades after, and his fame is still current in Hindustan.

After a halt of two hours or so, the troops again advanced, but in a more northerly direction, and at sunset commenced marking out the new encampment between Chhulera and Hoshigapur, about three or four miles from the first camp.

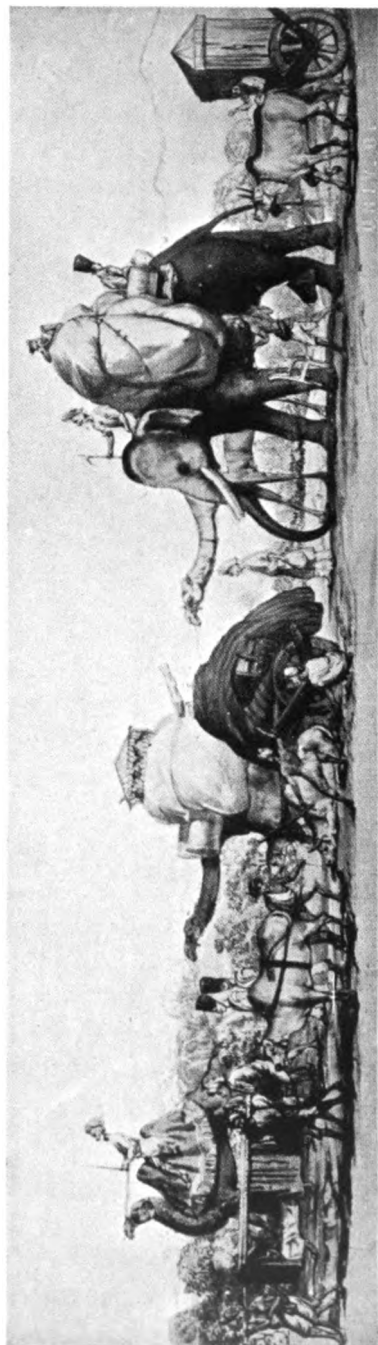
In the days of which we write, the camp followers would regularly scour the field of battle, robbing the dead and murdering such wounded as they thought worth plundering. A European would, invariably, be regarded as fine game. Hence it was always of importance to get all wounded men in as soon as possible, and the hospital tents were strongly guarded. The getting in of wounded was simplified by the number of dhoolies that followed British corps, and, to a minor extent, native corps

as well. It was evidently the custom to have most of the surgeons of the army collected at the General Hospital, although they properly belonged to battalions. Pester tells us there were some thirty surgeons, absolutely covered with blood, working together after the battle. The scenes, as may be imagined, were horrible in the extreme, but have been described by many writers. The physical condition of the troops must have been extraordinarily good. They had been under arms since three in the morning, and, by the time their tents were up, that is, by nine o'clock, eighteen hours had elapsed, of which ten had been under an appallingly hot sun, amid quantities of dust, and with a severe battle into the bargain.

The question may now be asked, how was it that the British soldier, whose marching powers in the Sikh wars, as also in the Frontier operations of 1897, and, to a lesser extent, of 1908, were so indifferent, carried on in 1803? In the approach march to Mudki, in the cold Punjab December, the men were strewn along the route for miles, and a long halt was necessary for the stragglers to rejoin. In 1897, as some of us know, the British soldier did not by any means show up in his best light, though in one or two corps he was excellent. In 1908 things were not so bad, the men being less full of beer and venereal disease. The answer would appear to lie in the long approach marches. Lake had marched, with a halt before Aligarh, pretty steadily for a month before the battle of Delhi, and Arthur Wellesley had been continually marching before Assaye, as well as after the battle.

The men had, therefore, time to get fit, whereas this was not the case in 1897, or 1908, when they had only recently detrained.

In 1803, if we are to judge from Innes Munro's account of the Mysore Wars, it was the custom for the barrack hangers-on to carry the men's muskets and kit close beside the column, the soldier contenting himself with a branch to flick away the flies. The baggage, moreover, moved close alongside and tired men could be given a lift with but little difficulty.



TRANSPORT OF AN INDIAN ARMY ON THE MARCH

AFTER DELHI.

On September 12th, the Left Wing of the army remained on the ground until the afternoon to bury the officers who had been killed, while the Right Wing moved on another five miles nearer Delhi, and camped near Putpurganj. This point is of interest, for, for many years after, the battle was generally known as that of Putpurganj. It is probable that, as the army remained here for some days, while the passage of the Jumna was being effected, the name of the village became known to officers, who, in general, were extraordinarily ignorant of the places they passed. Maps, we must remember, were non-existent, and, as they were now some eight miles from the battlefield, they were not likely to ascertain the names of the villages forming part of it. Thorn's maps, generally regarded as semi-official, have no names or scales shown on most. This day, also, the old Emperor of Delhi did Lake a great service in sending him over a message to the effect that the enemy had completely evacuated the city, and that there was nothing to oppose his passage of the river—a point worth noting. The Princes, from the high wall of Delhi Fort, watched the battle—or cannon smoke, in the distance and, to do them justice, they spoke the truth when they expressed their pleasure at seeing the cavalry cutting up the fugitives.

The enemy losses were estimated at some 3,000, though how such figures were arrived at when the enemy strewed the country in every direction is not understood. Most of the casualties, if not all, in the infantry—though not in the gunners, who died with their guns, for the native of India has always been famed for his staunchness as an artilleryman—occurred in the pursuit, and the gallopers did great execution of fugitives attempting to swim the Jumna. As the total sabre strength of the cavalry did not amount to more than some twelve hundred, and as a great number of horses had been knocked over in the cannonade, while there were only six galloper guns all told, the estimate is probably an exaggeration. The term “the cavalry cut the enemy down in hundreds,” in a strict technical sense, is usually mere fiction. It is the sight of a man being cut down, coupled with the feeling of inability to run away fast enough that does the

damage. Furthermore, the dragoon was an indifferent horseman and his sabre was curved, usually too blunt to cut with and not suited to point. It was generally necessary to "establish a raw" as the saying was, and this involved first knocking off the fugitive's turban, and then slogging him on the head—and the man frequently got away in the process. The native regular cavalry were armed in precisely the same manner as the dragoons, but were, by nature, far better horsemen and lighter weights. Their sabres were, however, equally blunt, the scabbards in the Bengal though not the Madras cavalry, which was more efficient than that of Bengal, were, like those of the dragoons, of brass or steel. The trooper, not having the same physical strength as the dragoon, was unable to slog with the same effect. The ultimate result was that the native cavalry troopers lost confidence in the sabres altogether and, in after years, many cases of misconduct were attributed almost entirely to blunt swords. At Delhi, the enemy was utterly routed and, furthermore, a "bridge head" or rather "ferry head" garrison was carried away in the flight, which was headed by the low class French adventurer, Bourquien, the erstwhile pastrycook and general poltroon. There was no sign of any opposition to the passage of the Jumna by the Grand Army—a feature which must have proved a relief to Lake, for the river was still in flood.

A note by Pester tells us, "The troops opposed to us on the 11th were all armed with muskets and bayonets, uniformly clothed and equipped, and disciplined by French officers." It is noteworthy that the hand of France was seen by our forefathers in everything adverse to the British, but it is strange, in view of the fact that a number of British and British half-caste adventurer officers had come in to our camp within the last fortnight, that they did not realize that Perron's "Brigades" had, in the main, been led and commanded by British rather than French officers. The three senior officers with the Second and Third Brigades, stationed at Delhi, were certainly French, but two-thirds of the juniors were British. With regard to the uniforms worn, Perron's troops were clothed

in almost the same manner as the Company's sepoy, wearing red coatees and having black accoutrements.

Much booty was taken after the battle, including seventy guns, cast at Muttra or Ujein, “The workmanship is as of high a finish as any in the Company's arsenals.” These words are no small tribute to the skill as foundrymen of the adventurers Sangster and Perron respectively who had supervised their manufacture.

A number of very fine bullocks and camels also fell into the hands of the victor, the gun bullocks, in particular, being excellent, far superior to those of the Honourable Company.

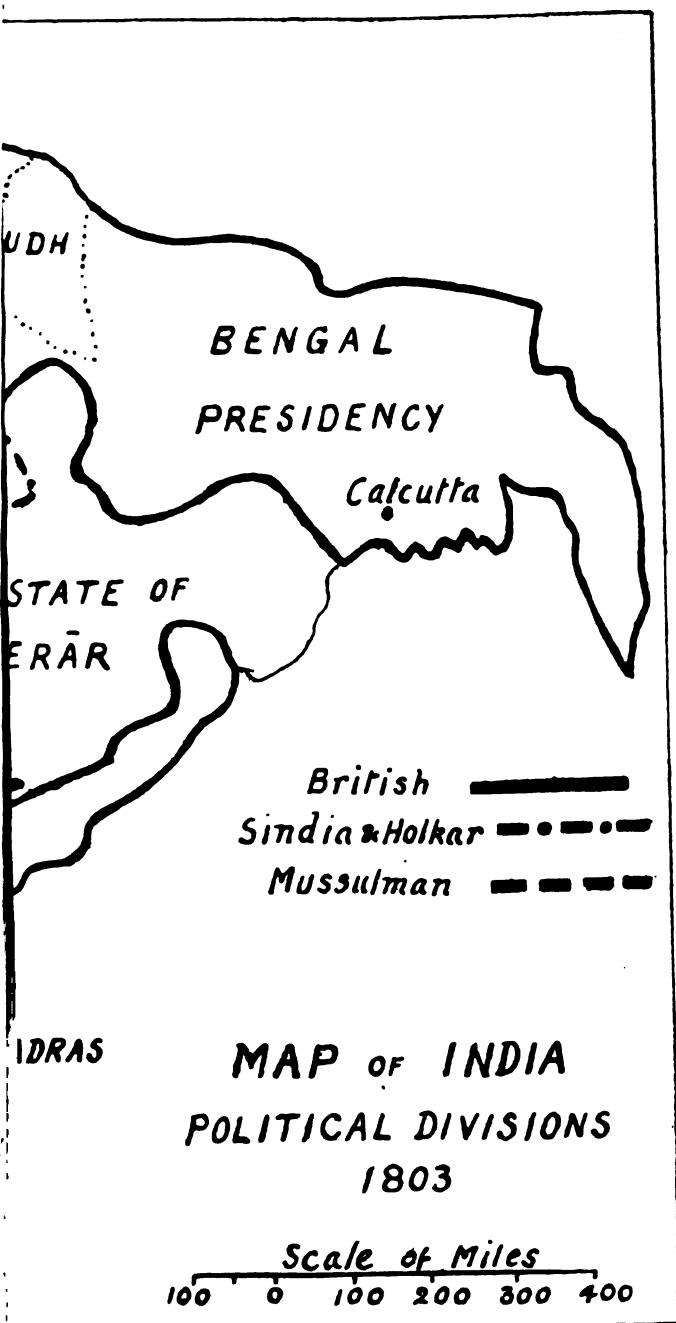
The losses at Delhi were chiefly incurred by the regiments on the right of the line, which had, as we have seen, advanced first. The left got off cheaply. The 76th, on the extreme right, suffered very severely, 136 out of about 550 or 600 at the outside. These were on top of the 56 at Aligarh, out of 300, a week before. The 2/4th, immediately on their left, lost 91—heavy punishment for sepoy corps—and Clive's Lal Paltan, the 2/12th, the senior regiment of the Bengal Army and a corps destined to be the first sepoy unit to show the British soldier how to fight in that horrible Third Assault at Bhurtpore, lost 58. It is sad to think that this famous regiment, then commanded by Ochterlony, was finally swept away in the maelstrom of 1857. The cavalry, though the losses in horses were extremely heavy, came off relatively well, the 27th losing 32 and the 2nd and 3rd Native Cavalry, 17 and 19. The horse casualties, in view of the difficulty in mounting regular cavalry, were serious, the 27th losing 74, and the native cavalry 36 and 60. Many of these would appear to have been unnecessary the cavalry having been unduly exposed to cannonade.

According to Lake's official report, the troops that actually advanced to the attack, after dropping picquets and baggage guard, amounted to some 4,500, “on the most accurate estimate.” The battalion strengths must have been extraordinarily low with this estimate. The establishment of the sepoy corps had been raised to 900 from 800 the previous July, when war was certain, partly with the idea of absorbing a number of deserters it was

hoped to bring in from Perron's service, but it is not likely that many had come in as yet. The average marching out strengths of battalions was, in all likelihood, some 750 or 800. None of the sepoy regiments had been in any way punished in action, and, after deducting a picquet of, say 70, and allowing 30 more for guards and duties, the battalions should have had some 600 muskets for battle at least. The cavalry regiments had not been engaged at all, and should have averaged a minimum of 350 sabres. Pester, as quartermaster of Brigade, who saw his own brigade "states" gave the numbers as nearly six thousand, which would seem more likely.

It is of interest to note that, at the battle of Delhi, we first encountered the Sikhs, for many of the Cis-Sutlej states were included in the Mahratta dominions. A body of horse attacked the right of the 27th Dragoons, but were easily driven off by a galloper. The irregular Sikh horseman, indeed, was no better fighting man than the Mahratta, and the metamorphosis of both Sikh and Mahratta to stubborn foot soldiers is attributable entirely to discipline, leading and training.





THE CAVALRYMAN OF ROMANCE

BRIGADIER GERARD IN REAL LIFE.

BY MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, F.R.Hist.S.

*PART III.

By the first week of May, 1807, Marbot had sufficiently recovered from his terrible experiences at Eylau to enable him to return to duty. His old master, Marshal Augereau, had also been wounded and, being ordered a long period of rest, recommended Marbot to Marshal Lannes, who at once accepted him as an aide-de-camp.

As Marbot could speak German fairly well he was at once given the duty of courier between Napoleon and the French Cabinet, but joined Lannes at Marienburg on 25th May, 1807. Here a pleasant surprise was in store for him: "It was a great pleasure to see again my dear mare, Lisette, who was still capable of doing good service."

The pursuit of the Russians soon commenced, in the course of which Lannes passed through Eylau. "I went and sat down at the very place where I had fallen," writes Marbot, "where I had been stripped, where I must have died if a combination of really providential events had not saved me. Marshal Lannes wanted to see the hillock where the 14th had made such a gallant defence, and I took him there. The enemy had occupied this ground since the battle, but in spite of this we found no damage done to the monument which all the regiments of the French Army had put up to their ill-fated comrades of the 14th, thirty-six of whose officers had been buried in the same trench.† This respect for the fame of the dead does honour to the Russians."

*The previous parts of this article appeared in *THE CAVALRY JOURNAL* for July and October, 1930.

†This gives some idea of the casualties of the 14th French Infantry Regiment in the episode during the battle of Eylau, narrated in Part 2 of this article.

The Battle of Friedland.

On the morning of the battle of Friedland Lannes sent Marbot to Napoleon to report on the situation. He met the Emperor coming on to the field, "Have you a good memory?" asked Napoleon. "Pretty fair, Sir." "Well, what anniversary is it to-day, 14th of June?" "Marengo, Sir." "Yes," replied the Emperor, "that of Marengo; and I am going to beat the Russians as I beat the Austrians." As Napoleon rode along the lines of his troops he answered their cheers with, "To-day is a lucky day, the anniversary of Marengo."* But nothing extraordinary happened to Marbot at Friedland. Napoleon beat the Russians severely after which the treaty of Tilsit was concluded.

Marbot returned to Paris and saw 1807 out in resting at his mother's house. At the beginning of 1808 Napoleon was planning a campaign against Spain, and as Marshal Angereau was still on the sick-list he asked Prince Murat to accept Marbot on his staff, which the latter did. To be on Murat's Staff was an expensive business and in the following excerpt from Marbot's memoirs we get an insight into his character and how he, who was far from being wealthy, met the situation. "Considerable expense was necessary to make a fitting appearance on the staff of Murat, which at that time was the most brilliant in the Army, but this was made easy to me by what was left of my splendid travelling allowances during and after the Friedland campaign . . . Prince Murat and his staff received me most kindly, and I was soon on the best of terms with them all, though I steadily refused, in spite of continual pressure, to take part in their play. These gentlemen had cards or dice in their hands all day, winning or losing thousands of francs with the most perfect calm; but besides that I have always detested play, I knew that I must keep what I had in order to renew my outfit in case of accidents, and that it was dishonourable to risk what I perhaps could not pay."

As an illustration of Marbot's fair-mindedness and that he was no slavish approver of every act committed by Napoleon, the following may be cited: "We occupied in Spain none but

*The Battle of Marengo was fought on 14th June, 1799.

open towns, and two fortified places only, Barcelona and Pampeluna. But as their citadels and forts were still in the hands of the Spanish troops, the Emperor ordered his generals to try and get possession of them. To this end a thoroughly base trick was employed. The Spanish Government, while forbidding its generals to occupy the citadels and the forts, had ordered that the French troops should be received as friends, and everything done for their comfort. The commanders of our regiments asked permission to place their sick and their stores in the citadels, which was granted. Then they disguised their grenadiers as sick, and hid their arms in the provision sacks of several companies, who, under pretext of going to the store houses for bread, made their way into the place and disarmed the Spaniards. In this way General Duhesme with only 5,000 men got possession of the citadel of Barcelona and of Fort Montjuich. The citadel of Pampeluna and nearly all those in Catalonia shared the same fate." Nor did Marbot approve of the manner in which Napoleon lured the Spanish Royal Family out of Spain and then virtually kept them prisoners. It will be remembered that this shady diplomatic business led to serious riots in Madrid when the Spanish people rose up against the French and massacred every French soldier they caught. This naturally led to a general conflict and eventually the Spanish lost heavily. Commenting on these events Marbot writes: "As a soldier I was bound to fight any who attacked the French Army, but I could not help recognizing in my inmost conscience that our cause was a bad one, and that the Spaniards were quite right in trying to drive out strangers who, after coming among them in the guise of friends, were wishing to dethrone their Sovereign and take forcible possession of the Kingdom. This war, therefore, seemed to be wicked, but I was a soldier, and I must march or be charged with cowardice. The greater part of the Army thought as I did, and like me, obeyed orders all the same."

Prince Murat now wished to inform the Emperor of the riots in Madrid and how effectively he had suppressed them. "So long as Spain had been tranquil," writes Marbot, "the

Prince had entrusted his frequent reports to members of his regular staff; but now that it was a question of crossing a great part of the kingdom in the midst of a population who, at the news of fighting at Madrid, would be ready to murder French officers, it became a job for a supernumerary aide-de-camp. As I quite expected, although according to the roster for duty it was not my turn to go, this dangerous mission was entrusted to me, and I accepted it without remark." This system of giving supernumeraries the worst jobs was a constant complaint of Marbot's, but it appears to have been fairly universal throughout the French Army in his day. In his present mission his safety lay entirely in his ability to keep ahead of the news of the events which had been happening in Madrid. At the end of his first day's journey he learned that the inhabitants of the town had got the news from muleteers from Madrid and he at once suspected that his own hired muleteer had heard it also. It was therefore important that he should prevent this man passing on the news, which he did by the following ruse: "After we had gone about two leagues, I told the man that I had left in the stable of the post a handkerchief containing 20 douros (£4) and that while I considered the money as practically lost, I thought it was still just possible that no one had found it, and that he must therefore go back at once to Buitrago, and that if he brought me the handkerchief and its contents at the next stage, where I would wait for him, he should have five douros for himself. Delighted with the prospect of this windfall, the postillion turned back at once," while Marbot picked up another one at the next stage and "galloped off without any qualms about disappointing the Buitrago postillion. The important thing was, that I was now in sole possession of my secret, and I knew that if I stopped nowhere, I could reach Bayonne before rumour had brought the intelligence of the events at Madrid." Needless to say things turned out exactly as he had planned, but it will be observed he had to use his head to bring about the success of his mission. It was not all mere luck.

As soon as Napoleon had read Murat's dispatch he communicated its contents to the King and Queen of Spain and Prince

Ferdinand. There was a very heated scene, but the next day the old King made over the throne to Napoleon. "Thus was consummated the most iniquitous spoliation which modern history records," writes Marbot. "In all times a conqueror in a fair and open war has been held to have the right to take possession of the dominions of the conquered, but I can say with sincerity that the conduct of Napoleon in this scandalous affair was unworthy of so great a man, to offer himself as a mediator between a father and a son in order to draw them into a trap and then plunder them both—this was an odious atrocity which history had branded, and which Providence did not delay to punish. It was the war in Spain which brought about Napoleon's fall."

Napoleon put his brother, Joseph, on the throne of Spain and replaced him at Naples by Murat, who thus became King of Naples. Murat invited all of his staff to accompany him to Italy and all accepted with the exception of a Major Lamothe and Marbot. The latter returned to Paris and rejoined Marshal Augereau.

In October, 1808, Napoleon was preparing to drive the British out of the Peninsula, but Augereau was still unfit to return to active duty so he arranged for Marshal Lannes to take Marbot as one of his regular A.D.C.'s. On arrival in Spain Napoleon kept Lannes about his person to do special work at a moment's notice. Very soon he was put in command of the force of Marshal Moncey who happened to be the senior Marshal, to oppose Castanos whom he defeated at Tudela. It was the Emperor's practice to give a step in rank to the officer who brought him the news of an important success and when Lannes selected Marbot for the mission our hero says he was hopeful of getting his majority thereby. "But, alas! I had yet much blood to lose before I reached that rank," he writes, and adds, "I have now reached one of the most terrible experiences of my military career. The duties of marshal's A.D.C. in Spain were terrible as the Spaniards waged fierce war against them. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that more than 200 staff officers were killed or captured during the Peninsula War."*

*His brother, Adolphe, was captured by Spanish brigands.

Lannes ordered Marbot to proceed *viâ* Taragona, Agreda, Soria and Aranda, because Napoleon had informed him that he had ordered Ney to join him at Tudela by that route. Had Ney's troops been met on the way Marbot would have been assured of protection, but things turned out otherwise as we shall see.

He left Tudela at nightfall on 4th November, 1808, with a detachment of cavalry and got as far as Taragona without incident. Here he found Lannes' Advance Guard who had heard nothing of Ney's troops. After Taragona there is no high road and the way lies entirely over mountain paths covered with stones and rock splinters. The Officer Commanding the Advanced Guard gave Marbot a troop horse and two orderlies and with these he pushed on in the moonlight. About two leagues further on they were startled by several musket shots whistling past them, fired by unseen marksmen, and a little further on came upon a ghastly sight—the corpses of two French soldiers recently killed. They were entirely stripped and by the number on their shakoes Marbot saw they belonged to Ney's Corps. Some short distance further on they came upon something more horrible—a young French officer of the 10th Mounted Chasseurs, in full uniform, nailed head downwards by his hands and feet to a barn door,* with a small fire lighted beneath him. Happily death had come quickly and saved him much torture. As the blood was still running from his wounds Marbot knew that the murderers were not far away, in which belief he was soon confirmed by being fired on by eight Spaniards behind a bush. He and his two orderlies drew their swords and charged. They caught a Capuchin monk riding the dead officer's horse, and another brigand. Without interfering Marbot allowed his orderlies to execute them. "After this not very encouraging start I continued my journey."

Some hours later he came upon another French post of Lannes Corps which, having no tidings of Ney's Corps, was about to return to Taragona. The sub-lieutenant in command did not know which side was in possession of Agreda although it was only a couple of leagues away. This was a perplexing situation

*See "How the Brigadier Captured Saragossa," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, for a similar episode.

for Marbot. If he did not meet Ney's troops he would certainly be overpowered by the Spaniards, yet if he returned to Lannes he was liable to be accused of cowardice. To make matters worse his two orderlies had to return to Taragona and take his horse with them, therefore leaving him to proceed alone and on foot. He tried to ride the mule taken from one of the brigands but this was found impossible as the animal would not leave the group. He therefore decided to go on foot. When he had taken leave of the sub-lieutenant "this excellent young officer came running after me, and said that he could not bear to let me thus expose myself all alone, and that though he had no orders, and his men were raw recruits, with little experience of war, he must send one with me so that I might at least have a musket and some cartridges in case of attack. We agreed that I should send the man back with Ney's Corps; and I went off, with the soldier accompanying me." This man proved a "rotter." By dawn Marbot reached Agreda and found no sign of life, all the inhabitants apparently being still asleep. He and the soldier therefore walked as silently as possible down the main street which was covered with damp leaves. "The day was beginning to break. We passed the whole main street without meeting anyone. Just as I was congratulating myself on reaching the last houses, I found myself, at twenty-five paces' distance, face to face with four Royal Spanish Carabineers on horseback with drawn swords. Under any other circumstances I might have taken them for French gendarmes, their uniforms being exactly similar, but the gendarmes never march with the extreme advanced guard. These men, therefore, could not belong to Ney's Corps, and I at once perceived they were the enemy. In a moment I faced about. Just as I turned round to the direction from which I had come I saw a blade flash six inches from my face. I threw my head sharply back but nevertheless got a severe sabre-cut on the forehead, of which I carry the scar over my left eyebrow to this day.* The man who had wounded me was the Corporal of the Carabineers, who, having left his four troopers outside the village, had, according to military practice, gone

*This can be seen quite clearly in Marbot's portrait facing page 357 in the "Cavalry Journal" for July, 1930.

forward to reconnoitre. That I had not met him was probably due to the fact that he had been in some side lane, while I had passed through the main street. On rejoining his troopers he had approached me silently over the layer of leaves. The four troopers also dashed at me from the other direction. I ran mechanically towards the houses on the right in order to get my back against a wall; but by good luck I found, two paces off, one of the steep narrow lanes, which went up to the vineyards. The soldier had already reached it. I flew up there too, with the five Carabineers after me; but at any rate they could not attack me all at once, for there was only room for one horse to pass. The brigadier* went in front; the other four filed after him. The blood flowing freely from my wound had, in a moment, covered my left eye, with which I could not see at all, and I felt that it was coming towards my right eye, so that I was compelled, by fear of getting blinded, to keep my head bent over the left shoulder so as to bring the blood to that side. I could not staunch it, being compelled to defend myself against the corporal, who was cutting at me heavily. I parried as well as I could, going up backwards all the time. After getting rid of my scabbard and my busby, the weight of which hampered me, not daring to turn my head for fear of losing sight of my adversary, whose sword was crossed with mine, I told the light infantryman, whom I believed, to be behind me, to place his musket on my shoulder, and fire at the Spanish corporal. Seeing no barrel, however, I leapt back a pace and turned my head quickly. Lo and behold, there was my scoundrel of a Norman soldier flying up the hill as fast as his legs would carry him." Marbot was able to keep the corporal at a distance by slashing at his horse's nose. The corporal, however, had a brain wave: he ordered the man behind him to load his carbine and when he (the corporal) bent down out of his line of fire, he was to shoot Marbot. But Marbot knew what was coming and as soon as the corporal leaned over, he darted to one side and plunged his sword into his left side. The corporal fell back with a fearful yell. The remainder of the Carabineers were now more concerned for

*i.e., the Corporal.

their comrade and Marbot took advantage of this to get clear away into some vineyards.

Taking stock of his situation he decided that he could not possibly reach Napoleon by that route and resolved to return to Lannes by way of the last French picket he had met. The soldier who was sent to assist him was nowhere to be seen. Marbot found a spring of water and tearing off his shirt, bathed and tied up his wound. He was thinking about taking a rest when he perceived three of the Spaniards coming towards him, so he took cover among some large rocks at the top of the vineyards.

"Then the troopers, passing along the bottom of the rocks, marched parallel with me a long musket-shot off. They called to me to surrender, saying that as soldiers they would treat me as a prisoner war, while if the peasants caught me I should infallibly be murdered. This reasoning was sound, and I admit that if I had not been charged with despatches for the Emperor, I was so exhausted that I should perhaps have surrendered. However, wishing to preserve to the best of my ability the precious charge which had been entrusted to me, I marched on without answering. Then the three troopers, taking their carbines, opened fire on me."

A little later Marbot saw a party approaching him which looked like peasants with mattocks but to his inexpressible joy they turned out to be the French picquet. The soldier had returned to the picquet, and without saying a word, sat down by the fire. The officer, seeing him, immediately enquired regarding news of Marbot and the soldier replied, "Good Lord, Sir, I left him in that big village with his head half-split open and fighting with Spanish troopers, and they were cutting away at him with their swords." The officer lost no time in going out with his party to seek Marbot, who eventually returned to Lannes at Tudela. Lannes then ordered his own brother-in-law, Major Gueheneuc, to take the despatches to Napoleon via Miranda and Burgos, a perfectly safe route. "Major Saint-Mars, the secretary, wished to re-copy them and change the envelope as they were saturated with blood. 'No, no,' cried the Marshal, 'the

Emperor ought to see how valiantly Captain Marbot has defended them.'"

Napoleon rewarded the officer and Sergeant of the picket that rescued Marbot but the Norman soldier was court-martialled for deserting his post in the presence of the enemy and sentenced to drag a shot for two years and to finish his service in a pioneer company.

To add to Marbot's troubles he found, on arrival at Madrid, that Napoleon had promoted Gueheneuc lieutenant-colonel for carrying dispatches of a victory.

On the 21st December, 1808, Napoleon learnt that Sir John Moore was advancing towards Madrid from the direction of Valladolid and preparations were made to oppose the English. Although Marbot was still ill as a result of his wound he was anxious to be present at a battle against the English. "The only thing that troubled me was that by reason of my wound I could wear neither cocked hat nor busby. The handkerchief bound round my head was not quite a sufficiently military headgear to appear among a staff closely attached to that of the Emperor. The sight of a Mameluke of the guard with his turban and red fez gave me an idea. I had a cap of the same colour; round this I wound a smart silk handkerchief, and placed the whole over my bandages."

The French first came in touch with the English stragglers at Tordesillars, but Napoleon, anxious to catch Moore's army before it could escape from Corunna, hastened on by forced marches. We look in vain in Marbot's Memoirs for the usual glowing account of the brilliant British cavalry action which took place at Benevente in which the forebears of the 10th and 15th Hussars gained great credit.* Marbot's account is no more than a severe criticism of the conduct of the French commander. Here it is—"When the (French) army was at Villapanda, where it passed the night, the Emperor—who by this time was furious at the protracted pursuit of the English—heard that their rear-guard was only a few leagues from us, at the town of Benavente, beyond the little stream of the Esla. At daybreak he sent for-

*For an account (with illustration) of this action, see CAVALRY JOURNAL, Vol. VI, 1911, pp. 307-309.

ward a column of infantry, with the cavalry of the guard, under the command of General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, a brave but somewhat imprudent officer. On reaching, with his cavalry, the banks of the Esla, the general could see no enemy, and proposed to reconnoitre the town of Benavente, half a league beyond the stream. This was all right; but a picket would have sufficed, for twenty-five men can see as far as two thousand, and if they fall into an ambush the loss is less serious. General Desnouettes should, therefore, have awaited his infantry before plunging recklessly into the Esla. But without listening to any suggestion, he made the whole regiment of chasseurs ford the river, and advanced towards the town, which he ordered the Mamelukes to search. They found not a soul in the place, a pretty certain sign that the enemy was preparing an ambush. The French general ought in prudence to have drawn back, since he was not in sufficient force to fight a strong rear-guard. Instead of this, Desnouettes pushed steadily forward; but as he was going through the town, four thousand or five thousand English cavalry* turned it, covered by the houses in the suburbs, and suddenly charged down upon the chasseurs. These, hastening from the town, made so valiant a defence that they cut a great gap through the English, regained the stream, and recrossed without much loss. But when, on reaching the left bank, the regiment re-formed, it was seen that General Desnouettes was no longer present. A messenger came with a flag of truce announcing that the General's horse had been killed in the flight and himself was a prisoner of war.† At this moment the Emperor came up. Imagine his wrath at hearing that, not only had his favourite regiment undergone a repulse, but that the commander had remained in the hands of the English! Though much displeased with Desnouette's imprudence, he proposed to the Commander on the other side to exchange him against an officer of the same rank among those in France; but General Moore was too proud of being able to show the English people one of the commanders of the Imperial Guard of France to

*An exaggeration. The total number of cavalry fit for duty in Moore's army was 2,278. Marbot had obviously got a second-hand garbled account of the affair.

†Napier, Book IV, Chap. 4. Desnouettes was captured by Private Levi Grisdall, 10th Hussars, afterwards promoted Sergeant-Major.

agree to this exchange, and consequently declined it. General Desnouettes was treated with much kindness, but was sent to London as a trophy, which made Napoleon all the more angry.”*

Marbot leaves the episode of Moore’s retreat on a despondent note, thus—“The Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Moore, was killed, and his army only succeeded in reaching its vessels after immense loss. This event, which the French regarded at first as an advantage, turned out unlucky, for General Moore was replaced (?succeeded) by Wellington, who afterwards did us so much harm.”†

Marbot’s next exploit was at the famous Siege of Saragossa which was now entrusted to Marshal Lannes. ‡ Here every house, convent and building was strongly fortified and the people resisted with heroic stubbornness. The best fortified convents were those of the Inquisition and of Santa Engracia. A mine had just been completed under the latter when Lannes sent for Marbot and told him that he was to command a storming party to take it. “Carry the Convent,” said Lannes, “and I feel certain that one of the first messengers from Paris will bring your commission as Major.” Unfortunately, however, while Marbot was making his reconnaissance of the position he was severely wounded by a bullet near his heart. When the bullet was

*And which also seems to justify Moore’s estimate of the value of his prize and his refusal to exchange him.

†Nothing out of the ordinary happened to Marbot during Moore’s retreat, but the following notes from his account of it are interesting:—As regards the severity of the conditions: “It is painful to relate that I saw three veteran grenadiers of the Guard, unable to march any further, . . . blow out their brains with their own muskets. The suicide of the three grenadiers had affected the Emperor keenly; and in spite of rain and wind he visited all the men’s quarters, talking to them and restoring their moral.”

As regards the British:—“The English troops are excellent; but as they are only raised by voluntary enlistment, and as this becomes difficult in time of war, they are forced to admit married men, who are allowed to be accompanied by their families. (Usually only four to six per company.—T. J. E.). Consequently, the regiments took along with them a great number of women and children; a serious disadvantage which Great Britain has never been able to remedy. Thus, just as the corps of Soult and Ney were marching past the Emperor outside Astorga, cries were heard from a great barn. The door was opened, and it was found to contain 1,000 to 1,200 English women and children, who, exhausted by the long march the previous days through rain, mud and streams, were unable to keep up with the army, and had taken refuge in this place. For forty-eight hours they had lived on raw barley. Most of the women and children were good-looking, in spite of the muddy rags in which they were clad. They flocked round the Emperor, who was touched by their misery, and gave them lodging and food in the town; sending a flag of truce to let the English general know that when the weather permitted they would be sent back to him.”

‡Sir Arthur C. Doyle has a story, “How the Brigadier captured Saragossa,” but it is in no way connected with Marbot.

extracted it was found to have been hammered flat "till it had the shape of a half-crown, a cross was scratched on each face, and small notches all round gave it the appearance of the wheel of a watch. It was these teeth which had caught in the muscles, and rendered the extraction so difficult. Thus crushed out the ball presented too large a surface to enter a musket, and must have been fired from a blunderbuss. Striking edgeways, it had acted like a cutting instrument, passed between two ribs, and travelled round the interior of the chest to make its exit in the same way as its entry, fortunately preserving sufficient force to make its way through the muscles of the back. The marshal, wishing to let the Emperor know with what fanatical determination the inhabitants of Saragossa were defending themselves, sent him the bullet extracted from my body. Napoleon, after examining it, had it brought to my mother, at the same time announcing to her that I was about to be promoted to Major."

With the fall of Saragossa on 20th March, 1809, Lannes returned to Paris. "The moment I got to Paris the marshal took me to the Minister of War to find out what he had done for me. My commission as Major lacked only the Emperor's signature, but Napoleon, being much occupied with the movements of the Austrian Army, did not ask the minister for the document, which was all ready, and made no promotion. An evil fate pursued me."

It was during this campaign against the Austrians that Marbot had a very narrow escape from losing his life. At the battle of Eckmuhl Marshal Lannes, General Cervoni and Marbot were holding the corners of a map which they were studying when "a cannon-ball came across it and threw General Cervoni stone dead against the marshal's shoulder. He was covered with the blood of his friend who had come from Corsica only the day before on purpose to make this campaign."

After Eckmuhl the Austrians retired into Ratisbon which Napoleon had to take before he could safely advance on Vienna. It was during the assault on Ratisbon that Marbot again distinguished himself. To assault the place "it was necessary to

descend a deep ditch with the help of ladders, cross it under fire from the enemy, and scale the rampart, the angles of which were commanded by flanking fire." Several attempts were made by parties of volunteers to carry out the assault but all were repulsed with heavy loss. "Vainly, however, did the marshal renew his appeal to the bravest of a brave division. At length, Lannes exclaimed, 'Well, I will let you see that I was a grenadier before I was a marshal, and still am one,' upon which he seized a ladder and carried it towards the breach." This example was too much for the aides-de-camp. Marbot took the ladder from the marshal and, assisted by De Viry, carried it to the ditch. This example inspired others and soon other ladders were brought forward under a hot fire from the Austrians. "I was first up one of the first ladders," says Marbot, "Labedoyere, who was climbing the one beside me, asked me to give him my hand to steady him, and so we both reached the top of the rampart in full view of the Emperor and the whole army, who saluted us with a mighty cheer." Being soon joined by a party of grenadiers Marbot led them against the Austrians' rear, who, taken completely by surprise, surrendered when they heard the French at the gate in their front also.



UNION OF CALIFORNIA



[Photo: W. A. Kouch, London.]

The late Brigadier Malise Graham on his 24-year-old "Broncho"

THE LATE BRIGADIER MALISE GRAHAM, D.S.O.

An Appreciation as a Soldier and as a Sportsman and Friend.

By COL. GEOFFREY BROOKE, D.S.O., M.C.

By kind permission of the Editor of the "Scarlet and Green."

THE untimely death of Malise Graham came as a great shock to both past and present members of the 16th/5th Lancers, and the writer of this notice realized that he had lost his oldest and dearest friend in the Regiment.

As a soldier, Malise was capable, enthusiastic, conscientious and broadminded. Such qualities of leadership inevitably called forth the affection and whole-hearted support of the men he commanded. Immediately he joined, in 1903, he proved himself an ideal Troop Leader, and his thoroughness and efficiency were early appreciated. In due course he became Adjutant to Lieut.-Col. H. Gough (General Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.), and there is no doubt that this association was largely the means for fitting Malise for more important military rôles which later fell to his lot. His pre-eminence as a horseman became apparent when he went through the course at the Cavalry School at Netheravon.

From January 26th, 1912, to March 18th, 1915, he was Adjutant of the Yorkshire Hussars, then commanded by Lord Faversham, a most able soldier, who looked upon Malise as his right-hand man and wisely put complete reliance in him. When the Great War came, Malise was thus unfortunately away from the Regiment, and consequently absent from the early engagements, the retreat to the Marne and eventual advance up to the First Battle of Ypres. At the first opportunity, however, he rejoined and commanded a squadron. I well remember his delight at being in command of Lancers. But he was not strong

and had previously met with two bad accidents, each resulting in serious concussion; only those who knew him well realized the pain and anguish of those persistent headaches, but he would never give in or admit how much he was suffering. His first care was always for those under him.

When Sir Hubert Gough was given command of an infantry division in 1915, he immediately applied for Malise to serve on his Staff. Added to his many other qualities, he possessed an exceptional degree of tact, so invaluable to a Staff Officer in war. Under these circumstances it was only natural that he should ascend the rungs of the ladder, and in 1917 we find him as G.S.O.1 to General T. Pitman, C.M.G., D.S.O., commanding the 2nd Cavalry Division, who considered him to be the best Staff Officer he ever had. The old 3rd Cavalry Brigade (originally General Herbert Gough's Curragh Brigade) was in this Division, so the new G.S.O.1 found himself again in touch with his old Regiment.

After the war he went to the Staff College, where his many qualities were soon recognized by those in authority. After a short time at the War Office as G.S.O.2, he was appointed Chief Instructor to the Cavalry School, Netheravon, in 1922, and later the Equitation School at Weedon.

In 1923 he was given command of the 10th Hussars, as prospects of his getting command of his old Regiment were certainly in the dim distance.

Undoubtedly his tact and natural ability were soon appreciated, and he left many firm friends amongst all ranks of the Regiment. In April, 1928, after completion of his regimental command, he succeeded to the command of the Midland Mounted Brigade, but in February, 1929 he was selected as Director of Remounts, which post he was holding at the time of his death.

As a sportsman and friend. I can look back to twenty-six years of the closest friendship. He was a most charming companion, with a keen sense of humour, an invaluable asset in peace and war. We joined the 16th Lancers together when the Regiment was stationed at Middleburg in 1903, and from that day started the very closest alliance that lasted through so many

years. If either of us should be short of a horse or a pony, each was ready, I might say eager, to help the other out. When we came home and were quartered at Colchester together, we both spent one entire winter leave at the home of his very dear and charming old parents, Sir Reginald and Lady Graham, of Norton Conyers, Yorkshire. His brother Guy, Malise and myself hunted with the various Yorkshire packs that came within range. At that time Frank Freeman was huntsman to the Bedale, when that fine old sportsman Mr. Moubray (his son a well-known 16th Lancer) had the hounds. Later we both followed Freeman when he went to the Pytchley. Malise was a born horseman, always quick yet never flurried when riding to hounds; though never jealous, he would always be found in the front rank when hounds settled down to run. I can see him now negotiating his fences with that apparent ease that was equally noticeable when he appeared on "Broncho" at Olympia, with his eye ever on hounds and a cheery smile of enjoyment on his face.

He was also an undeniable fine point-to-point rider, and many a good race he had to his credit, but owing to his serious falls he was not allowed by his family to continue riding steeplechases. Owing to this misfortune I had many a successful ride on his good horse "Weatherwick II," a very good horse and a magnificent fencer. Amongst other successes he won two races the same day at Aldershot. In the second race the late General Charles Campbell had a very good horse called "Playfair," which started a hot favourite, but we finished a dead heat, and I can see Malise's delighted face as he greeted Charles and myself riding back to the enclosure.

He trained his own horses, and certainly had a happy knack of making them jump faultlessly.

"Red Seal," "Rubicon II," "Chum" and "Ballyhoura" were all successful point-to-pointers. The latter horse I passed on to him when I left for India.

We went through the Cavalry School together in 1905, where we both made lifelong friends, though many, like him, have passed to the Great Beyond.

It was here that he took up show jumping, and certainly no one has excelled him in that particular branch of horsemanship. Francis Grenfell was another student at Netheravon, and there was no better coach at polo, and Malise soon showed evidence of being a good and imperturbable player. Certainly there was no one I would prefer to lend a pony to, as he would always be on the best terms with them.

A large motor-load of students would hunt regularly each Saturday with the Pytchley; included in our number were Peach Borwick, Duguid McCombie (of the Greys), Edwin Brancy (7th Hussars), Malise, myself, and, not infrequently, those two fine all-round sportsmen Geoffrey Bowlby (Blues) and Francis Grenfell, of the 9th Lancers, both of whom were killed in 1914.

Later, when Charles Campbell's squadron ("C" was at Weedon, Malise then Adjutant at Norwich, would frequently pay a visit for a hunt, and I can see him riding a young horse of mine, and sailing across country as though he were mounted on an undeniable veteran. Throughout the time the Regiment was stationed at Norwich, the Norfolk landowners were most hospitable, and Malise, who was a first-rate shot, was in consequence much sought after. It was here he first met his future wife.

He took over the Yeomanry Adjutancy in January, 1912, while I was an instructor at Netheravon, and though our roads parted, we somehow managed to keep in closest touch with each other. We had become so accustomed to doing things together, that the distance between Wiltshire and Yorkshire was considered no insurmountable obstacle for frequent reunions. The war brought a longer reunion, and many a long talk we had of the future and the prospects of his marriage should he survive the war.

When I had hounds in France, if ever an hour could be spared from his arduous staff duties, Malise would make an effort to come out and clear his brain for work with a gallop across country and the joyous note of hounds.

After the war, at the Staff College, he was Master of the Draghounds and did much valuable spade-work to restart that

pack, and when later I took them over from him they were well found in every way.

His great ambition was to hunt a pack of hounds himself; he did, in fact, start the Aldershot Hounds, and no doubt if he had lived he would have followed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, Sir Billingham Graham, at one time Master of the Quorn.

When he took command of the 10th Hussars, on July 6th, 1923, I again took over from him at the Weedon Equitation School, and can bear witness to the sound and practical system that he, with Col. Lucas, had laid down.

During the last five years his name has been connected with that fine old war veteran "Broncho." His many successes in international jumping are too well known to need detailed mention here, but he won every event that it was possible to win and was never missing to pull out an incomparable performance for the team jumping for England.

No man has done more than Malise to raise the high standard of horsemanship in the Army.

How proud his wife must have been at his achievements, and how proud we all have been.

Only just previous to his death he had inherited Copgrove Hall, a charming estate in Yorkshire that he loved.

He was buried in the churchyard at Copgrove, and the small church could hold but one-tenth of the many who came to pay their last respects and mourn the loss of a gallant English gentleman.

Throughout the Army and the whole country his loss will be felt, but his memory will ever remain as an example to others.



" GUMBAZ "

An Unpublished Epic.

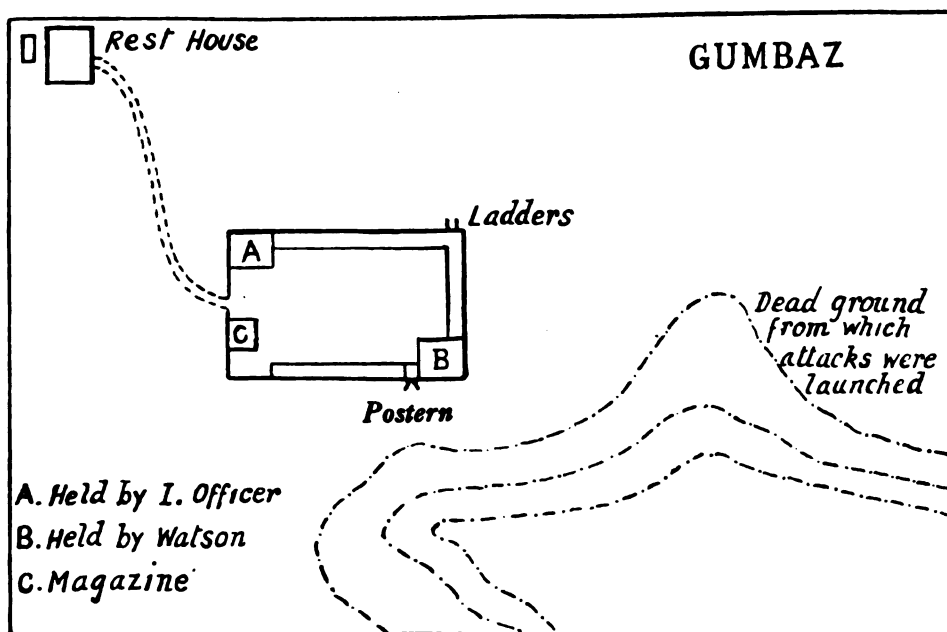
By BR.-GENERAL GAUSSEN, C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O.

IN the Official List of Actions and Battles of the Great War will be found the simple title "Defence of Gumbaz," and to practically no one does this convey anything whatever; and yet this defence was probably one of the many really heroic fights of the war, and, if overwhelming odds are taken into consideration, one of the most outstanding. For political reasons this affair was carefully hushed up in India at the time, and so it came about that the Regiment concerned, the Third Skinners Horse (Bengal Cavalry), has never received the credit it richly deserved. A year later the Blue Book of the Baluchistan Agency gave some detail, but how many people wade through a dry Blue Book? So for the sake of that Regiment I will quote a bit of that book (page 53), and add a more detailed account as an eye witness.

"On the early morning of 20th February, 1918, a Marri Lashkar consisting of about 3,000, attacked the Gumbaz Post. The attack was a very fierce and determined one, commenced about 1.0 a.m. and lasted till nearly dawn. At the onset many Marris gained a footing inside the Post but were killed or driven out. The defence of the Post was carried out most gallantly by seventy-five men of the Skinners Horse. . . .

At the time the loss sustained by the Marris was estimated at one hundred and twenty-five killed and one hundred and twenty-five wounded, but since then it has been ascertained that their losses were considerably under-estimated." (N.B. one hundred and nineteen corpses were found in and around the Post; practically all their wounded were carried away; the killed were shown to be over 200 and several hundred wounded.)

Gumbaz is a square mud Post 56 miles beyond Loralai in Baluchistan, which in turn borders on Afghanistan; it is held by a detachment of one Indian officer and twenty-four men from the Cavalry unit at Loralai. The walls range from seven to ten feet high and the so-called fort is badly sited, as on one side it is commanded by a steep hill nearby. Double wooden doors provide an entrance, and at two opposite angles there are flat-topped mud buildings, with sloping-roofed shelters most of the



way round. It is on the borders of the territories held by the Nawab of Marri and the Khan of Bugti, both fanatical tribes of the Afghan type, and noted for their swordmanship.

Owing to grave unrest the Political Agent had been ordered to proceed to Gumbaz and thence go on to the Marri capital to make the Nawab see reason, so an escort of fifty men of the Third Skinners Horse under Lieut. Watson, had been sent on to Gumbaz to form his escort, thus bringing the garrison up to seventy-five men.

A Mobile column, 250 strong, including Cavalry, Infantry and machine-guns, is always held in readiness at Loralai to move out as required. I was stopping at the Residency at Sibi when I was ordered by wire to return to Loralai and take out this column to Gumbaz, the detailed O.C. being sick. Getting to Loralai that afternoon by train and tonga, and finding the column ready to move, we were able to proceed an hour later, and I pushed on with the Cavalry to Dukki, the half-way stop, reaching there by midnight. There I met the P.A. Col. McConachy, with a wire from the Viceroy, giving orders that *no* troops should go beyond Dukki for fear of precipitating a rising which the Government were not in a position to deal with, as Mesopotamia had denuded India so deeply of troops and transport.

Col. McConachy's orders to enter the Marri country still held good, and he was anxious for me to accompany him as far as Gumbaz, as he had a ticklish and dangerous job in front of him and wanted a second person's opinion on the spot. I pointed out that I *could* not, in face of the Viceroy's telegram, go beyond Dukki, but agreed that I could go on as his "guest," provided he could supply an escort for the remaining twenty-eight miles, and he raked up about a dozen mounted Levies.

Arrived at Gumbaz there was no doubt that things were looking uncommonly threatening. The only pass into the Marri territory was reported held strongly by armed tribesmen, and spies reported that they intended to defy the passage of the Tangi to all. I countersigned a telegram from the P.A. that it would be madness for him to try and force his way in with fifty mounted men; they would have been shot down to a man in the first Pass.

We knew for certain that spies were hanging round and also the troops were very young—practically recruits; so it was decided that Col. McConachy and I should stop in the Rest House outside the fort and that Watson should have his meals there with us, for we did not wish the Tribesmen or our own troops to think we were perturbed. We also went out shooting for the same purpose, as well as for food. But I did tell Watson

and the two Indian officers what an excellent opportunity it was to practise real active service conditions, so each had to make out a plan for the defence of the Post. Having settled on the best defence—I decided that the whole perimeter was too big to hold and consequently only the two opposite angles with highish mud buildings would be held. We had practises from sleep, from feeding, from “stables,” etc., to see how soon each man could be at his assigned post on the alarm being given. The only means to the roofs were by rough ladders. Before leaving Dukki and handing over command of the column I left there, I gave orders that if at any time the telegraph wire was cut between that place and Gumbaz, the column was at once to hasten up in spite of the Viceroy’s orders. The P.A. and I felt convinced we were in for it. Incidentally and luckily I found that Watson knew little of the use of a revolver, a weapon which is a wonder in skilled hands; with practice he soon became a good shot. The third evening, whilst we were dining at the Rest House, an excited Sikh dashed in to say the wire was cut and he could not get through. We finished our dinner and then had our beds and bedding carried down to the Fort, and the P.A. and I turned in.

About 1 a.m. we were awakened by a roar such as I hope I may never hear again; a roar from three thousand throats lusting for blood. “Kill! In the name of God, kill!”; the rattle of rifles was drowned by it. A *terrifying* sound.

We scrambled up to the roof above, the P.A. in a white towel dressing-gown, self in pyjamas! The men were soon lying down in their places. Shots were coming in from the hill above our heads from which there was no cover, and it was evident that the whole Fort was surrounded by the howling mob of fanatics. (We learnt afterwards that they had first of all crept up and surrounded the Rest House and infuriated at being baulked of their prey—the three white men—they had broken from their leaders and raced like madmen for the Fort.) Our first burst of rifle fire seemed to rather stagger them; even in the dark no one could miss in such a dense mob. But we were soon to realize they were well led, alas! by leaders trained by us. Rallying

into what were virtually platoons, they made for the two undefended corners with dozens of scaling ladders. Luckily one corner was too high for their ladders, but over the other they came in swarms in spite of losses. The guard over the gate and the magazine nearby was cut to ribbons; our men had no earthly chance against these brilliant swordsmen. I saw one poor lad practically slashed in half by that terrible drawing cut from a curved tulwar that would shave a hair. One must give them credit for absolute bravery; they could have shot down the whole garrison from the hills above, but having the names of the finest swordsmen on the Indian Frontier, they preferred to use their swords. All the men killed had quite good rifles slung round their bodies—and unused. After the first burst of rifle fire, very little came even from the hills, and our casualties from *bullets* were few, about half a dozen men in all, and a dozen horses and mules who were picketed in the open centre and unprotected. One piece of bad luck, a very fine Indian officer was hit in the arm and the bone shattered; we drew him up so that his head was protected by a bit of mud wall a few inches high; later in a lull I crawled over to him to take his pistol ammunition to share with Watson and found him dead, a second bullet having got poor old Lal Singh in the heart.

By good luck all of the leaders who had got into the Fort were killed so most of their followers withdrew over the same corner, and there was a bit of a respite. The men of the Third Skinners Horse had behaved magnificently, but fire discipline had gone to pieces, and the waste of ammunition was appalling; no voice or whistle could be heard above the din. At last a voice could be heard, "Lads, you know me and I keep my word; I will blow out the brains of the next man who fires without orders. If you obey, there is no fear; if you disobey we all die." After that no one could have complained of the fire discipline. But alas! we were already a bit short of cartridges and a volunteer went for more from the magazine; he had to cross the length of the Fort, and on his way back was spotted and chased by two lurking Marris. As he reached the ladder, the nearest tribesman was about to cut; a pistol shot from the roof killed him,

but too late! The sword had descended and split the lad's head. Our respite was not to last long. On a piece of dead ground in front of our corner we could hear the Mullahs inciting the men to kill us and it was soon evident that they had discovered that the three white men were all on the one roof, for they did not again attack the opposite corner, whose roof was held by a Rajput Indian officer, though they had attacked it fiercely enough in the first onset.

Suddenly yells and roars and on they came at our end, but this time discipline told; not a shot. “ Abi nahin, not yet, not yet ”; then when their faces and gleaming teeth could be distinguished, “ Ab maro, maro, maro,” using the same word for “ Fire ” that the Mullahs were calling out for “ Kill.” The onset was broken and firing stopped at once. Twice more, goaded by the Mullahs, were these vain rushes tried. Then new tactics. Picked men, it seemed like three at a time, worked round to the dead corner where the scaling ladders were still in place, crept up, and then made a terrific dash along the pent-roof to cut us down. But Watson and I were lying down waiting for them with our revolvers. The roof was narrow, so that they had to come more or less in single file, and as they wore voluminous white garments (clean and white for Paradise), they could be easily seen and could not be missed. All the same I remember shouting to Watson each time to aim for the stomach; a heavy revolver bullet there needs no second shot. At long last signs of dawn. The tribesmen had lost heavily and chiefly in their head men and leaders, and were disheartened, and were seen to be withdrawing, and a vast cheer broke out.

For the first time we could stretch our limbs and take stock—and laugh! The cause was the P.A. as he rose from his corner where he had been asked to kill with a shot-gun anyone who got under the men's fire and reached a dangerous little postern door in the walls; his face and towel dressing-gown were black as ink! No sign of the relieving column and it was light, and we soon realized that we had not enough ammunition to withstand a further attack. Queerly enough Watson and I found we had each kept three rounds of revolver ammunition

(for obvious reasons) before he discarded our pistols; he took to a dead man's rifle and I to a 16-bore shot-gun, a terrible weapon at close quarters, as it smashes in a head like an egg.

After three years in France with Infantry I thought I knew what carnage looked like, but never had I seen such absolute shambles as the day revealed. The narrow roof of the pent-house and its walls looked as if buckets of red paint had been poured over them; a shot-gun fired two feet from a face and revolver bullets through the stomach make a horrible mess. Corpses were piled up round the angle of our corner and round the ladder which led to our roof. The wounded had been carried away, but a few were found inside the Fort, and they were amazed at not being killed, but tended. One man's remark was typical, "You are a soldier and I am a soldier; kill me, but do not torture me."

All were relieved when the column, Cavalry and machine-guns leading, could be seen approaching. Watson got the Military Cross for his gallantry, the men nothing, so for their sake and for the sake of the Third Skinners Horse I place this on record. From a military point of view it was a small frontier incident, but it was very potential from a political point of view. The Bugtis and Ketranis were in it, but "waited on the gate." Had Gumbaz fallen, there is no question or doubt that it would have been the signal for the whole of that frontier to blaze up very dangerously, and no doubt isolated places like Loralai, Fort Sandeman, etc., would have been for it. Baluchistan and all India were deeply depleted of troops and transport for Mesopotamia.

An incident typical of these wild and fierce Tribesmen. I had a Rajput orderly, one of the best that ever was, but a bit inclined to brag and laud *his* Sahib. Of course he put it about that every leader had been slain by *his* Sahib! So it was deemed advisable that I should keep clear of that part of the country. Of course eventually a Punitive column entered the Marri country, and after a fight through the Passes, full retribution was meted out. About a year after I was stopping with Sir Henry Dobbs, the Governor of Baluchistan, at his Quetta

Residency; when the Marri Nawab came in to make his peace. I was advised to keep to my room, but the Nawab evidently knew I was there and asked to see me. We sat down in the Durbar Hall and talked of the weather, crops, etc., politely, then he turned and said, " As touching that fight at Gumbaz. . . . " I replied that it was an unfortunate incident and I hoped he bore me no ill will. His reply was " On the contrary, it was a man's fight. We have often discussed it and there is no doubt that Allah was on your side. Had it not been so, I should have cut your throat from ear to ear."



SOME CAVALRY STANDARDS AND GUIDONS.

By CAPTAIN H. BULLOCK, F. R. Hist. S., I.A.

I

The Cape Mounted Riflemen, 1838-1870.

THE original corps of Cape Mounted Riflemen was disbanded in 1870: its history is briefly as follows. In 1797 a number of Hottentots were enrolled into a new corps known as the Cape Corps, at Stellenbosch, under Lieut. John Campbell, 98th Foot. Soon afterwards, a part of the Corps was mounted "and employed as orderlies at headquarters, as guides, and for the carrying of despatches; in performing these duties, they were found very useful."* In 1800 they were formed into a battalion, known as the Cape Regiment; and in 1802, on the restoration of the Cape of Good Hope to the Dutch, they were "left in the colony, and nearly every man was retained in the Dutch service." On the resumption of hostilities, Cape Town surrendered to the British under Sir David Baird in January, 1806, and "in the articles of capitulation it was stipulated that the battalion of Hottentot Light Infantry should march to Simonstown with the other Batavian troops, after which they should be allowed to return to their own country, or engage in the British Service, as they might feel inclined. A number of them tendering their services, they were formed into a corps at Wynberg" The regiment, then about 500 strong, was in 1808 augmented to 800. They saw much active service for the next twenty years.

*"History of the Cape Mounted Riflemen." London, John W. Parker, 1842 [in Cannon's historical records series]. This is one of the shortest of Cannon's series: of its 32 pages, 13 are mere "padding"—historical and topographical accounts of the Cape.



Royal Standard



Regimental Guidon

Cape Mounted Riflemen

70 VVWU
AUG 1915

In November, 1827, the corps was reduced to three companies of mounted riflemen, commanded by a major: the title "Cape Mounted Riflemen" appears to have come into use in 1828. The strength was in 1838 increased to six companies; and at some date which I have not been able to determine Europeans were to a large extent substituted in its ranks for Hottentots, the proportion being subsequently as two to one.* It was disbanded in 1870; and must not be confused with the later corps raised as the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police in 1855, which was in 1878 (eight years after the decease of the original corps) denominated the "Cape Mounted Riflemen."

The history of the corps published in Cannon's series in 1842 has two coloured illustrations, one of an officer in uniform and the other of a standard and guidon. The following extract describes the latter:

"In testimony of the high sense entertained by Her Majesty Queen Victoria of the efficient services of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, Her Majesty has recently directed that a pair of Standards, or Guidons, shall be presented to that Corps. The First, or Royal Standard, is of crimson silk; in the centre of which are conjoined the rose, shamrock, and thistle; in a scroll beneath is the Royal motto "*Dieu et mon droit*"; the whole surmounted by the imperial crown; the White Horse on a red ground in a compartment in the first and fourth corners, and the words "Cape Mounted Riflemen," on a green ground in the second and third corners. In the middle of the Second, or Regimental Standard, is the title of the Corps encircled by the national emblems of the United Kingdom; above is the imperial crown; and in a scroll beneath the words "Cape of Good Hope"; in the first and fourth corners the White Horse on a red ground, and in the second and third corners the rose, shamrock and thistle; the field of this Standard is green; the ground of the four badges is crimson."

From the illustration it will be seen that the "First or Royal Standard" is oblong, whilst the "Second or Regimental Stand-

*"Record of the Cape Mounted Riflemen" [the corps raised in 1878]. By Basil Williams; London, Sir Joseph Causton & Sons, 1909.

ard" (in the illustration termed the "Regimental Guidon") is swallow-tailed. By present-day usage square or oblong cavalry flags are called "standards," and swallow-tailed ones of the shape illustrated are invariably termed "guidons." Here we have an instance of a regiment carrying one standard and one guidon.

The Cape Mounted Riflemen formed part of the regular forces of the Crown, and as such its practice as regards the carrying of standards may be compared with the contemporary usage in regular regiments of British Cavalry. There was, however, no other corps of mounted riflemen in the service, so no exact comparison is possible; but the regulations in force for the period 1837-1858 are fairly clear.

From 1st June, 1837, the only regiments authorized to carry standards or guidons were the Household Cavalry, the seven regiments of Dragoon Guards, and the three regiments of Dragoons.* Of these, the regiments of Household Cavalry may be disregarded; those of Dragoon Guards were to have standards with square ends, whilst "Dragoons have always used the guidon shape, from the time of the Stuarts to this day."† The regulation *shape* at this period is thus clear; but what is not so certain is the *number*. It was not until 1858 that "Dragoon Guards and Dragoons were ordered to carry but one Standard or Guidon, respectively. Hitherto, they had carried as many as four per regiment."‡ In King George IV's time the 4th Dragoon Guards had had two guidons only, it appears. In short, a pair of standards was not an unusual equipment. What, however, *was* unusual was the carrying of one standard and one guidon, quite unlike each other in shape.

The only conclusion seems to be that, when it was decided to present standards to the Cape Mounted Riflemen, special regulations were devised to meet a special case; and that they thus received one standard with a square end, as for a Dragoon

*"Standards and Colours of the Army." By Samuel Milne Milne; Leeds, 1893, privately printed, p. 207.

†Ibid, p. 206.

‡"Army Quarterly." July, 1929; art. "The Evolution of Regimental Colours." By Major T. J. Edwards.

Guards regiment, and one guidon with a swallow-tail, as for Dragoons. There was, of course, yet another complication, for if they were to be considered as Riflemen they should not, by the old custom in the British army, carry any colours at all! Their status as riflemen seem, however, to have been recognized in some degree by the colour of the Second or Regimental Guidon, which is perhaps intended to be rifle-green, though actually depicted as of a rather lighter shade. In this connection it may be noted that the officers of the Cape Mounted Riflemen were dressed as rifle officers at this time.

On the disbandment of the corps in 1870 the standards were deposited in Cape Town Cathedral, where, I understand, they still rest.* Whilst burrowing last year in a London bookshop I came across a bundle of coloured lithographs of an officer of the Cape Mounted Riflemen and of the standard and guidon which, upon comparison with the two illustrations in the 1842 history, proved to be almost—but not quite—identical. It is evident that they are redrawn versions of the illustrations to the 1842 book; and this I think can only have been done by way of preparation for the issue of a new edition.† The points of difference are very slight, the chief being (a) the officer's uniform is a true rifle-green in my prints, instead of the brighter hue of the 1842 illustrations; and (b) most of the inscriptions—such as the legend beneath the uniform plate and the lettering on the standards—are typeset on my prints, instead of being lithographed. The illustration to this article (Plate I) is reproduced from one of the prints in my possession: I have a few spare copies of these and will gladly give one to any South African mounted corps which may be interested.

It is necessary to sound one note of warning. Certain of the illustrations of colours in Cannon's series of historical records of the army were notoriously prepared from sketches furnished by the office of the Inspector of Regimental Colours, rather than from the colours or standards which were actually being carried at the time the books were published. Cannon's

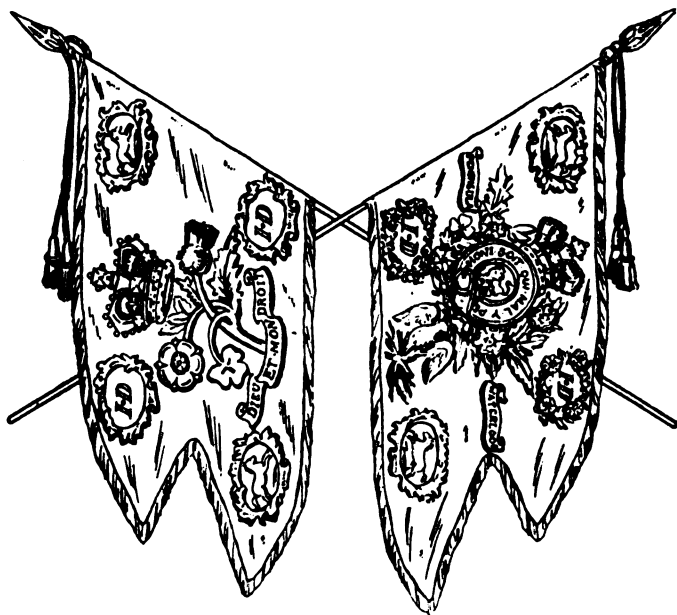
*Basil Williams, *op. cit.*, p.1.

†Several of Cannon's series were in fact re-issued.

illustrations thus sometimes antedated the actual manufacture of colours of those designs by many years; and in the case of the Cape Mounted Riflemen it may be that standards of the pattern illustrated were not actually borne until a few years after 1841 (the date of the colophon of the 1842 book). On the other hand, there can be no question of the authenticity of the design given by Cannon.

The "new" corps of Cape Mounted Riflemen, formed in 1878, was in October, 1904, presented with a standard by H.R.H. Princess Christian at Cape Town. This, however, falls outside the scope of this article.

(To be continued.)



ARMY DERIVATIONS.

(How our military vocabulary has been collected all over the world.)

By JOHN AYE.

PERHAPS one of the most interesting side lines in the study of Army history is that of the derivation of terms in common use, a remarkable feature of the subject being that nearly every known language has contributed to our military vocabulary.

Starting with the word "Soldier" it is probable that few persons realize that the term comes from the *solidi* or shillings which composed the payments made at one time in lieu of personal service, while the word "Infantry" carries us back to the days when the army was composed mainly of mounted men, i.e., knights and esquires, and is derived from the Latin *infans*, through the Italian *infante*, and denoted originally hired boys attending on the army.

The C.O.

The terms "Regiment" and "Colonel" are also of ancient standing and hark back to the days of Free Companies. It was the custom of these bands to hire themselves out to the highest bidder, and incidentally they were the first example of the professional soldier. Realizing, at length, that better terms could be obtained by combination, several of the companies would band themselves together under one leader or regimen, and hence we get the word "Regiment," and probably the germ of trade unions. The leader of several of such columns ultimately became known as the columner, or column leader, which through the Italian *colonna* survives to-day as colonel. Proceeding down the scale we come to the "adjutant" or aide major, a term first

used in 1666, and then "lieutenant," the locum tenens or lieutenant of the captain, while "Subaltern" comes into being from "sub" under and the Saxon "altern" elders. "Corporal," from the Italian capo, head, i.e., head of a squad, was formerly of a much higher relative rank than to-day, and approximated somewhat to an A.D.C. Corporals of the Life Guards were at one time commissioned officers, ranking with the senior lieutenant of other regiments.

Knights of the square.

Knight bannerettes were a rank usually created on the battlefield, and the creation consisted in the candidate presenting his pennon to the king or general who cut off the train and made it square, hence they were sometimes known as knights of the square, their banner marking authority over a troop of sufficient strength to form a solid square of from 10 to 15 men per face. Hence arose the term "squadron." "Platoon," on the other hand, is a Swedish term, used in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, when it denoted a unit of 48 men in a hollow square, the word itself coming through the French peleton—a ball or knot of men, from the Latin pila—a ball. The word "picquet" is also a reminder of the days when the pike was the main weapon, for as this became superseded by firearms, a few were kept in the centre of the battalion as a guard to the colours, and this body became known as the piquet. The word "patrol" is also descriptive in its derivation coming, as it does, from the old French patrouiller—to march in the mud.

The Hussar.

A quaint derivation is that of "Hussar," which in the Turkish language means twenty men. The hussar was originally a copy of the Turkish cavalryman, and in Turkey at this period the twentieth man was taken by conscription while nineteen others remained at home and paid for his keep in taxes. "Dragoons" were so called from the dragon or musket they carried, while the "musket" itself received its name from the fact that it gave an unpleasant mosquito bite. The term "yeomen" is of Anglo-Saxon origin and denotes young and lusty men.

As before stated there are few languages that have not been placed under contribution in forming our military vocabulary. Among familiar examples are "canteen," coming through the French cantine from the Italian cantina—cellar, "knapsack" from the Dutch knappen—to eat and zak—sack, "magazine," through the French magasin from the Arabic makhzan—a storehouse, "howitzer" from the Bohemian hau frice—a sling, "tank" from the Portuguese tanque, "tattoo" from the old Dutch "tap toe," meaning the time to close the taps or taverns, and "grenade" from the Spanish granada, a pomegranate, the original grenade being of that shape.

Changing their Meaning.

Two striking examples of borrowed words that in the course of transition have changed their meaning are "Pow wow," which in the Indian language meant a dance or feast before any expedition, or a rowdy gathering, and the word "accoutrements, which appears to be derived from the Old French coustre or coudre, a sacristan who had charge of the sacred vestments.

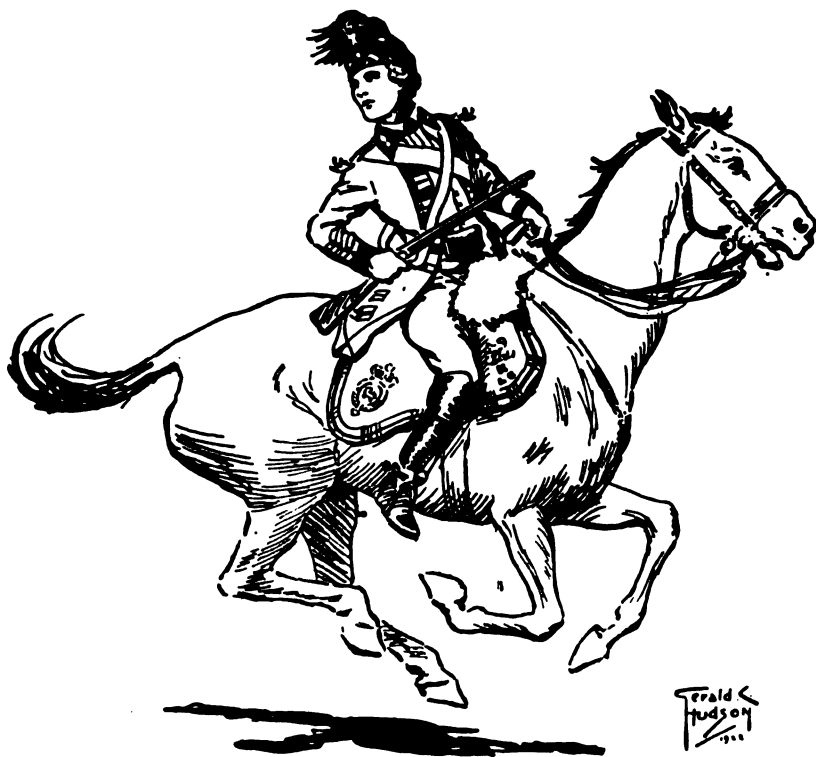
Other words which have very interesting derivations are "furlough," which comes to us from the Dutch verlof—leave, roster from the Dutch roaster, meaning a gridiron, probably because the lists in rotation were drawn up on paper ruled like a gridiron, "batman" from the French bat—a pack saddle, "boot and saddle" from the French "Boutez selle," put on your saddle, "bivouac" from the German beiwacht—an additional watch, "haversack" from the German hafer—oats, this being first issued to the cavalry in lieu of a knapsack and designed to carry the horse's feed, and "barricade" from the French barrique—a cask, the first street barricades having consisted of casks filled with stones.

Derivations which tell of "other times and other manners" are also numerous, among which come "garrison" from the French guerir—to furnish, recalling the days when it was the duty of the vassal lord to furnish his castle with armed men as a defence against the king's enemies, "umpire" from the old French non—not, and pair—a peer, in effect not equal, from which the meaning passes to a third party called in to give a

casting vote, and thirdly, "to break an officer," a relic of the barbaric times when a cashiered officer's sword was broken over his head.

Strange to say of all our weapons the only one that is native in its origin is the "sword," which comes direct from the Anglo-Saxon sword, the "rifle" being of Scandinavian origin from the verb rifle—to groove, the "lance" from the French, and the "bayonet" from a certain fight between the French and the Spaniards on La Bayonette, a spur of the Rhone mountains, where a Basque regiment running short of powder the troops with a flash of inspiration placed their daggers on the muzzles of their muskets and charged the Spaniards with success.

Instances of words coined from the names of inventors are "Shrapnel" from General Shrapnel, who died in 1842, and "Sam Brown," from the famous Indian Army general of that name.

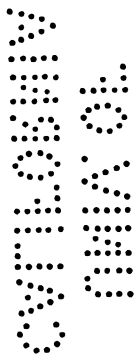




A SOFT ANSWER, etc.—

WHY THE DEVIL HAVE YOU FORMED SQUADRON ?

BECAUSE I AM SUCH A BLOODY FOOL, SIR !



B.C. LEGENDARIES.

By SIEGFRIED P.

3. *Brian Cheerful*

Berari

It was a Thursday holiday. The three latest joined subalterns were lolling in red leather armchairs after breakfast, when a large shadow appeared in the doorway of the mess ante-room. The three leapt to their feet as the Colonel entered.

"Ah! Here you are." He adjusted his monocle. A magnificent figure of a man, with thick rolling moustaches and upright carriage, a kind heart but standing no nonsense, the C.O. lived for horses. He was the last of the Bahadurs, the old school of commanding officers who had charged Afghans in their youth, and held weekly durbars and mounted sports in middle age to keep up regimental camaraderie, entering into both with patriarchal zest and spotless lungis (turbans).

"His Excellency has just sent me over a message asking me to give Colonel Von Bullauch or some such name, that German staff officer who is staying at Viceregal Lodge, a morning's pigsticking. I can't go myself but I thought that you three could look after him. Take him four miles up the right bank of the Jumna. There are plenty of pig there. I have ordered thirty mounted sowars to be at the mess here in half an hour's time. You take charge, Cheerful, and be kind to him. He seems a good chap. I'm mounting him. He will be here at any time now, so you go off and get ready." He caressed his moustaches and gave their ends a twirl.

Half-an-hour later the three young officers escorted the German Colonel out of the mess compound. He was a well-set up pleasant person with a round smiling face under a large

topee. His real name bore no resemblance to the C.O.'s slurred introduction, but he was always to be remembered by them as "Bulrush."

They trotted across a practice polo ground, by the racecourse and across fields and scrub to the Berari Plain. There was still dew on the grass; the air was crisp and the sun shone in friendly fashion instead of as a menace—a perfect winter morning.

They chatted of the magnificence of the Durbar, as they skirted the lonely white stands, ghosts of pageantry, beside which some black buck started up as they passed. Then on they went through scrub, until they reached the spot indicated by their C.O.

Cheerful gave his directions to a Daffadar (Indian Cavalry Sergeant) and the beaters trotted off in single file. Brian Cheerful was one of those supermen. He had been Captain of the R.M.C. rugby football XV. Endowed, too, with brains, he had carried all before him at school and college. He was now a tremendously keen horseman. Though his size militated against him to some extent, he was very painstaking and intended to succeed.

The four of them dismounted for a cigarette. The Colonel was very warm, but in great spirits. Brian looked at his watch. They mounted again. Cries came from in front. A horseman flagged a boar, and away went the heat headed by Cheerful. A big finely tushed pig was racing through the "jao" ahead. After a five minutes' gallop, they caught him. The pig jinked across Cheerful's horse, and Cheerful's spear staggered him. Pelman was just behind. He caught the unsteady boar behind the shoulder and knocked him over. The boar rose, steadied himself and charged furiously, just missing Bunny, their third string. The Colonel thundered down. He had no control of the C.O.'s great iron-mouthed grey, but he lunged at the pig *en passant*. He missed, but a shout of "well done, Colonel," was led by Cheerful as horse and rider swept on headlong into the shrub and disappeared among the thorn trees. Brian was on to the pig again like lighting, and the trio had him swaying for the final death crash when back tore the grey charger.

"Now then, sir; steady your spear," roared Brian Cheerful. The Colonel's reins were useless for guiding White Knight. Luckily, however, White Knight shot close by the boar. The Colonel's spear hit him between the eyes, and down he fell, quivered and lay still. Three minutes later the Colonel returned once more from his wanderings in the bush. He dismounted, smiling and dishevelled as Brian advanced and patted him on the back. "First class work, sir. Very shrewd blows. It's your pig, your first spear." The Colonel was credulous and delighted. He hurriedly got out his camera and photographed the three subalterns round the dead warrior. Pelman then photographed him alone, posing with one foot on the carcase and a lance proudly rampant in his hand.

As they rode home, the Colonel said how much he had enjoyed the morning. It was good sport, but give him the German boar hounds and a Potsdam field out! He recalled the pomp and ceremony, and described the wonder youth, the Colonel-in-Chief of his regiment, the Kaiser to be, leading the field at a Hanoverian meet, leaping from his horse to confront the boar at bay before the snarling pack. "Drawing his hunting-knife he dashes in. With dexterous hand he seizes the boar by a leg and with a well practiced movement he has the great beast on his side and his throat cut before the boar can gash him with his tusks. The hounds rush in. Ach! That is grand sport!"

Gallipoli.

It was only eighteen months later. Brian got up from his camp bed. "It's too damned hot in here Doc. I'm going out again." The dug-out was on a North-Western slope of the Gallipoli peninsular. The Turkish howitzers were in the habit of strafing nightly from 10 to 11 p.m. The G.O.C. had ordered everyone to sleep under cover, since sleeping on the thresholds of dug-outs had resulted in many casualties from these howitzers.

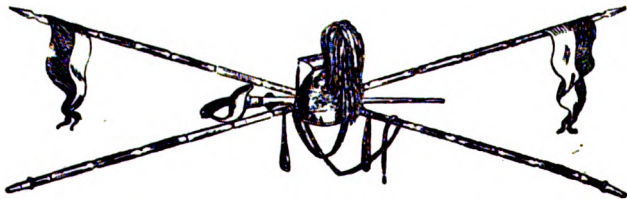
"It went eleven o'clock five minutes ago," he added in answer to the Doctor's protests, "and there hasn't been a sound since. I really can't bear the atmosphere in here." It was indeed

stuff. He took up his bed and climbed through the doorway. He arranged it carefully on a platform cut in the hillside before the door, and lay down.

"Glorious night, Doc." Brian was feeling particularly happy. He had been given command of the Pirks, as the Planters' Intelligence Raiding Corps were commonly called, in addition to his other duties as an aide-de-camp. Early that very morning he and a band of lads had executed a very satisfactory 'coup' in the Turkish trenches.

"By the way, Doc., do you remember the story I told you of Bulrush and the Berari boar? Well, it turns out from those papers we captured this morning that Bulrush is now a big noise in this little peninsular. He's riding the high horse; and, if Johnny Turk is as hard mouthed as the C.O.'s grey, I shall be surprised if he gets his spear into us, except by a fluke. Talking of the C.O., I hope to God that he recovers. He was doing an attack just over the hill there with his dismounted yeomanry brigade, and no led horses within hundreds of miles! But that must have been before Bulrush's advent I fancy, or it would have been answering hospitality with a vengeance! Its a funny world. He was quite a good sportsman was old Bulrush. Well! Good night old boy." He sighed contentedly as he closed his eyes for the last time.

Half a minute later the sad fluke was consummated. A single shell awoke the hillside with its horrible roar, and blew Brian's platform from the earth.



THE NAPOLEONIC CAVALRY AND ITS LEADERS

By CAPTAIN E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

PART IV

THE LINE AND HEAVY CAVALRY LEADERS.

EASILY first among the leaders of Napoleon's heavy cavalry on the roll of fame stands the name of Francois Etienne Kellermann. His right to this place might perhaps be disputed, for as with many another of his comrades, his service was not confined to this branch, and he more than once had charge of cavalry of the line and light cavalry. As, however, the two great deeds on which his reputation is based were accomplished while he was in command of heavy cavalry formations, we are justified in ranking him as primarily a heavy cavalryman.

His career was a remarkable one. He was born in 1770 at Metz, and his father, at that time a captain in a hussar regiment, was himself later to achieve fame even greater than that of his son. It was he who in 1792 commanded the force of trained troops which joined Dumouriez a few hours before the opening of the battle of Valmy, and afforded that stiffening to the latter's new levies without which they would probably have broken and fled in panic before the threat of the Prussian attack. In fact, they stood firm, and according to Goethe, changed the course of the history of Europe. For this and other good service in the Revolutionary Wars Napoleon made Kellermann a marshal, and though he never commanded troops in the field as such, he lived right through the Empire, to die only in 1820, leaving behind him a reputation often confused with and partially obscuring that of our hero, his son.

The word "hero" can be used of Kellermann the younger only in its metaphorical sense, for his character, as we shall see, was by no means an admirable one. Even his appearance was anything but imposing; he was small of stature and frail of physique, and his cast of countenance was described by an impartial observer as being furtive, almost sly. Moreover although, as was almost inevitable, given his parentage, he was educated for and entered the army, in 1785, with a commission in his father's regiment, the Hussars Colonel General, he did not, like so many of his contemporaries and colleagues, seize the opportunity afforded by the Revolutionary wars to serve any apprenticeship in active service. Early in 1790, while the father, now a general, gave in his adherence to the Revolution, the son made use of the influence of his maternal uncle, the statesman Barbé Marbois, to secure for himself a post as extra military attaché to the French ambassador at Washington. Here in inglorious ease he vegetated for three years; but his military career did not suffer, for he rose step by step until, by the time of his return to France in May, 1793, he had attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of infantry, in theoretical command of a battalion in the Army of the Upper Alps, of which his father was general-in-chief. But intrigue and the suspicion mania of the time had already undermined the elder Kellermann's position, and our hero was also involved in the inevitable crash, which all but sent his father to the scaffold on a charge of treason, and brought about his own resignation of his commission and a very narrow escape from trial on a similar accusation.

There was, however, in the present condition of the country under the Terror no security to be found for any sane and quiet-loving citizen outside the army, and Kellermann showed good sense as well as patriotism in enlisting in the ranks of a newly raised hussar regiment. Here he remained till March, 1795, when the overthrow of Robespierre, and the advent of a régime of comparative moderation and reason, emptied the overflowing prisons and restored to liberty his father, who resumed command of the Army of the Alps. The son, too, was restored to his former rank of colonel and assumed duty as his

father's aide-de-camp. Even in all the ferment of these times, it would be difficult to parallel this curious phase of his career—from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel without seeing a shot fired in anger, then down to private, and then up to colonel again.

A few months later he had his first chance to distinguish himself in action. In May, 1796, he had been transferred to the Army of Italy, now under Bonaparte, as Chief of Staff to the cavalry division, but it was not till the spring of 1797 that his display of gallantry and leadership at the passage of the Piave, and again at that of the Tagliamento, won for him the rank of brigadier general and the honour of bringing home and presenting to the French Government the Austrian standards captured at the latter engagement. He did not follow his general-in-chief to Egypt, but remained in Italy, in command of a cavalry brigade in Championnet's army; when the latter marched on Rome and Naples, Kellermann, at the head of his advanced guard, fought a series of dashing little actions against the Neapolitans. Soon after the capture of Naples, however, he was forced by ill-health to resign his command, and it was not till after Bonaparte's seizure of power by the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, 1800, that he became once more fit for service, and was placed at the head of a heavy cavalry brigade in the Army of Reserve, with which at Marengo he accomplished the most famous and most discussed feat of his career.

The story of his decisive charge at Marengo is well known. Bonaparte, having descended from the Alps on the rear of Melas' Austrians besieging Genoa and compelled them to fight on reversed fronts to regain their lost communications, was himself caught at Marengo with his forces widely dispersed. The French were beaten back and already dissolving in rout before the enemy, when the arrival of Desaix's division brought the pursuers to a stand; the battle was renewed, and at the critical moment Kellermann, on Desaix's wing, observing a chance of surprising the Austrian reserves, led his brigade against their flank in a headlong charge which shivered them

into fragments, and sent the whole of Melas' army fleeing in irretrievable panic from the field.

It was a great achievement—great enough, in Kellermann's eyes at least, to merit any and every reward—and in fact three weeks later he obtained the promotion to general of division he had so fairly won. But even this brief delay had seemed intolerable to the eager recipient, and he was unwise enough to express in words and on paper his surprise and disgust that the feat, which had put the crown of France on Bonaparte's head, should not have been acknowledged by immediate promotion to the coveted grade. It is never safe to presume too much on services rendered to a rising, but not yet risen, master, jealous as he may well be of possible rivals; and Kellermann's incautiousness made Napoleon the less inclined to award him in public all the credit rightly his. In the official relation of the battle his share in the victory was slurred over, if not deliberately minimised; and a few weeks later he and the division of Dragoons of which he had just obtained command, were placed under Davout, whose achievements at the head of the cavalry in Egypt seemed to Kellermann and to the world in general in no way comparable with his own, though the subsequent careers of the two rivals were to justify Napoleon's preference.

At this point in his career there occurred the romance of our hero's life. Like all its other episodes, it was accompanied by peculiar circumstances. The lady was an Italian, separated from her husband on account of incompatibility. The lovers resolved to take advantage of a French law, which permitted divorce by mutual consent, to dissolve the unhappy union; and the French Ambassador at Milan, on the pretext that the lady, living in territory occupied by Napoleon's armies, was thereby made subject to the laws of their country, declared her marriage annulled, and so set her at liberty to wed Kellermann. The sequel, if one may say so without unkindness, was characteristic of the man. In 1818 the French courts declared the marriage null and void, on his plea that the lady and her first husband were amenable only to the Italian laws on the matter. Kellermann, as we shall see, had in his old age taken to religion; and

it is difficult to refuse belief that in this matter he salved his conscience at the expense of his honour.

The renewal of war against England in 1803 saw him at the head of the light cavalry division attached to Bernadotte's corps in Hanover; and here his self-satisfaction suffered another blow in receiving, at the time of the proclamation of the Empire, only the flattering but somewhat empty distinction of being made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and commander of the Order of the Iron Crown of Italy; he had hoped to be promoted full general, if not marshal. In the pursuit of the wreck of the army after Ulm and especially at Austerlitz, he once more gave proof of his fine qualities as a fighting soldier, which not even his worst enemies could deny him. His post at this battle was with the reserve cavalry under Murat on the French left; repeatedly he hurled himself at the head of his horsemen into the heart of the Russian ranks, until at length his left leg was broken by a cannon ball, and he had to be carried from the field. This injury kept him on the sick list throughout the operations against Prussia and Russia, and it was not till August, 1808, that he was once more fit to take the field, in command of the cavalry of Junot's Army of Portugal, then assembling at Bayonne for the invasion of that luckless country.

The period of the Spanish wars, now about to open, was at once the most useful and the most discreditable in Kellermann's career. The march to Lisbon, though unopposed, involved the young troops concerned in it in the utmost privations, owing to the speed of the advance, the fearful state of the roads, and the shortage of supplies and forage. The cavalry arrived diminished by a third of its strength, and without a horse fit to move at more than a walk; yet in the few weeks that elapsed before the landing of the British it was, by Kellermann's energy and administrative skill, once more put on a serviceable footing. At the battle of Vimiero he was in command of the reserve of two grenadier regiments, and failed to turn the fortunes of the day; but his chief service was rendered after the battle, when he was sent to negotiate with the victors and to

make the best terms he could. His reputation, his knowledge of English and his diplomatic skill enabled him to secure from them a free passage home to France for Junot's beaten army, which had expected nothing better than to be forced to lay down its arms unconditionally. This achievement, the measure of which may be gauged from the furious outcry aroused in England by the news of the Convention of Cintra, brought him little personal credit with his master; but his next feat, the complete defeat at Alba de Tormes of Del Parque's large Spanish army, already elated by a success over the 6th Corps, was perhaps the boldest and most really meritorious of his life. Boldly attacking the 30,000 Spaniards with his advanced guard of 3,000 horsemen, he drove their cavalry from the field and compelled their foot to take refuge on a rocky height, whence, on the arrival of his leading infantry brigade, he dislodged them by a daring night attack; the morrow saw their dispersal to the four winds.

It was Kellermann's unhappy fate throughout his life to be his own worst enemy. Early in 1809 he had been appointed to the chief command of the French troops in North Spain—a duty involving administrative functions, in the exercise of which he acquired a reputation for arbitrariness, avarice and corruption too unsavory even for the by no means queasy stomachs of his colleagues, of King Joseph, and at last of the Emperor himself. In May, 1811, he was abruptly recalled from Spain and put on half pay; he would no doubt have been more seriously punished but for the fact that his master, as he said, "whenever his name came before him, could only remember Marengo." Followed a year of idleness, and the campaign of Russia, in which he figured in the order of battle as commanding a light division in Grouchy's 3rd Cavalry Corps. But even this command, so unequal to his reputation and talents, he never exercised; while his comrades and rivals were winning glory and paying for it in all the horrors of the retreat, he was employed on petty duties at Mayence and Strasburg, and finally permitted, on a somewhat too transparent plea of ill-health, to resign his commission in March, 1813. It was the nadir even of his strange career.

But France and the Emperor in the crisis now impending could not be deprived of the services of their best leader of heavy cavalry, and a month later he was recalled to the active list and given the cavalry brigade of Ney's 3rd Corps. At its head he fought at Lutzen, where he was wounded, and at Bautzen, and during the ensuing armistice was once more appointed to a more fitting post, the command of the 4th Cavalry Corps of the Grand Army, composed of two divisions of Polish light horse. At Wachau and again on the first day of the battle of Leipsic, his corps played a brilliant part in the immense tournaments between the massed French and allied horsemen. Leipsic ended in Napoleon's defeat and the retreat of the Grand Army to France, where next year it had to make head against the invasion of overwhelmingly superior foes. The latter's task was not completed without a series of set-backs, and at Mormont, Kellermann, now commanding a corps of two divisions of veteran dragoons from Spain, played a creditable part in a victory over Pahlen's Russians. When the Emperor turned north for the second time to combat Blucher, the corps remained with Oudinot, observing Schwarzenberg's main army, and fought a series of skilful combats to cover the withdrawal of the detachment before the ponderous progress of the Allies; and later, at the very end of the campaign, it was instrumental in deciding the issue of Napoleon's last successful engagement at St. Dizier. A few days later the Emperor resigned his throne.

The return from Elba found Kellermann high in favour with the Bourbons, who had loaded him with office and honours. But he hastened to espouse the cause of his old master, who gave him command of the 3rd Corps of Cavalry (cuirassiers) in the army which was being assembled for the invasion of Belgium. At Quatre Bras he came under Ney's orders, and at the crisis of the fight was ordered by the marshal to break the mass of the British infantry in front of him; "the fate of France," he was told, "is in your hands." He had but one brigade available, and at its head he rode headlong into the heart of the hostile lines. One British battalion, caught changing its formation,

was overrun and scattered; another in square was broken into, but the others stood firm, no support was at hand, and at the critical moment Kellermann himself was brought down in the sight of his men who, shot at from all sides, were seized with panic, turned bridle and retreated in haste, leaving him to make his escape bareheaded and on foot, gripping the manes of two horses. It had been a magnificent but vain effort; as were destined also to be his charges at Waterloo, two days later, when his command, in common with all the rest of the French cavalry, shattered itself into exhausted fragments against the iron wall of the British squares. Barely a third of his gallant horsemen escaped unscathed from this fatal field—the last on which Kellermann was to draw sword.

He was 45 years old only; he had twenty years more to live, but his later career need not detain us long. He withdrew to his estates near Senlis, became deeply and ostentatiously pious, and built a church at his own personal cost with what one can but presume to have been tainted money. On the death of his father in 1820 he took his seat in the Chamber of Peers as Duke of Valmy. After the Revolution of 1830 he was re-employed for a few months only, and in 1835 he died. We shall do well to recall only his great qualities, which were those of the soldier and the cavalry leader, and consider how great these must have been to have outweighed the grave and ugly faults which vitiated his character as a man. After all, the fact that his name is indissolubly linked in history with that of the victory of Marengo is more than a sufficient title to glory.

Of the remaining line and heavy cavalry commanders of the First Empire, three were recognized as of the first order, and may be taken as typical of the rest, though it is difficult to imagine any more mutually contrasting personalities. These were Nansouty, Milhaud, and d'Hautpoul. Of the remainder, Espagne, St. Sulpice, Boudresoulle, Latour Maubourg Lefebvre Desnoettes, Sebastiani, Caulaincourt, Doumerc and their comrades, we have no space to tell.

Etienne Antoine Marie Champion de Nansouty, came of a noble family, and was born at Bordeaux in 1768; his father

had had a distinguished military career and his son followed in his footsteps. First entering the infantry at the age of 17, he was transferred after three years to a cavalry regiment, Franche Comté, and then to the hussars of Lauzun, where the outbreak of the Revolution found him. Before the opening of the twenty-three years long epoch of wars in 1792, he had been given a squadron and the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the 9th regiment of cavalry and with it he served for close on ten years. He rose to command it, after being once passed over, and took part—and a distinguished and highly honourable part—in all the campaigns of the Army of the Rhine from Austria's invasion of the Palatinate in 1792 to Moreau's last operations in 1800, which came to a term with the signature of the Treaty of Lunéville. In the course of these eight years of almost continuous fighting he had made for himself a reputation as a first-class cavalry leader, and had ended by commanding a strong brigade of five regiments in independent missions. Napoleon was quick, in his case as always, to recognize and reward merit, made him a general of division in 1803, and on the resumption of hostilities entrusted to him the 1st Heavy Cavalry Division, two regiments of carabineers and four of cuirassiers, which he led throughout the campaign of 1805.

Good service at Wertingen, Hollabrunn and Raussnitz formed only the prelude to his brilliant leadership at Austerlitz, where, placed under Murat on the left of the French line, he delivered a fine series of charges against the pick of the Russian cavalry, including the Imperial Chevalier Guards, and finally swept them off the field, capturing eight guns and a number of prisoners. He had well merited the promotion to Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, which was bestowed on him after the battle. The campaign of 1806 against Prussia gave him few opportunities of winning further distinction, apart from a smart little combat at Erfurt; and at Golymin, and again at Eylau, despite the greatest and most painful exertions, his division arrived too late to take part in the fighting. They played, however, a creditable part at Guttstedt, and a more than creditable one at the decisive battle of Friedland, where,

Murat being absent, Grouchy led the reserve cavalry. Nansouty, placed on the left of Lannes' line with the mission of covering both his flank and the army's line of retreat, seems at first not fully to have comprehended his task and fell under Grouchy's violent displeasure; but subsequently his cool and confident leadership, and the vigour with which, when the victory had been won, he thrust forward in pursuit of the retreating Russians, restored him to his chief's favour, and won him the high praise "of having gloriously repaired his fault of the morning." In that view the Emperor, it would seem, concurred, for after the conclusion of peace he bestowed upon Nansouty the title of count, and the appointment of first equerry to himself. Our hero's birth and upbringing well fitted him for this post—less so his personal manner; for he was given to sarcasm and mockery, which alienated many of those who fell victims to his quick tongue. It must have been a relief to all, and not least to himself, when the renewal of war with Austria, in 1809, set him again at the head of a heavy cavalry division.

At Eckmühl he once more had a chance to display his powers, in the great wrestle of massed mail-clad cavalry, 44 Austrian squadrons against 48 French, fought out at the end of the day beneath the gleaming rays of the moon. The Austrians were tumbled in disorder from the field, thanks largely to Nansouty's precise and skilful manœuvring of his ponderous brigades, and the victorious French army swept on to Vienna. At Essling the cavalry had to play a different rôle—to make head against superior hostile forces flushed with success, and to gain time for the retreat of the half of the army which, adventured on to the northern bank of the Danube, found itself cut off from aid and driven to fight desperately for life. The task was accomplished, at great cost certainly, but accomplished, and six weeks later at Wagram the French had their revenge; in a second two days' battle the Austrians were decisively overthrown. The fighting was not without its vicissitudes, and at one moment the whole of the reserve cavalry had to be put in to restore the situation, all but compromised at the very time when the decisive attack was about to be delivered. Nansouty's com-

mand suffered so severely that when Macdonald's column, which it had previously been detailed to support, moved off it could give it no aid. A few days later the Emperor, meeting Nansouty, taxed him with his failure, which the latter endeavoured to explain; finally feeling that full weight was not being given to his plea, he turned away, saying, "After all there is nothing Your Majesty can teach me about the handling of cavalry." The bold words passed unrebuked, and indeed a few weeks later on the conclusion of peace the Emperor recalled Nansouty to his former post in the Imperial Household, where he remained for another two years.

For the campaign against Russia he was given command of the 1st Reserve Cavalry Corps—an unwieldy formation comprising one light and two heavy divisions, with which he plunged into the heart of Russia in the wake of the labouring Grand Army. Heat, rain, long marches and shortage of forage took heavy toll of it, and one day Murat bitterly reproached him for the poor condition of his horses. "Oh well," retorted Nansouty "you see they have no patriotic instincts!" Parts of the Corps came into action at Ochmiana, Witepsk, and Smolensk; but at Borodino, the first occasion on which it fought as a whole, its chief was hit in the knee, and compelled to hand over the command. He was not fit for service again until the summer of 1813; but meanwhile a great honour had been bestowed him in the shape of the appointment of Colonel-General of the dragoons—the highest rank in the army, next to that of Marshal; and when he returned to the army he was yet further honoured by being placed in command of the Cavalry of the Imperial Guard.

The role of this Corps d'elite at the battle of Leipzig was a limited one, consisting merely of buttressing the centre of the battle line, momentarily shaken by the desertion of the Saxon contingent in the very midst of the fighting; but the action of Hanau, fought during the retreat to the Rhine, gave Nansouty the opportunity for the finest feat of arms in his career. The Bavarians, under Wrede, a former lieutenant of Napoleon, who had said of him "I made him a count, but I could not make him

a general," were found arrayed in battle to cut off the Grand Army from its home. The Emperor sent in his Guard, infantry and cavalry, supported by the artillery, to clear the road; the Bavarian horsemen charged home and swept in amid the French guns, but were furiously assaulted by Nansouty at the head of his men and chased back on to their own infantry, who were broken and routed with great loss, their former allies showing them no quarter. A Russian commentator compared Nansouty's brilliant action in this fight with that of Seydlitz at Zorndorf—indeed a complimentary tribute from an enemy! It was, in fact, the apogee of his career; the next year was to see his reputation on the wane. He first fell under Napoleon's disfavour at Le Rothière, where some batteries of the Guard Horse Artillery were cut up, owing, in the Emperor's view, to Nansouty's failure to give them a proper escort. The dash and vigour of his operations at Montmirail, where his men picked up several thousand prisoners and a number of guns, might have been considered a fine counterbalance to the earlier error, if error it was; but his failure to reach the battlefield at Château Thierry as soon as Napoleon expected was another count against him. On the night after the action of Vauchamps, in which the Guard cavalry again fought with utmost gallantry and vigour, another incident brought the Emperor's resentment against them to a head; a second battery of the Guard artillery went astray in the woods in the darkness, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Napoleon flew into a rage, violently abused Guyot, the commander of the heavy cavalry, whom he held responsible for the mishap, and relieved him of his post.

This second regrettable incident seems also to have ended the fate of Nansouty. Nothing was said during the ensuing operations against Schwarzenberg, or until the French once more found themselves facing Blucher on the plateau of Craonne; then as the armies were about to engage, Belliard, the Chief of Staff of the reserve cavalry, rode up to him and informed him politely that in case his health unfitted him for duty, he was to hand over his command. Nansouty with equal politeness replied that, though unwell, he was still fit for service. On this

his last day of battle he led his men with a gallantry and recklessness worthy of his best days; on the morrow he passed the command to Belliard and left the army for Paris, having a narrow escape of being captured by Cossacks on the way thither. He was not to serve his ungrateful master again, for after the Bourbons had loaded him with honours and favour, he declined and died in the spring of 1815, at the early age of forty-seven.

His face looks out at us from his portrait, fine-featured, handsome beneath powdered hair, with a half-mocking smile on the lips, as if this aristocrat of the old régime and general of the new had already tasted all that life had to offer and found it of no account. No doubt he would have greeted with the same amused smile and a word of raillery even this attempt to revive some memory of his great deeds and heroic reputation.

We must now turn to a man of a very different stamp from Nansouty. Also born of noble family, in 1766, at Arpajon, Edward Jean Baptiste de Milhaud on the outbreak of the Revolution resigned his commission in the Army and threw in his lot with the popular cause. In 1792 he was elected to the Convention and developed into a demagogue of the most extreme type, fulminating at the Jacobin Club against Royalty and privilege, and voting among the first for the execution of the King. "For a free nation," he cried, "there should be no death penalty; but for a tyrant, if it did not exist we should have to invent it." Curiously enough, although he saw no service he was granted military rank, in the Revolutionary army, and had risen by 1796 to be Colonel of a dragoon regiment. No doubt he chose the most satisfactory method of combining his civil and military functions by getting himself appointed as representative on missions to various armies. The rôle played by these representatives was beneficent in as far as it helped to infuse enthusiasm among the troops and energy into their commanders, hurtful because it often led to ignorant and untimely civilian interference with military operations. Milhaud, to do him justice, appears to have employed himself in useful directions, taking a great interest in administrative matters and dealing severely with the corruption rife among

the army contractors; as occasion offered, also, he acquired the elements of a useful training in the profession of arms, by personal participation in the operations of the force to which he was attached. The deeds and example of Labarre, the cavalry commander of the Army of the Eastern Pyrenees, one of the most brilliant young soldiers of the day, in particular taught him much which he was afterwards able to apply profitably on the battlefields of the Empire.

In 1796, on the dissolution of the Convention, he went to join his regiment in Italy, and was not slow to win his spurs, distinguishing himself at Castiglione, at Bassano, at Arcola, and in the Tyrol, and being twice wounded and mentioned by Bonaparte in his despatches to the Directory. The crisis of the 18th Brumaire afforded him a chance of once more dabbling in his old profession of politics, and as Chief of Staff to Lannes and Murat, successive commandants of Paris, he was able powerfully to aid the success of Napoleon's *coup d'etat*. Rewarded by promotion to Brigadier after only four years' service, he held minor appointments, but without seeing any serious fighting until 1805, when he was given command of the light brigade in the reserve cavalry of the Grand Army for the campaign against Austria and Russia. He performed excellent service in various minor combats at Asten, at Raussnitz and before Austerlitz, though his rôle in the great battle was a minor one. For the operations against Prussia in 1806 he retained the same command, and found more than one opportunity of enhancing his reputation, which by the opening of the campaign of 1807 had grown so great as to win for him the rank of general of division and the command of the 3rd Division of Dragoons.

Here, however, his career received a setback. Whether, as has been suggested, the dragoons at the moment suffered from being a bastard arm, neither true cavalry nor true infantry but a mixture of both, or for some other reason, they cut a somewhat inglorious figure against the Cossacks, and Milhaud's division suffered a disgraceful panic and rout at Grossenstein, which led him to ask to be relieved of his command. That the blame for this mishap was not placed on his shoulders was shown by

his elevation at the end of the campaign to the rank of Count of the Empire, and his subsequent despatch, still at the head of his dragoons, to Spain as part of the IVth Corps. Here he and they fully re-established their name and fame; at Ciudad Real, at Almonacid, at Ocana, and at Malaga they taught the Spaniards to feel and fear the fury and weight of their charges, and took heavy toll of their adversaries in combat and in pursuit. Soon after his greatest and most fruitful achievement, the brilliant little action of Rio Almenazar, when with four regiments he fell upon and routed Blake's whole army, 10,000 strong, inflicting on it a loss of 3,000 men, 4 guns and 2 standards, the after-effects of an old wound forced Milhaud to relinquish his post and go on sick leave in the summer of 1811. For this reason he took no active part in the war against Russia, though that campaign figures on his record of service, and his next command was that of the 5th Reserve Cavalry Corps (one light and two dragoon divisions) with which in the summer of 1813 he was employed in safeguarding the rearward areas of the Grand Army between the Rhine and the Elbe. Just prior to the battle of Leipzig he was ordered to the front with one of his dragoon divisions and attached to Pajol's cavalry corps; on the wounding of this general he took over the command in his place, and led the corps back to the Rhine, taking part en route in the brilliant little fight of Hanau.

1814 saw him still at the head of the 5th Cavalry Corps fighting in retreat before the ponderous Allied advance, and vigorously engaged in the unsuccessful actions of Brienne and La Rothière. When the Emperor went north to deal with Blucher, Milhaud was left in the south to help in checking the advance of Schwarzenberg's main army, which was successfully done, until the moment when Napoleon, returning in triumph from the north, brought back the main body of the Grand Army, and proceeded to treat Schwarzenberg as he had treated Blucher. At Mormant the Russian advance guard was surprised and ridden down, and Kellermann and Milhaud in the full flush of victory embraced each other amid the wreckage of one of the shattered enemy squares. But fortune in the end proved fickle

and false, and with the fall of the Emperor, the army, and Milhaud with it, sent in its adhesion to the Bourbons. They had, it seems, at first no recollection of his former career under the Revolution, and his violent diatribes against Louis XVI; he was careful not to remind them of these forgotten far-off things, and indeed abounded in protestations of his loyalty and devotion to their cause. He obtained an amnesty and honours, but the error was then discovered, and he was at once placed on half-pay, so that it was a suitably aggrieved Milhaud who, on the return of his former master from Elba, hurried to place his sword at his disposal.

There followed the glorious and unfortunate campaign of Waterloo, in which he took part at the head of the 4th Cavalry Corps, composed of two magnificent cuirassier divisions. The decisive charge of Ligny, the heroic but unavailing sacrifices at Waterloo which drew a cry of admiration from Wellington himself—these are a part of history, and were a fitting climax and close to a career which, as regards its military side, was nothing but creditable and honourable. Unhappily Milhaud saw fit to continue, under the Restoration, his extravagant protestations of servile devotion to the régime which he had once helped to overthrow and once betrayed; these served indeed to get him excused from the provisions of the law banishing every regicide from France, but not to secure him any other mark of royal favour; and he at length desisted and retired into private life, dying obscure and forgotten in 1833. Politics, especially revolutionary politics, have marred more than one man's career with an unsavoury page; fortunately it is with Milhaud as a soldier only that we are here concerned, and as such he had every claim to be placed high in rank among the greater leaders of the Imperial cavalry.

A fourth character, equally contrasting with those whom we have just described, was that of d'Hautpoul. Older than the bulk of his comrades—he was born in 1754, near Albi—he had by the date of the Revolution already served for twenty-eight years in the chasseurs of Languedoc, but had only reached the rank of lieutenant. His portrait with its rough hewn grandeur

of feature, and leonine head, might be that of one of those Renaissance warriors, whom the painters of the Cinquecento loved to depict; his language was that of the camp, his manners bluff and brusque, and the whole character of the man typically soldierly in the popular sense of the word. At the outbreak of general war in 1792 he had reached his majority; an attempt to bring about his retirement from the army as being a member of the ancient *noblesse* was defeated by a threatened revolt of his men at the prospect of his departure, and he continued to play an honourable rôle in all the operations of the Army of Sambre et Meuse from the battle of Fleurus, right up to the conclusion of hostilities in 1797. By this latter date he had risen to the command of a heavy cavalry division, and had established his reputation as a gallant and skilful soldier, knowing and fulfilling all his duty in exemplary fashion.

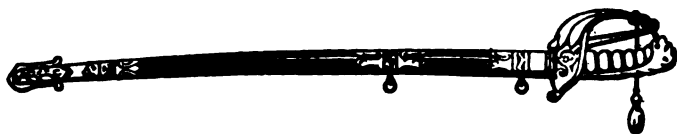
The renewal of the war in 1799 found him still in charge of this division, but at the crisis of the battle of Stockach he, for some unaccountable reason, hesitated or failed to charge home to the rescue of Jourdan's hard pressed infantry; his men, when they did at length move, behaved badly, and the French army had to retire beaten from the field. Jourdan violently denounced him to the Directory, who ordered him to be arrested and tried by court-martial for disobedience of orders. Of this grave fault at least he had not been guilty, and before he appeared before his judges, his innocence became clear even to those who had at first been ready hastily to condemn him. He was summoned to Paris to plead his own cause before the Minister for War, who, having heard him, re-established him in his functions and restored him to the command of his cavalry division—a favour which he had more than one opportunity of justifying before the campaign ended; nor did he fail to avail himself of them either in that year or in the subsequent campaign of 1800 at Moskirch, at Hochstedt, and especially at Hohenlinden, where he rendered yeoman service at the crisis of the day.

It was therefore only natural that at the outbreak of the war of the Third Coalition, d'Hautpoul should be appointed to

take charge of one of the two cuirassier divisions in the cavalry reserve of the Grand Army. He saw no fighting up to the occupation of Vienna, but fought a brilliant little action at Raussnitz, and played a leading part at Austerlitz, contributing powerfully to the success gained by Lannes' corps and Murat's cavalry reserves on the left of the French line over Bagration's infantry and Lichtenstein's horse. On the signature of peace d'Hautpoul, being appointed senator, had to resign his command; but he was recalled for the campaign on 1806, arrived with his cuirassiers just in time to assist in completing the defeat of the Prussians at Jena, and took part in the triumphal entry into Berlin and the destruction by pursuit of the remnants of Hohenlohe's army. Absent from the battles of Pultusk and Golymin, he delivered a series of most effective charges at Hof, overwhelming the Russian rearguard and winning the encomiums of the Emperor in person, who embraced him before all his men, to their delight and their chief's intense embarrassment.

Two days later, on February 8th, 1807, there took place the battle of Eylau. Augereau's corps gone astray in its attack by reason of a blinding blizzard, was decimated by fire at close range, and the Russians advanced to the counter-stroke; no infantry reserves were at hand to meet them, and Murat led out seventy squadrons in a desperate charge to the rescue. The light cavalry and the dragoons checked the assailants, but could not break their formation; then d'Hautpoul's mail-clad masses, thundering in, struck and smashed through, crushing down everything they met, into the heart of the enemy hosts. When they rallied, they bore back with them their chief, his thigh shattered by a round shot. He lived six agonising days and then died. If in his long and honourable career he had committed errors, he had also done great deeds. Of all Napoleon's great heavy cavalry leaders, he perhaps stands highest, if not for his talents and achievements as a soldier, then for his human and attractive personality as a man.

(To be concluded.)



A MAN HUNT

BY "OLD TIMER."

WE were catching horses in the corral one morning as the Boss, the capitas and I were going off for a few days' camping out, in the hopes of killing some pumas which were slaughtering sheep wholesale some distance back at our boundary.

Suddenly we heard shouts and a man on horseback dashed up at the gallop, and when he saw the Boss he shouted in Spanish, "Oh, Patron, Cubillo ha mastaso Eleja a noche." "What," said the Boss, "Cubillo killed Eleja last night? Where did he kill him?" "En el puesto" (hut). "All right, boys," said the Boss, "you had better let the horses you've caught go, and catch faster ones. Its not lions we'll hunt to-day."

We were soon ready to start, six of us, armed mostly with revolvers, and two with rifles. We did not wait to take anything to eat, nor any blankets except our ponchos, as we had to travel light and not overburden our horses, for we had a long way to go.

As we cantered over the snow on our way to the puesto we heard the story of the murder from the companisto who had brought the alarm.

The murdered man was a campanisto, or cowboy, on the Estancia; he lived in a shanty some distance, about three hours' ride from the homestead, or settlement as it is called in Patagonia. It appeared that there was quite a number of atorantes (tramps) camped in the woods near his shanty. One of these was a man named Cubillo, who had been a bullock driver on the farm. He was living in a rooko, or tent made of poles and sods, with two companions.

Eleja had been very good to them, giving them food and killing huanaco for them to eat. One of these men, named Segundo Cabrera, had ridden to the nearest township and brought back a gallon demijohn of rum. The three had then gone to Eleja's puesto to make an evening of it. When they had got through a lot of rum Eleja turned into his bunk and went to sleep. One boy, meanwhile, had gone to sleep on some sheepskins on the floor. He was wakened suddenly by hearing a shot, and, opening his eyes, he saw Cubillo with Eleja's revolver in his hand, which he pointed at the back of Eleja's head and fired a second time.

The boy had enough sense not to move, and pretended to be asleep. Lucky for him he did, for he heard Cubillo say to the others: "Now we'd better kill the boy." "No," said one of them, "What's the use in killing him? He'll come in useful, we'll take him with us."

"Bueno," was the answer, "then waken him and he and one of you can go and get in Eleja's troop and we'll get away."

They ordered the boy to go with Cabrera and drive the troop of horses into the corral, and Cubillo, who was the only one with a revolver, threatened to shoot them both if they played him false.

When the two had ridden some distance from the puesto in search of the troop the boy said to Cabrera, "I think the wisest thing that we can do is to clear out now we have the chance. We can go to Chavez' puesto, and tell him. "He'll ride into the settlement and give the alarm, then you'll get off for having turned informer.

Cabrera agreed to this and they made for Cavez shanty. He at once galloped in with the news, but a lot of time had been lost, as the other two had at least six hours' start of us and would travel hard.

When at last we reached the puesto we found eight or nine men, Chilians and Argentines, gathered outside the hut. They were grouped round something which I could not see plainly. We dismounted to tie up our horses, then joined the group, when at last I saw what they were looking at.

On a heap of sticks and branches lay the naked body of a man. Lying on his face, one side of his face was scorched and blackened by fire; the flesh in parts had been roasted so that his ribs were showing.

There were two bullet wounds in the back of his head. His murderers had endeavoured to hide the evidence of their crime by burning the body, but the fire had gone out after they had hastily ridden away.

It was a shocking sight, and it turned us into bloodthirsty sleuth hounds. If we caught Cubillo it would be no easy death he would die; we knew he had forty rounds of ammunition and a revolver on him and would put up a fight if overtaken. But just then we would have faced anything in order to avenge poor Eleja, who was a fine fellow.

When we started from the puesto it was about two o'clock in the afternoon. We were joined by the natives, who were waiting for us at the puesto. If they had had any pluck they would have started at once and followed Cubillo, as they knew of the murder before he left the shanty. But no, it was not their business, they had to wait and put off time until the Patron came, and then he would take the responsibility. They had not even tried to prevent his leaving the shanty, although one of them had a Winchester rifle and could have easily held him a prisoner until the boss arrived or killed him if he had shown fight. But they took good care not to go near the place until they knew he was away and there was no danger.

By this time we numbered over a dozen on the trail. At first we had some difficulty in picking it up, as in the woods the snow was patchy and when we got through the trees and on to the hills we had to search for some time before we found it. Every now and then we would lose it and waste valuable time in hunting about; the snow in no part was very heavy, and every here and there would we come across large green spaces that showed no trail at all.

I have known Indians in the States who could easily have followed it anywhere, but we were not Indians and the natives were little better than ourselves. After some hours of this sort

of thing, following the trail for a mile or two, then losing it and finding it again, the native contingent which had joined us thought they had done enough so back they turned to their rooko. It was just getting dark when they went, but soon a brilliant moon came out, the snow was more general now and we could follow the track of the two horses in front of us pretty easily.

It grew bitterly cold; every now and then we all dismounted and led our horses, trying to revive our circulation and to warm our frozen feet. We were now in country which none of us knew, except the campanisto Chavez, perhaps, and he had only passed through it once before, a number of years previously.

We crossed several frozen lagoons, the Boss always going first, leading his horse and stamping hard with his foot at every step to test the ice. We were out of the hills and in flat pampa; there was no shelter there and with a bitterly raw wind blowing, we were hungry, tired, and had nothing with us to eat. The Boss luckily had taken a bottle of whisky with him, and although that was not much among six men it helped a little to keep up our spirits.

At last the snow and tracks stopped and though we searched about we could not re-find them. We determined to keep on in hopes but luck was against us, and at 11.30 at night we decided to camp where we were.

Fixing our camp did not take long; all we had to do was to take the saddles off our horses; as there was not a stick of firewood of any sort we could not light a fire. Having nothing to eat, we could not have supper; having no blankets except our ponchos, we could not make much of a bed each. All we could do was to lie down on the open pampa with the wind cutting keenly through us.

I managed to get some sleep, having had a goodly experience in the old South African War, but the others walked about most of the night, lying down now and again until they got too cold. We saddled up about 6 o'clock in the morning, as the day broke. We could see the buildings of a small estancia not more than three miles from us. How annoyed we were on finding that we

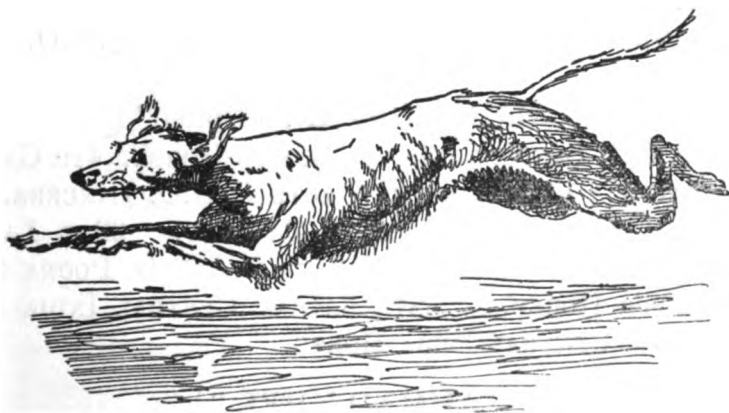
had stayed out all night in the dreadful cold while all the time there was warmth and shelter just within another fifteen minutes' ride.

Now we headed straight for coffee. It began to snow and so all our hopes of getting on to the trail again were dashed. The snow would soon cover any tracks, and it certainly did throw it down with a vengeance. However, we soon reached the house, tied our horses up, and were invited inside by the owner, an Argentine. Here we were supplied with hot coffee and sat near a large stove gradually getting thawed back to a comfortable temperature.

We waited there for an hour or two until the worst of the snowstorm and squall was over, then we mounted our steeds once more and turned homewards.

The owner of the estancia pointed out a short cut, a track which went nearly all the way, and we arrived that evening. Our horses, I am sure, were more glad than ourselves for rest and food, having had none since they left.

I am only too sorry to conclude this narrative by relating that Cubillo got safely into Chili, where we could not touch him. Our labours had all been in vain.



BATTLE-HONOURS OF THE INDIAN CAVALRY.

Compiled by K. R. WILSON.

VI.

“ABYSSINIA.”

10TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 12TH CAVALRY. 33RD Q.V.O.
LIGHT CAVALRY.

“AFFGHANISTAN, 1839.”

3RD SKINNER'S HORSE. 31ST D.C.O. LANCERS. 34TH
P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE.

“AFGHANISTAN, 1878-79.”

11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. 35TH SCINDE HORSE.

“AFGHANISTAN, 1878-80.”

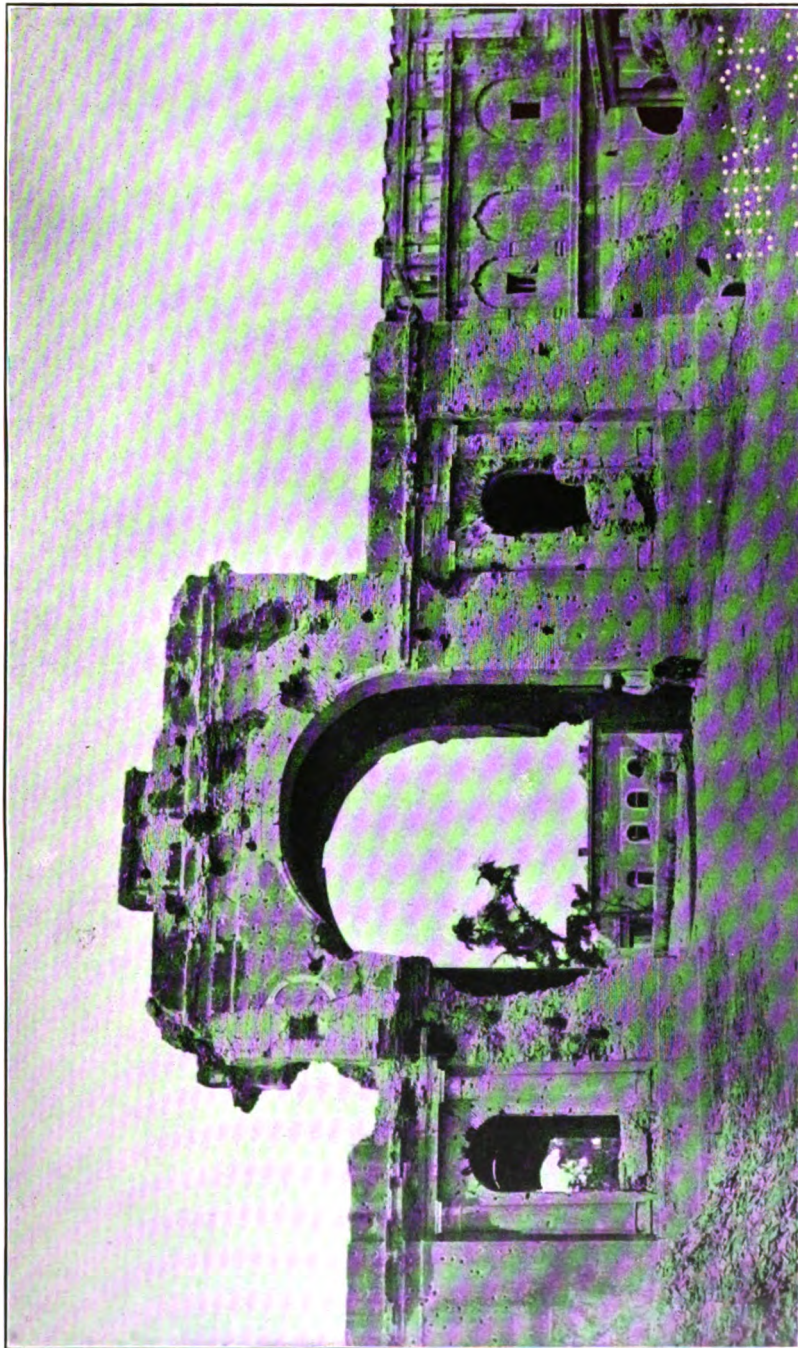
8TH CAVALRY. 10TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 12TH CAVALRY.
13TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 14TH MURRAY'S JAT LANCERS. 15TH
LANCERS. 19TH LANCERS. 21ST P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 22ND
SAM BROWNE'S CAVALRY. 25TH CAVALRY. Q.V.O. GUIDES
CAVALRY.

“AFGHANISTAN, 1879-80.”

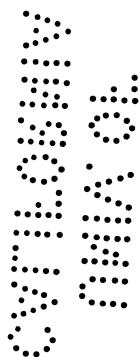
1ST D.Y.O. LANCERS. 3RD SKINNER'S HORSE. 4TH CAVALRY.
5TH CAVALRY. 17TH CAVALRY. 18TH K.G.O. LANCERS. 23RD
CAVALRY. 26TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 32ND LANCERS.
33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE.
36TH JACOB'S HORSE. 38TH K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.
39TH K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

“AHMAD KHEL.”

19TH LANCERS. 21ST P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 22ND SAM
BROWNE'S CAVALRY.



“LUCKNOW”
The Baillie Guard Gate, The Residency
1858



"ALI MASJID."

11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

"ALI WAL."

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD. 3RD SKINNER'S HORSE.

"ARRACAN."

2ND LANCERS.

"AVA."

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY-GUARD. 26TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.

"BHURTPORE."

1ST D.Y.O. LANCERS.

"BURMA, 1885-87."

7TH HARIANA LANCERS. 26TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.
27TH LIGHT CAVALRY. 31ST D.C.O. LANCERS.

"BUSHIRE."

33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE.

"CABOOL, 1842."

33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.

"CANDAHAR, 1842."

1ST D.Y.O. LANCERS. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE.

"CARNATIC."

27TH LIGHT CAVALRY.

"CHARASIAH."

12TH CAVALRY. 14TH MURRAY'S JAT LANCERS. 25TH CAVALRY.

"CHINA, 1900."

16TH CAVALRY. 33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.

"CHITRAL."

9TH HODSON'S HORSE. 11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

"CORYGAUM."

34TH P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE.

"CUTCHEE."

35TH SCINDE HORSE. 36TH JACOB'S HORSE.

"DELHI, 1857."

9TH HODSON'S HORSE. 10TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 21ST
P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 22ND SAM BROWNE'S CAVALRY. 25TH
CAVALRY. Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

"EGYPT, 1882."

2ND LANCERS. 6TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 13TH D.C.O.
LANCERS.

"FEROZESHAH."

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY-GUARD. 3RD SKINNER'S HORSE.
6TH K.E.O. CAVALRY.

"GHUZNEE, 1839."

3RD SKINNER'S HORSE. 31ST D.C.O. LANCERS. 34TH
P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE.

"GHUZNEE, 1842."

33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.

"GOOJERAT."

35TH SCINDE HORSE. 36TH JACOB'S HORSE. Q.V.O.
GUIDES CAVALRY.

"HYDERABAD."

33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA
HORSE. 35TH SCINDE HORSE. 36TH JACOB'S HORSE.

"INDIA, CENTRAL."

20TH DECCAN HORSE. 30TH LANCERS. 31ST D.C.O.
LANCERS. 32ND LANCERS. 33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.
35TH SCINDE HORSE.

“JAVA.”

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY-GUARD.

“KABUL, 1879.”

12TH CAVALRY. 14TH MURRAY'S JAT LANCERS. 25TH CAVALRY. Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

“KANDAHAR, 1880.”

3RD SKINNER'S HORSE. 23RD CAVALRY. 33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE. 38TH K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE. 39TH K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

“KHELAT.”

3RD SKINNER'S HORSE.

“KOOSH-AB.”

33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE.

“LUCKNOW.”

9TH HODSON'S HORSE. 10TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. 21ST P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 22ND SAM BROWNE'S CAVALRY. 25TH CAVALRY.

“MAHARAJPORE.”

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY-GUARD. 3RD SKINNER'S HORSE.

“MAHEIDPOOR.”

28TH LIGHT CAVALRY.

“MALAKAND.”

11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

“MEEANEE.”

34TH P.A.V.O. POONA HORSE. 35TH SCINDE HORSE. 36TH JACOB'S HORSE.

“MOODKEE.”

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY-GUARD. 3RD SKINNER'S HORSE. 6TH K.E.O. CAVALRY.

"MOOLTAN."

5TH CAVALRY. 31ST D.C.O. LANCERS. 35TH SCINDE HORSE.
36TH JACOB'S HORSE. Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

"MYSORE."

26TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 27TH LIGHT CAVALRY. 28TH
LIGHT CAVALRY.

"PEIWAR KOTAL."

12TH CAVALRY.

"PEKIN, 1860."

11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. 19TH LANCERS.

"PEKIN, 1900."

1ST D.Y.O. LANCERS.

"PERSIA."

33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA
HORSE. 35TH SCINDE HORSE.

"PUNJAB FRONTIER."

3RD SKINNER'S HORSE. 6TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 9TH HODSON'S
HORSE. 11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. 13TH D.C.O. LANCERS.
18TH K.G.O. LANCERS. 38TH K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.
Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

"PUNJAB FRONTIER, 1897-98."

39TH K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

"PUNJAUB."

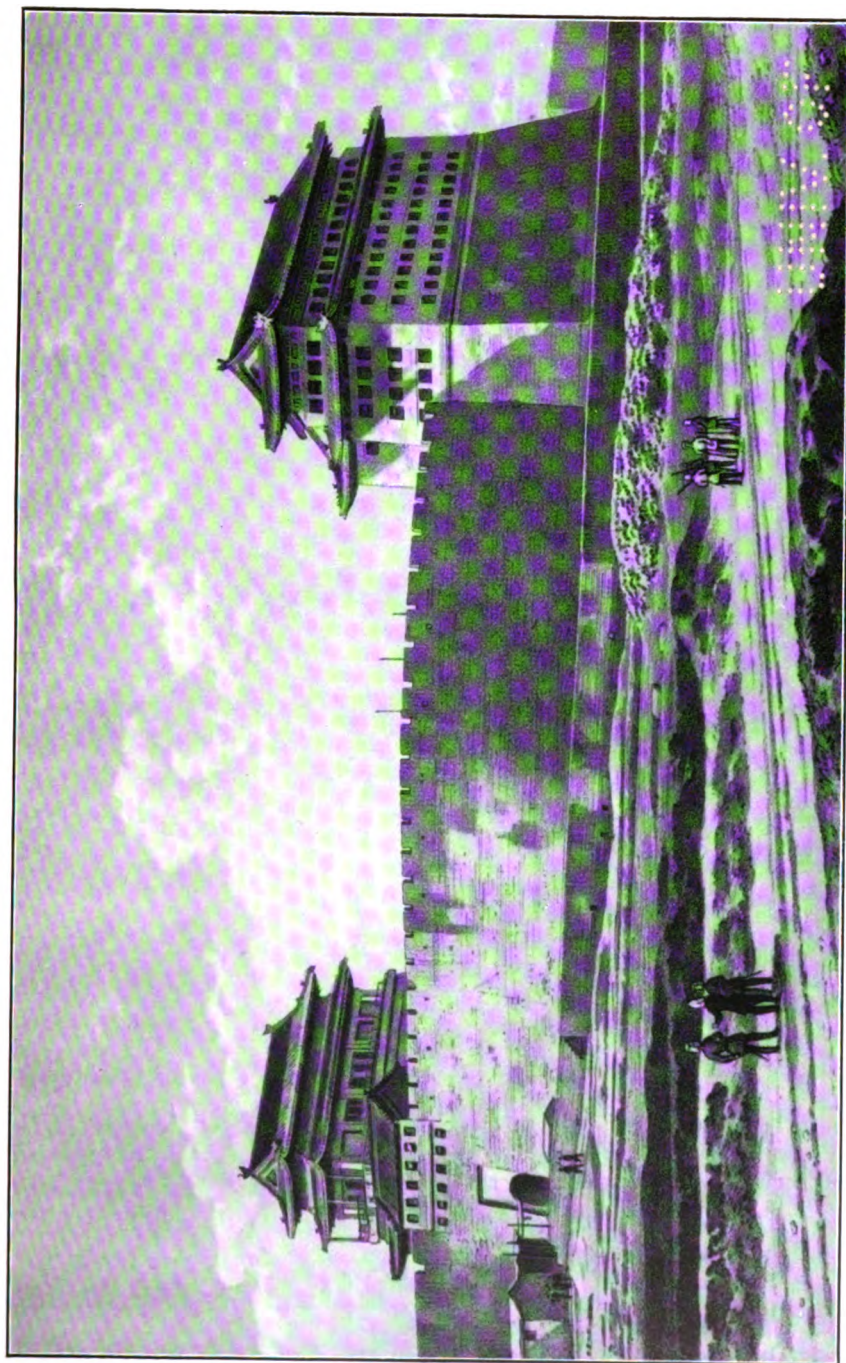
2ND LANCERS. 5TH CAVALRY. 7TH HARIANA LANCERS.
31ST D.C.O. LANCERS. 35TH SCINDE HORSE. 36TH JACOB'S
HORSE. Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

"PUNNIAR."

6TH K.E.O. CAVALRY.

"RESHIRE."

33RD Q.V.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 34TH P.A.V.O. POONA
HORSE.



“PEKIN, 1860”

2020

“SEETABULDEE.”

GOVERNOR'S BODY-GUARD, MADRAS.

“SERINGAPATAM.”

26TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 27TH LIGHT CAVALRY. 28TH LIGHT CAVALRY.

“SHOLINGUR.”

27TH LIGHT CAVALRY.

“SOBRAON.”

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD. 2ND LANCERS. 6TH K.E.O. CAVALRY.

“SUAKIN, 1885.”

9TH HODSON'S HORSE.

“TAKU FORTS.”

11TH K.E.O. LANCERS. 19TH LANCERS.

“TEL-EL-KEBIR.”

2ND LANCERS. 6TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 13TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

“TIRAH.”

18TH K.G.O. LANCERS.

VII.

THE GREAT WAR.

On the re-organization of the Indian Army in 1921, most of the Cavalry Regiments were amalgamated. The following list details the individual regiments which were brought together under the scheme, together with the new designations adopted. It was not, however, until some five years later (1926) that the Battle-Honours awarded to the Indian Cavalry for services rendered during the Great War were first officially published; and then these were only granted to the “combined” regiment as a whole, and not separately to each cavalry unit, as enumerated in the Indian Army List at the close of 1918.

REGIMENTS, AMALGAMATED 1921-22.	PRESENT TITLE.
1st D.Y.O. Lancers (Skinner's Horse) 3rd Skinner's Horse	1ST D.Y.O. SKINNER'S HORSE
2nd Lancers (Gardner's Horse) 4th Cavalry	2ND LANCERS (GARDNER'S HORSE)
5th Cavalry 8th Cavalry	3RD CAVALRY
9th Hodson's Horse 10th D.C.O. Lancers (Hodson's Horse)	4TH D.C.O. LANCERS (HODSON'S HORSE)
11th K.E.O. Lancers (Probyn's Horse) 12th Cavalry	5TH K.E.O. LANCERS, (PROBYN'S HORSE)
13th D.C. Lancers (Watson's Horse) 16th Cavalry	6TH D.C.O. LANCERS (WATSON'S HORSE)
28th Light Cavalry	7TH LIGHT CAVALRY
26th K.G.O. Light Cavalry 30th Lancers (Gordon's Horse)	8TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY
20th R. Deccan Horse 29th Lancers (Deccan Horse)	9TH ROYAL DECCAN HORSE
Q.V.O. Corps of Guides, Cavalry (F.F.) (Lumsden's)	10TH Q.V.O GUIDES CAVALRY (F.F.)
21st P.A.V.O. Cavalry (F.F.) (Daly's Horse) 23rd Cavalry (F.F.)	11TH P.A.V.O. CAVALRY (F.F.)
22nd Sam Browne's Cavalry (F.F.) 25th Cavalry (F.F.)	12TH SAM BROWNE'S CAVALRY (F.F.)

BATTLE-HONOURS OF INDIAN CAVALRY 111

REGIMENTS, AMALGAMATED 1921-22.

PRESENT TITLE.

31st D.C.O. Lancers	}	13TH D.C.O. LANCERS
32nd Lancers		
35th Scinde Horse	}	14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE
36th Jacob's Horse		
17th Cavalry	}	15TH LANCERS
37th Lancers (Baluch Horse)		
27th Light Cavalry		16TH LIGHT CAVALRY
33rd Q.V.O. Light Cavalry	}	17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE
34th P.A.V.O. Poona Horse		
6th K.E.O. Cavalry	}	18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY
7th Haryana Lancers		
18th K.G.O. Lancers	}	19TH K.G.O. LANCERS
19th Lancers (Fane's Horse)		
14th Murray's Jat Lancers	}	20TH LANCERS
15th Lancers (Cureton's Multanis)		
38th K.G.O. Central India Horse	}	21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE
39th K.G.O. Central India Horse		

“ADEN.”

8TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.

“AFRICA, E., 1917.”

12TH CAVALRY.

“BALUCHISTAN, 1918.”

1ST D,Y.O. SKINNER'S HORSE.

“EGYPT, 1915.”

2ND LANCERS.

*FRANCE AND FLANDERS***"ARMENTIERES, 1914."**

17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE.

"BAZENTIN."

4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R. DECCAN HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS.

"CAMBRAI, 1917."

2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R. DECCAN HORSE. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS. 21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

"DELVILLE WOOD."

9TH R. DECCAN HORSE.

"FESTUBERT, 1915."

2ND LANCERS.

"FLERS COURCELETTE."

4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R. DECCAN HORSE. 17TH

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-15."

20TH LANCERS.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-16."

1ST D.Y.O. SKINNER'S HORSE. 8TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-18."

2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R. DECCAN HORSE. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS. 21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

"GIVENCHY, 1914."

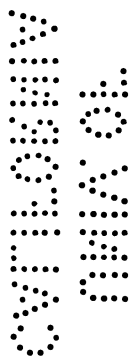
2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 8TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY. 9TH R. DECCAN HORSE.



AN INDIAN CAVALRY PATROL IN FRANCE

1916

The Imperial War Museum—Copyright



“LA BASSEE, 1914.”

2ND LANCERS. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE.

“MORVAL.”

2ND LANCERS. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS. 21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

“NEUVE CHAPELLE.”

2ND LANCERS. 20TH LANCERS.

“SOMME, 1916.”

2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R. DECCAN HORSE. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS. 21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

I N D I A

“INDIA, N.W. FRONTIER, 1914-15.”

12TH CAVALRY.

“INDIA, N.W. FRONTIER, 1914-15, '16.”

14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE.

“INDIA, N.W. FRONTIER, 1915.”

1ST D.Y.O. SKINNER'S HORSE. 6TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 10TH Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY. 20TH LANCERS.

“INDIA, N.W. FRONTIER, 1917.”

13TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

M E S O P O T A M I A

“BAGHDAD.”

6TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 11TH P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 12TH CAVALRY. 13TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

"CTESIPHON."

6TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE. 18TH
K.E.O. CAVALRY.

"KHAN BAGHDADI."

4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 10TH Q.V.O. GUIDES
CAVALRY. 11TH P.A.V.O. CAVALRY.

"KUT AL AMARA, 1915."

18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY.

"KUT AL AMARA, 1915, '17."

6TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

"KUT AL AMARA, 1917."

11TH P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 12TH CAVALRY. 13TH D.C.O.
LANCERS. 20TH LANCERS.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1914-16."

17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1915-16."

2ND LANCERS. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1915-18."

5TH K.E.O. PROBYN'S HORSE. 6TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 11TH
P.A.V.O. CAVALRY.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1916-18."

4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 12TH CAVALRY. 13TH D.C.O.
LANCERS. 20TH LANCERS.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1917-18."

3RD CAVALRY. 10TH Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.

"SHAIBA."

6TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA HORSE. 18TH
K.E.O. CAVALRY.

“SHARQAT.”

6TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 10TH Q.V.O. GUIDES CAVALRY.
11TH P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 13TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 20TH
LANCERS.

“TIGRIS, 1916.”

2ND LANCERS. 6TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 17TH Q.V.O. POONA
HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY.

P A L E S T I N E

“DAMASCUS.”

2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R.
DECCAN HORSE. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O.
POONA HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS.
21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

“MEGIDDO.”

2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R.
DECCAN HORSE. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O.
POONA HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS.
21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

“PALESTINE, 1918.”

2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R.
DECCAN HORSE. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O.
POONA HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS.
21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

“SHARON.”

2ND LANCERS. 4TH D.C.O. HODSON'S HORSE. 9TH R.
DECCAN HORSE. 14TH P.W.O. SCINDE HORSE. 17TH Q.V.O.
POONA HORSE. 18TH K.E.O. CAVALRY. 19TH K.G.O. LANCERS.
21ST K.G.O. CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

PERSIA

“MERV.”

7TH LIGHT CAVALRY.

“PERSIA, 1915-19.”

7TH LIGHT CAVALRY.

“PERSIA, 1916-19.”

20TH LANCERS.

VIII.

“AFGHANISTAN, 1919.”

1ST D.Y.O. SKINNER'S HORSE. 2ND LANCERS. 6TH D.C.O.
LANCERS. 7TH LIGHT CAVALRY. 8TH K.G.O. LIGHT CAVALRY.
11TH P.A.V.O. CAVALRY. 12TH CAVALRY. 13TH D.C.O.
LANCERS. 15TH LANCERS. 16TH LIGHT CAVALRY. 17TH Q.V.O.
POONA HORSE.





AMERICAN HUNTING AND ENGLISH STANDARDS

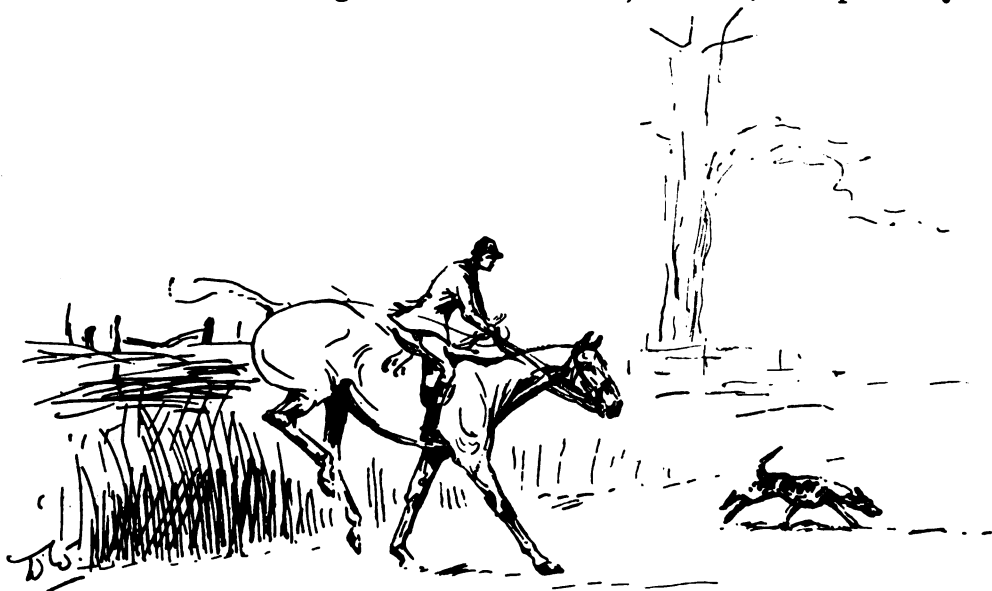
By JAMES BOYD.

THE Editor of the CAVALRY JOURNAL has asked me to write something about American hunting and though I am reluctant to make the attempt it is, for sentimental reasons, impossible to refuse. For it happens that the first day I ever rode to hounds was by his invitation years ago when we were both undergraduates at Cambridge.

In spite of an inauspicious start, I vowed I would never miss a chance to hunt anywhere and in any way. This dogmatic policy, fairly well lived up to, has naturally led to curious forms of sport. On one occasion the entire establishment of a visiting pack, and a good one, spent the preceding night in one loose box—ten couples of hounds in one corner, the old negro huntsman, with his cow horn, in another, and his pony in a third. The next day proved one thing, as far as handling a pack in the field goes, a huntsman who sleeps with his hounds does not need a whipper-in. Again, two cowboys, turned professional whips, getting over a country to the queen's taste with

only one hand on the reins and only a curb bit in the horse's mouth. I've seen hounds blessed by the priest in a French village church and a race of foxes that climb trees.

But these are bizarre extremes. Between them lies the great bulk of American hunting, which in general is modelled on the English fashion with modifications due to local conditions and tradition. These conditions are different and, on the whole, more trying. The typical American country is isolated, it is not bounded by other hunting countries but by inaccessible wooded mountains. The country itself is bigger, rougher, wilder than an English country, coverts are bigger, fences are post and rail, or, where wire has come in, wooden panels of one sort or another, in the wire; earths are unstopped and foxes are wilder and perhaps somewhat stouter. In consequence they are hard to find, hard to view, and hardest of all to kill. In consequence, again, the tendency has been to develop a hound that can draw vast woodlands, work up to his fox in them, often on a cold line, speak loud and long, and hunt without much help; also a hound that does not need much blood to stay keen. The result has been the so-called American hound—descended from English, black and tan, French, and probably



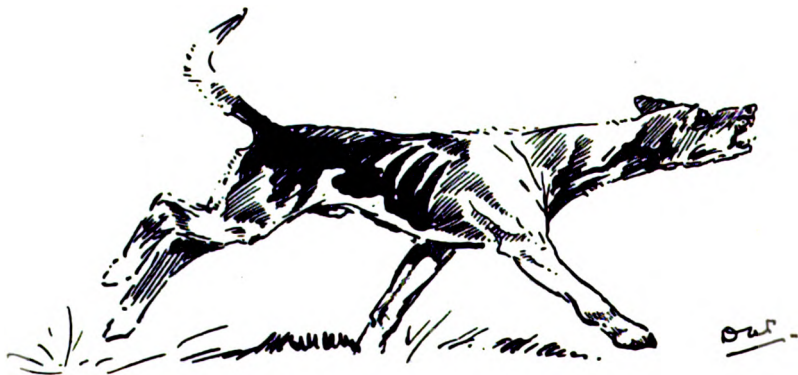
harrier strains—a hound that at his best is hard to beat but is hard to breed true to type, and often shows defects in conformation and sometimes lack of grit. Quite a few packs cross this American strain with English hounds and get a type, quite like those shown in 18th Century sporting prints, that has proven very satisfactory. And some countries, such as those around Boston and Philadelphia, where the countryside is most like England, have been hunted most successfully for years by packs of stud-book English hounds.

There and elsewhere the English hound of course has his warm supporters but, of important strains, the Welsh hound has found more general if no more cordial favour, and in recent years Curre hounds, a pack of black and tans and a few French hounds have also been brought over. In a word, the development of the hound in America is still in a state of flux with a general tendency to work out a lighter type than yours and with possibly more emphasis on the working qualities of the individual.

In kennel management and manners in the field great strides have been made in recent years and the improvement continues, but, with some brilliant exceptions, the standard is still below that of England. As a matter of fact, the best kennel management and manners I have ever seen was neither in England nor in the United States but in France, concerning whose hounds and hunting most of us, I am afraid, remain too ignorant. But that is another story. Our own deficiencies in manners and management are attributable to the farmer tradition, the nature of the country and, of course, to the usual percentage of human stupidity. In addition to the recognised packs of America there is a vast amount of informal hunting by farmers with trencher-fed hounds, and it is from this class that American hunt servants come. Many of them are extremely shrewd and able when it comes to hunting a fox, but their notions of manners and management are pretty casual, and even if the master has different views he hesitates—and what master doesn't—to start a row with a huntsman who is accounting for his foxes. Then, too, the size of the coverts and the roughness of the country

makes discipline far from easy to enforce, even where it is desired, and many huntsmen are reluctant in the face of these difficulties to attempt too much for fear of killing their pack's initiative on which, with us, so much depends. Indeed, the comparative failure of a good many of the English huntsmen, not often the best in England it goes without saying, who have come to America and been unable to adapt their methods to our conditions, was seized on by our own hunt servants, no more unprejudiced than hunt servants the world over, as proof that manners ruined sport! This absurdity has long since been exploded and the best American huntsmen, while leaving hounds alone more than most of yours (and, frankly, no harm seems to come of that), have got them very nearly as handy when they want to make a move. But between these best and the others there is still too large a gap.

The same is true of the history of kennel management, where much has been accomplished but much remains to be done. It is true that Americans never knock hounds about in the way I have seen English servants do in some of your less-favoured establishments. But I suspect it is merely because the high strung American hound simply cannot be handled that way. But he can be made smart and mannerly in kennels and out, and it goes without saying is all the better for it. And it is only fair to add that no one could have been more successful in this respect with American hounds than an English kennel huntsman that we had for years.



But to leave kennels and return to the sport itself, I should say that, on the whole, for the lover of pure hound work American hunting was more interesting than English, merely because the nature of the country compels it. Against this it must be admitted that an American country is far less interesting to cross than an English one. The fences are sometimes stiff and big, but there is not much variety, one can always see the other side and horses jump timber clean and safe—so much so that Americans are often puzzled by the English hunting man's prejudice against it. I remember once seeing a field of the Whaddon Chase leave not more than three foot four of timber and dive through what looked to me like a most appalling hedge. I funked the hedge, and jumped the timber, and was no doubt put down as trying to show off. So much for habit on both sides of the water.

The character of American fences has influenced the American hunting man to get up on his horse more over them and give him a freer head than was the custom in England when



I hunted there. But I imagine, from photographs I occasionally see, that the School of Equitation at Weedon and the books of Lieut.-Col. MacTaggart are having their effect on your style so that now the two countries ride over fences more nearly alike. But for the American master who has the old-fashioned type of English hunt servants who like to lie back and hang on over their fences it is quite a problem to find horses that will carry them. And on this account some Americans who have never seen a finished performer crossing an English country, or had to cross an English country themselves, are apt to under estimate English horsemanship and over estimate their own. Incidentally, those who do go to England to hunt tend to sit back a little more than they do at home.

Our fields are small, 150 is considered large, and much less smartly or even correctly turned out than yours. They also have less knowledge of hunting etiquette (murmurs of "impossible" from any English master who may chance to read this), but they all mean to go, an admirable quality, no doubt, from every standpoint except possibly that of the huntsman. And, indeed, owing to the nature of the country and fences there is not much use in turning out unless one does mean to go. But I often regret the older people, the children, and the other non-thrusters who add so much to the geniality, the charm and, above all, to the sense of continuity of English hunting.

As to the type of hunter: the best are of course thoroughbreds and up to the best English standard in manners and performance, but below them one is apt to find rather more showy weeds than in England [except possibly in those English countries where young cavalry subalterns abound], and considerably fewer of the plain, or even ugly, useful type of hunter that stamps the knowing man or woman of small means. Personally I have a great weakness for those quick and hunchy fellows with little squirrel ears, lop ears, mule ears, with the marks of battle on their legs, and wise comic faces.

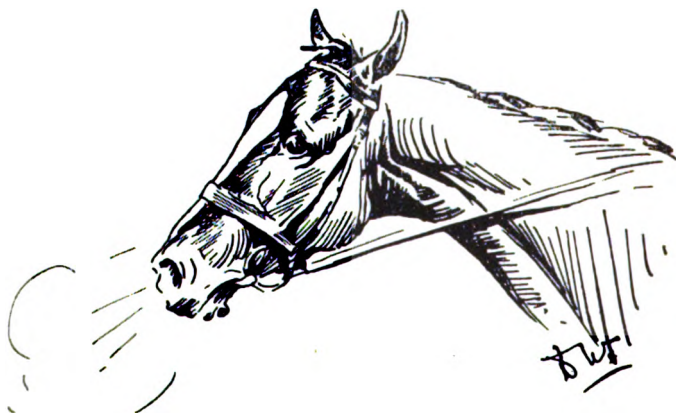
And the standard of manners is equally in your favour. I have an idea that, in addition to such factors as leisure and common sense, the English gate has had a good deal to do with

making the English hunter. An English hunter is hardly a marketable article until he is reasonably handy at a gate. And he can hardly become so without becoming reasonably mannerly in other ways. But the American gate is something different. No two are alike, and the opening of many of them is a minor problem in engineering: A can open the gate in 6 minutes, A and B in 3 minutes, A, B and C in 2 minutes, assuming that A, B and C, and generally all the letters of the alphabet, are on the ground with corresponding Arabic numerals holding their horses. Gates are used in moving from one cover to another, but when hounds are running it is not much use thinking about them. Consequently a young horse who can be stopped in a 30-acre field and who can jump (he must be able to jump, not necessarily big but clean) can often get by in an American hunting field. And you may be sure that with the growth of hunting and the increased demand for hunters the dealers have made the most of their opportunity. They are schooling them over big fences far too young and selling them half-made as three- and four-year olds. Not that a dealer can be blamed for cashing in when the going is good, or rather was good; there is no easy money now. Eventually many of these "made" hunters seem to get straightened out. After all a horse, up to a certain point, is quite an artist at accommodating himself to man's folly. I often wonder when we talk of having improved a certain newly acquired animal how much of it is merely a matter of having given him time to adjust himself to our particular faults. But I am off the line. Or rather I have about run out of scent yet still keep speaking.

Yet having already indulged in unsupported generalization and odious comparison I cannot forbear completing the damage with a little unrequested prophecy. I believe that hunting in the two countries instead of growing more different will grow more alike. And I do not think that the change which brings them together will be wholly on our side. We are achieving in hounds a higher standard of levelness, of conformation, of kennel management and manners. Our fields will turn out better and become more familiar with the fine points of hunting

conduct, our hunters will be better schooled. And in England, if I may be allowed a guess at this distance, a swing back from what one might call the Peterborough extreme is not beyond reason, and with a greater emphasis on the hunting qualities of the individual hound and on hound work in the field.

But whatever the future holds it cannot alter the past, it cannot change the fact that hunting is the most colourful, picturesque and traditional sport we have, that in a competitive world it offers pleasure, companionship and a touch of danger merely for their own sakes and without, one hopes, thought of rivalry; and that we owe the sport to England.



THE EARTH STOPPER
EXTRACTS FROM HIS DOGGEREL.

PART I.

THE LADY PACK.

The word once given, it seemed as a flash
In silence wafted away
Into the covert with spirit and dash
T'was the Lady Pack to-day.

Save the snap of a twig, a pad on the mould
Try over! a touch on the horn!
(Expectancy! Surely the copse would hold)
Not a sound on the air was borne.

But hark to it! Listen! 'Tis Damsel's note
Given with meaning and clarity
Now taken up by a deeper throat
Now 'tis confirméd by Charity.

Garland and Gadfly, the chorus swells,
What a meaning such music has;
Rings and re-echoes away through the dells
To Hell with your worldly jazz!

They rattle him, hustle him, all on the job,
See! the withies wave and bend!
Ye Gods! What a thrill! There's a holloa from Bob
He's away at the bottom end.

As a torrent they surge on Reynard's track,
Nought but the rare scent heeding
The thrust and drive of a level pack—
Random and Spiteful are leading.

Yonder he goes, straight over the brow
To dally he knew what it meant,
And the ladies a'cluster pour over the plough
As they race on a screaming scent.
A fox of the kind that is straight in the neck
A five-mile point he made,
But twenty-one couple with scarcely a check
Caused the gallant old varmint to fade.
And the Squire on "Blossom," the old brown mare,
Was one of the very small few
Of the Field who survived to be present there
When they ran from scent to view.
Reynard strives in the open, in effort supreme,
But the Bitches sweep on with a rush;
Over he rolls! his teeth all agleam!
Whoo, whoop! he has yielded his brush.



OBITUARY NOTICE

IN the death of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Cecil Bethune, K.C.B., C.V.O., Colonel of the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, the Army loses a very fine soldier of an especially attractive personality, and a large circle of men, a very great friend. General Bethune had what was probably an almost unique personal experience of the different arms, and had seen as much active service as most men. Originally intended for the Royal Artillery, he passed into the Royal Military Academy, and in March, 1874, he was gazetted to a Lieutenancy in the Royal Artillery, but, resigning this commission in the following January, he was in September, 1875, appointed to the 92nd Highlanders, and with this regiment he was so fortunate as to see service in two successive campaigns: the Afghan War of 1878-80 and the Transvaal Campaign of 1881.

While in the 92nd, Lieutenant Bethune obtained his company and passed the Staff College, and then in April, 1887, he exchanged to the Carabiniers then stationed in India, and was almost immediately appointed Garrison Instructor at Madras. It was while serving in India that he had the misfortune to lose his right hand, which was so seriously injured by the explosion of some chemical, when taking part in amateur theatricals, that it had to be amputated.

In September, 1895, Captain Bethune was promoted to a majority in the 16th Lancers, which regiment had been serving in India since 1889; and when in 1899 trouble arose with the Government of the Transvaal, and an Indian contingent, 6,000 strong, was sent to Durban, the 16th Lancers, to the great disappointment of all ranks, did not form part of it. Several of

the officers, however, volunteered for active service, and one of these, Major Bethune, was appointed A.A.G. of the Cavalry Brigade ordered to Natal. On arrival in South Africa certain changes were made, due to the fact that many of the staff appointments had been filled from home, and Major Bethune was at first posted as A.A.G. on the Lines of Communication, being later directed to raise, organize and equip a body of Irregulars, known at the outset as Bethune's Mounted Infantry, and later in the campaign as Bethune's Horse; that appointment carried with it the local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This Corps he commanded with signal success throughout the operations in Natal and up to the relief of Ladysmith; thereafter he served as A.A.G. and as commander of a Cavalry Brigade, being mentioned in despatches and receiving a Brevet Colonelcy and the two war medals.

On the completion of his period of command of the 16th Lancers, Colonel Bethune was, in 1905, appointed to the staff of the Southern Command with the rank of Brigadier-General, an appointment which he held until June, 1908, when he was promoted Major-General and selected for the command of the West Lancashire Division, one composed wholly of battalions of the Territorial Army; and there can be no doubt that it was largely by reason of his help and high standard of military training, that the Division was in every way fit and ready to take its place in the Expeditionary Force when the Great War came upon us some five years later.

From command of this Division, General Bethune was, in 1912, translated to be Director-General of the Territorial Army, a post he held until 1917. Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Bethune received the C.B. in 1905, the C.V.O. in 1909, and the K.C.B. in 1915, and had been Colonel of the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards since November, 1908; he retired from the Service on the 12th February, 1920.

Many of the late General's friends and comrades have borne witness, in postscripts which they have contributed to the obituary notices appearing in the papers, to his remarkable humanity; he loved to meet his fellow men, and his was a heart

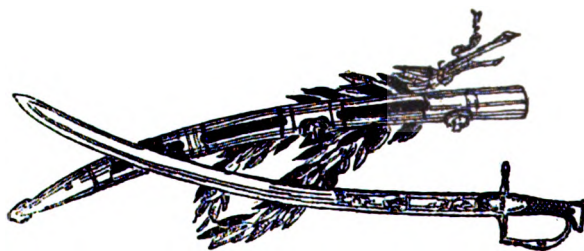
that was ever open to an appeal for sympathy. When health began to fail him, he bore this trial with the same cheery fortitude which had upheld him throughout a very full life. He was indeed, as described by one of those who knew him best, "a noble gentleman, whose memory will be cherished in the hearts of many men of all classes and conditions," and surely no man, soldier or civilian, can wish for a better tribute.

The obituary columns of the English papers recently contained the announcement of the death, on the 14th October last, at Pau, France, of Colonel George Hambley Elliott, late of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. This officer was gazetted Ensign in the 91st Highlanders, in July, 1867, transferring to the 93rd in the following month, and then, joining the Bengal Staff Corps, became Lieutenant in January, 1870, Captain in July, 1879, Major in August, 1887, Lieutenant-Colonel in July, 1893, finally retiring from the service in September, 1899. He saw service in the Afghan War of 1879-80, accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Kandahar and was present in the action of that name, being mentioned in despatches and being awarded the Medal and Clasp and Bronze Star and a Brevet majority; he also served in the Sudan Campaign of 1885 with the Transport Department of the Indian Contingent, was again "mentioned," and received the Medal and Clasp and the Khedive Star. Colonel Elliott was also in possession of the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society for the rescue of a child from drowning at Torquay, in July, 1889.

On leaving the Indian Army, Colonel Elliott lived for the greater part of the rest of his life in France and Germany, and gave himself up to the study of the military systems of both those countries, especially in regard to cavalry organization and development, as to which he held very strong views, particularly as to armament. Even in his young days in the Indian Cavalry his views on these and kindred matters may be said to have been rather in advance of his time, when it was at least unusual to find a subaltern of Indian Cavalry pub-

lishing articles on "The Armament of Cavalry," and a "Historical Memoir on the Dismounted Services of Cavalry" which latter also appeared in the French language. These were followed up in later years by "Notes on Cavalry Literature, dealing especially with its Armament." He wrote much and with great force to his friends on the subject of the cavalry sword, and his views were very sound as to the mistake, as he held it to be, in having one pattern only of sword for the mounted man in war, whether he was a Life Guardsman on a big horse or a Light Cavalryman on a smaller mount; but he does not appear to have taken any active part in the correspondence on this very vital subject which may be found in the pages of the CAVALRY JOURNAL in 1906-8, and even later.

To Colonel Elliott the Cavalry Club owes much, for he was largely responsible for the establishment of the library, probably one of the most complete of the kind to be found anywhere, while he was also the donor of many of the pictures of the work of the mounted arm which to-day adorn its walls.



CORRESPONDENCE

GENERAL JOHN MONEY.

TO THE EDITOR, CAVALRY JOURNAL,

SIR,—In his interesting article on “Old Cavalry Stations—Norwich,” Colonel Baker comments on the fact (recorded in the *Norwich Mercury* in 1792) that:—“A Colonel Money having received pressing invitations from each of the belligerent powers on the Continent decided to accept a command in the French Army.”

Colonel Baker adds:—“It would be interesting to know whether any proper use was made of the experience gained by this officer, during our country’s struggle with Napoleon.”

Colonel John Money was never re-employed in the British Service, although his promotion on the H.P. list continued up to 1814, when he was gazetted full General.

In 1794 he published *A History of the Campaign of 1792*, which contains probably one of the earliest descriptions of Valmy. In this book, Money stresses the superiority of the Chasseur over the Light Infantry man, and suggests that the Duke of York’s Army should include at least four regiments of Chasseurs—“they are as necessary a part of the national force as Light Cavalry, of which we had not a regiment till General Elliot raised one.”

Before 1792, John Money had already served in three campaigns, as a volunteer with Elliot’s Light Dragoons and with the Prussian Hussars towards the end of the Seven Years’ War, as Q.M.G. to General Burgoyne in Canada, and as a Major-General with the rebel army in the Austrian Netherlands in 1790.

Money was placed on half-pay as a Major in 1785, and the fact that he was never re-employed is possibly due to his service in the French Republican Army; although he is careful to assure us (in his book) that he served with the unfortunate King's commission, and never received one from the Republic.

John Money was one of the earliest English aeronauts, making two ascents in 1785 (only two years after Montgolfier).

The 1st Dragoon Guards on Mousehold Heath, in July of that year, must have witnessed his ascent from Norwich, when "an improper current took him out to sea, and then dipping into the water he remained struggling with his fate until rescued by a small boat."

OSKAR TEICHMAN.

THE EDITOR, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—An interesting sentence appears on page 299 of Colonel Henderson's famous book, "Stonewall Jackson" (Vol. II, Longmans, Green & Co., 1919 edition). It is stated therein that the Confederate Cavalry "horses were at this time attacked by a disease which affected both tongue and hoof." This implies a form of "foot and mouth" disease. It is popularly stated nowadays that only animals with a cloven hoof are susceptible to the ordinary "foot and mouth" disease.

It is also understood that there were outbreaks of a similar malady amongst horses in France during the Great War.

It would be interesting to me at least if any readers, who have probed more deeply into Colonel Henderson's statement, would give the results of their investigations.

Yours truly,
O. J. F. F.

30th November, 1930.



NOTES

“CAVALRY JOURNAL” ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the “Cavalry Journal” Committee was held in the Council Room of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, on 27th November, 1930.

Present: Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., LL.D. (in the Chair); General Sir G. de S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Lieut.-General The Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.; Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.; Major-General A. E. W. Harman, C.B., D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel Sir Arthur Leetham, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., F.S.A.; Major C. W. Norman, 9th Lancers.

The following extracts are taken from the proceedings:—

1. The Statement of Accounts for the year was examined and passed. The surplus of assets over liabilities on 31st October, 1930, was £893 15s. 4d., an increase over the previous year of £54 18s. 8d.
2. It was proposed by Major-General Pitman and seconded by Major-General Harman that Major T. Preston, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars, be asked to join the Committee vice Colonel F. H. D. C. Whitmore, C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D., resigned. This was carried unanimously.
3. It was proposed by Lieutenant-General Lord Baden-Powell and seconded by Major-General Harman that a vote of thanks be accorded to Major-General A. Solly-Flood, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., for his work in the interests of the CAVALRY JOURNAL whilst Inspector-General of Cavalry in India. This was carried unanimously.

4. A vote of thanks to the following voluntary contributors during the past year was proposed by Major C. W. Norman, seconded by Major-General A. E. W. Harman, and carried unanimously :—

Admiral G. A. Ballard, C.B.

Lieutenant-General the Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.

The Commandant, Equitation School, Saugor, India.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. I. Macdougall, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Scots Greys.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Hume, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry, Indian Army.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. D. Phillips-Brocklehurst, T.D., Cheshire Yeomanry.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. K. Hardy, D.S.O., Army Vocational Training Centre.

Major Sir George Arthur, Bt., M.V.O., late Royal Horse Guards.

Major O. J. F. Fooks, 14th/20th Hussars.

Major R. R. de C. Grubb, M.C., 3rd Hussars.

Major G. C. G. Gray, Skinner's Horse, Indian Army.

Major A. J. Clifton, O.B.E., Royal Tank Corps.

Major H. C. H. Robertson, D.S.O., Australian Forces.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Major E. A. Devitt, Canadian Cavalry Association.

Captain D. M. Anderson, late 8th Hussars.

Captain W. W. Honeywood, M.C., 17th/21st Lancers (Adjutant, Ceylon Mounted Rifles).

Captain M. S. Bendle, Hodson's Horse, 1A, Equitation School, Sangor.

Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

Captain W. A. Goddard, O.B.E., Dorsetshire Regiment.

Lieutenant J. S. Judd, 2nd Cavalry Divisional Signals (Middlesex Yeomanry), Royal Corps of Signals.

Miss D. W. Turner.

Messrs. John Constable, Publishers.

Messrs. Heath Cranton, Publishers.

The Parker Gallery, 28, Berkeley Square.

Messrs. E. Plon Nourit, Publishers, Paris.

The Curwen Press, Ltd.

5. It was proposed by Lieutenant-General Lord Baden-Powell, seconded by General Sir George Barrow, and carried unanimously, that a vote of thanks be accorded to Field-Marshal The Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., LL.D., for having kindly undertaken to preside at this Meeting.

ALLIANCES.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the following alliance:—10th Light Horse Regiment, Australian Military Forces, to the Warwickshire Yeomanry.

CORRECTION.

We regret that in "Great Cavalry Soldiers I have Known" published in the July number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL, it was stated that the Earl of Dundonald died in 1929. We wish to apologise to Lord Dundonald for this error.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, 1931.

The Twentieth International Horse Show will be held at Olympia, London, from Thursday, June 18th, to Saturday, June 27, 1931, both days inclusive.

BRITISH SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM INDIA.

Training for Civil Employment.

Now that another "trooping season" has begun, and some thousands of British soldiers are due to be discharged from the Army in India, for repatriation to their homes in the British Isles, it is interesting to note the efforts which are being made by the Army authorities in India to fit these comparatively young ex-soldiers for civil employment in this country and in the Dominions.

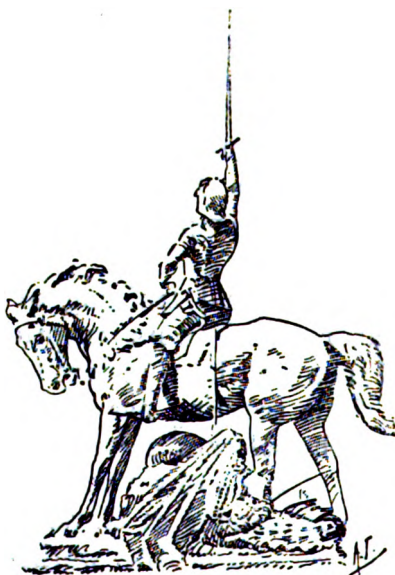
The scheme for vocational training of soldiers serving in India has been elaborated since its inception in 1928, and as a result some 1,800 men will have received training this year in various trades. This training has been received during the last few months of the soldiers' service in the Army, 500 men having been trained at the Army Vocational Training Centres in England and the remainder at Government establishments, farms, dairies, engineer and railway workshops, and with large European firms, in India.

A limited number of soldiers is necessarily employed in trades whilst serving in the Army, but the majority are not so employed, and it is for the benefit of such men that the scheme

was instituted. Wherever possible, help is given to men to regain skill in their previous occupations rather than to endeavour to teach them new trades.

The privilege of receiving training in a trade or occupation whilst in the Army is only granted to soldiers who by their service have proved themselves worthy of such benefits, preference being given to men who have attained a certain standard of education and whose conduct has been satisfactory.

The Army authorities in India work in close co-operation with the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, whose Head Office is at 62, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, The British Legion, whose Head Office is at Haig House, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, and various other organizations, who materially assist in bringing applicants for employment into touch with employers of labour.



REGIMENTAL ITEMS OF INTEREST, 1930

5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

POINT TO POINTS.

The following races were won by Captain L. R. Kettle's Rouge Seal :—

Middleton Nomination
 Badsworth Open Military Cup
 Sinnington Nomination
 Regimental Cup, York and Ainsty Point to Point.

In the following races Mr. H. S. Ford's Ugly Duckling was placed :—

Regimental Subalterns' Cup, Sinnington Point to Point ... 1st
 Chargers' Race, Army Point to Point 3rd
 Craven Harriers Nomination 2nd

Mr. R. P. Harding's Clementina was 2nd in the York and Ainsty Light Weight Race.

The Regimental Heavy Weight Cup, York and Ainsty Point to Point was won by Mr. T. C. Williamson's Sky Scraper.

POLO.

The York Spring Tournament was won by a regimental side consisting of :—

Mr. C. P. D. Legard ... 1
 Mr. F. P. B. Sangster ... 2
 Mr. A. B. J. Scott ... 3
 Mr. F. J. S. Whetstone ... Bk.

In the Subalterns' Gold Cup at Ranelagh, the regimental team consisting of :—

Mr. F. P. B. Sangster ... 1
 Mr. M. P. Ansell ... 2
 Mr. C. F. Keightley ... 3
 Mr. A. B. J. Scott ... Bk.

beat the 7th Hussars in the 1st round, the Life Guards in the 2nd round, the R.A. in the semi-final, but were beaten by the 17/21st Lancers in the final.

BOXING.

In a triangular competition at the end of March the Regiment beat the 5th Fusiliers and the West Yorkshire Regiment in both the novices and team events.

3rd Hussars.

POLO.

The Regiment sent a team to Bareilly, which is the first tournament of the season, in this district.

The result was as follows :—

Primroses (Naini Tal team)	Primroses	
3rd Hussars	4—3.	
		Primroses
Filberts (R.A. team)	Indian Civil	10—1.
Indian Civil Service	Service	
	6—2.	

In the Primroses v. 3rd Hussars game the Primroses scored the winning goal with a penalty goal when extra time was being played.

3rd Hussars Team :—

- (1) Mr. W. U. Ritson
- (2) Mr. A. J. Crewdson
- (3) Sir Douglas Scott, Bt.
- (Back) Major R. R. Grubb.

Three teams were entered for the Lucknow Autumn Tournament (The Royals Cup), but all three were beaten in their first rounds. In no case though was a team a representative one, and the Regiment had been away on a Flag march in the district, during the preceding three weeks.

The result of the tournament is given in the Sporting News (India).

RACING.

Captain Tudor, Captain Salmon, and Mr. Wilson have all been riding successfully at the Gymkhana Races. In the Army Cup Meeting Captain Tudor was unlucky to fall in both the Grand Military Steeplechase and the Aintree Chase. He, however, rode the 3rd in the Army Cup.

FOOTBALL.

KEELAN CUP FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT.

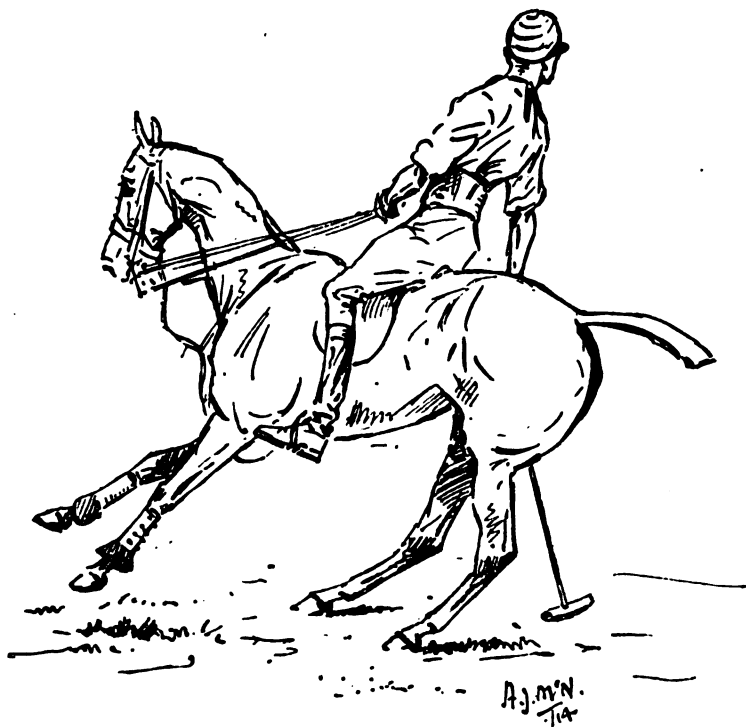
The above tournament is for small units; all four Squadron teams entered.

"HQ." Wing and "B" Squadron were eliminated in the 1st round, the defeat of "HQ." Wing being a surprise.

"MG." Squadron were next to be eliminated, a missed penalty in their 2nd round tie costing them the game.

All our hopes were now centred upon "A" Squadron. They won through to the semi-final but were beaten by "B" Company, 60th Rifles, the ultimate winners of the cup, by 3-1.

Our hopes of annexing the trophy for the third year in succession were therefore unfulfilled.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

It is proposed in this review to deal solely with articles of interest to cavalry and general readers, and to avoid mention of the many admirable technical articles in the various periodicals under notice.

The pick of the contents of the "Army Quarterly" for October, 1930, are the reminiscences of the late General Smith Dorrien, at Le Cateau, by Brig.-General Hildebrande, who commanded the II Corps Signal Company at that time, and the concluding instalment of General Von Seeckt's lecture on modern principles of home defence. Captain Thorne's notes on the defence of the civil population in time of war, and Major Stewart's summary of the lessons of the 1930 Air Exercise are also well worth reading. There is a wealth of historical articles on subjects ranging from the Seven Years' War to the Great War, and the usual editorial, book reviews, and other features.

Of the military articles in the October "Fighting Forces," Major Burne's suggestions for the diagrammatic representation of battles is an interesting one—provided someone can be found to draw the diagrams. Brig.-General Bruce discusses the causes and cure of the civil war in China, and there are several bright little service stories. The editorial tackles the questions of officers' promotion and army training, and has much to say on the subject of the recent troubles in India. The regular features of the magazine are fully up to their usual high standard.

From these two periodicals of a general nature we pass on to the journals of the various arms, services and institutions.

"The Royal Artillery Journal" includes among its mainly artillery items a valuable little resumé of the change made in the latest edition of "F.S.R.," Vol. II, which we suggest might well be followed by a similar article dealing with the new Volume I just issued, if possible, from the same pen. There is also a narrative of Sir Charles Napier's "Sind Campaign" and three good sporting articles.

The *pièce de résistance* of the "Royal Engineers' Journal," from the cavalry point of view, is an article by Major King on R.E. co-operation with cavalry. The writer divides the duties of the R.E. Field Squadron under three heads: tasks to assist the mobility of the cavalry, such as improvement of routes, clearance of obstacles and bridging; the hampering of enemy mobility by means of obstacles and demolitions; and miscellaneous matters of an administrative nature; and deals fully with all of these rôles. He insists on the necessity for greater training in these tasks, especially by means of manœuvres, and for close co-operation between cavalry and R.E. Other topics of general interest are covered in the articles on the Abu Military Mission of 1912, the work of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and an R.E. subaltern's experiences in the Indian Mutiny.

The three numbers of the monthly "R.A.M.C. Journal" deal mainly with purely medical matters, but the items comprised under the heading "Echoes of the Past," Colonel Dudding's "Frontier Reminiscences," Major Clarke's account of his trip home from India viâ Malaya, Japan and Canada, and an entertaining skit by Major Amy on "Appreciations" are worth perusal.

"The Royal Army Veterinary Corps Journal" contains an entertaining view of bull fighting in Spain with special reference to the employment of horses in the arena, and a brief historical mention of the assistance given by the 10th British Division to the Serbs in their retreat before the Central Powers at the end of 1915. The technical contents of this journal are likely to be of interest to cavalymen with some knowledge of veterinary science and practice.

A perusal of the "Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly" can be thoroughly recommended to all who desire to know something of how the most necessary functions of transport and supply are carried out. Ammunition, petrol, embussing of troops, and provision of M.T. vehicles are some of the matters dealt with, and there are two clear and valuable diagrams showing the supply system for corps and G.H.Q. troops. The articles, all of which are anonymous, are stated to be unofficial, but as this journal is published under the auspices of the R.A.S.C. Training College, their accuracy and up-to-dateness may be relied on.

"The Journal of the Royal United Service Institution of India" contains, besides a number of historical articles and others dealing mainly with Indian problems, the second part of Lieut.-Colonel Dickins' article on "The Army, the Nation, and the Machine," dealing with the interlocking of army and industrial requirements; and other papers on "Maintenance in the Field" (a sketch of the modern supply system with special reference to India), a plea for the elimination from drill of obsolete and superfluous movements, and discussions of the offensive rôle of machine guns, and collective battalion training.

Finally, the July number of the "Journal of the Army Historical Research Society" contains an article by Colonel Codrington on "Yeomanry Cavalry," dealing in particular with the story of the Leicestershire Yeomanry from the date of its first raising in 1794 down to the end of the Great War, and illustrated by a delightful coloured print of an inspection of that unit in 1813.

E. W. S.



FOREIGN MAGAZINES

“The Cavalry Journal” of the United States Cavalry.

To the October number of this Journal General Summerall, whose four years' service as Chief of the Staff came to an end in November last, contributes a very brief paper on “Cavalry in Modern Combat.” In this he urges that the transport difficulties having made impossible the employment in the World War of a body of American Cavalry of any appreciable size, have been the cause of much misunderstanding in military circles in the United States as to the real value of the mounted arm in war. General Summerall expresses the opinion that the presence of a cavalry corps with the American troops would have enabled it to expedite decisions and change the course of battle; and that, especially after the fourth day of the Soissons battle, and equally in the last phase of the Meuse-Argonne campaign, a cavalry body might have achieved great things. The General strongly deprecates the parcelling off of cavalry into detached details, and urges that the whole strength of any cavalry body should always be held available for employment in large units and for mass action.

In another paper on “National Defence” he stresses what is to-day in many high places regarded as a dangerous doctrine, that a nation should at all times support a military establishment commensurate with its risks.

There is an interesting illustrated paper in this number on Border Cavalry stations, and in many of these life seems well worth living, while at nearly all excellent shooting may be enjoyed.

Major Williams of the Medical Corps has an informing paper on the evacuation of cavalry wounded, based on experience in France, in Italy and in Palestine; there is a

translation which has already appeared in many journals, and has been more than once noticed in ours, of the account of the cavalry action at Jaroslavice in August, 1914; and in a paper entitled "Raising the Siege in the Boer War," Lieutenant-Colonel Edwards tells the story of the relief of Kimberley by the force under Sir John French. The author would seem, however, to have based his opinion on the desperate straits of the Diamond City, and on the imminence of its possible surrender to the Boer force besieging it, less upon the reports of the British military commander, the gallant Kekewich, than upon the hysterical clamours of the dynamic Rhodes, who, desiring above all things to be "a factor in the military situation," had made all possible representations to the military authorities at Cape Town that the relief of Kimberley should be given the first place in the general scheme of military operations.

In the numbers of the "Revue de Cavalerie" for July-August and September-October Lieutenant-Colonel Pugens continues and completes his story of the work of the French Cavalry immediately prior to the battle of the Ardennes; and it is curious to note his admission that the Army Corps operating on the right of the Fourth Army had, on the morning of the 22nd August, only the very vaguest ideas as to the operations of the cavalry during the preceding days, or as to what the lessons and results of their action might be. Those who would wholly substitute air-reconnaissance for that of cavalry in future wars will no doubt read, mark and digest Colonel Pugens' statement that by reason of the prevailing mist and fog on the 21st August the air-reconnaissance had utterly failed to obtain information of the smallest value, while the reconnaissance carried out by the cavalry on the same day had produced the happiest results. Colonel Pugens insists on the vital importance of having at hand, and immediately available at the outset of a campaign, large formed bodies of cavalry.

Under the title of "à la manière de Lasalle," the second of the two numbers of this Journal or Revue contains an interesting study of the capture of Nablus on the 21st September, 1918,

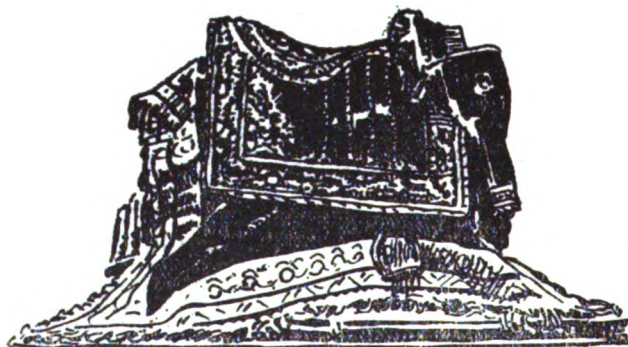
during Lord Allenby's Palestine Campaign, by the 5th Australian Light Cavalry Brigade, to which, immediately prior to that date, had been attached a regiment known by the somewhat cumbersome title of "Régiment Mixte de Marche de Cavalerie du Levant." This was a weak regiment of no more than three squadrons, two of Chasseurs d'Afrique and one of Spahis, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lebon; it had only lately arrived in the country and had already experienced some of the horrors of war, for the fourth squadron, the last to embark from Bizerta, had been torpedoed off Port Said, losing twenty-three men and all its horses. The account of the action of the 21st September in which this regiment took part is admirably told, and even better is it to read of the good comradeship commenced and cemented between the components of Colonel Onslow's brigade, in every way so widely different; and of which the writer of the article states that "il en résulta une très grande camaraderie entre les trois régiments, camaraderie qui ne se démentit jamais."

There is a short paper in the September issue of the "Allgemeine Schweizerische Militärzeitung" discussing the armament, composition, etc., of a cavalry brigade, which is worth reading, not so much for the proposals it contains, as clearing up the doubt which still seems to exist in certain quarters as to the true uses of cavalry in modern war, and as to how the special qualities of the mounted arm, supplemented by all "modern improvements" may be employed to the best advantage.

In the November-December number of the Austrian military publication, the "Militärwissenschaftliche Mitteilungen," there is a review of the Report recently issued by authority in Berlin on the work of the German Army Veterinary Department during the war years 1914-18, and some of the figures quoted seem sufficiently staggering. In spite of the much vaunted thoroughness of German war preparations, the Veterinary Department seems at the outset to have been grossly understaffed, and to this must in large measure be attributed the very heavy casualties

in horse-flesh which occurred. The heads of the Department had apparently not failed in the years before the war to bring their shortcomings to notice, but seem to have failed to obtain a hearing. The pre-war establishment of the departmental *personnel* was 800 only; it grew on the outbreak of war to 5,350 and seems to have been wholly inadequate for the needs of the army, premising that at the outset at least the troops were still largely dependent for supply upon horse-draught. In all the different theatres of war in which German troops operated, it is estimated that a total of 1,236,000 horses alone was employed, while no fewer—in fact rather more—than seven million “cases” were dealt with—that is to say that on an average every horse was treated from five to six times. Of the sick cases dealt with 48% were cured and 21% died or had to be destroyed or cast. In the forty-nine months of war it is estimated that in the German Army 855,484 horses, or roughly 68%, became casualties, 60% dying or being destroyed, while 27% had to be cast as no longer serviceable.

The same Report states that our losses are given as 70%, those of the French as 60%, though it has been elsewhere stated that the losses of our allies in horses reached as high as 84%.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

PART I.—MILITARY.

“*Liaison, 1914: A Narrative of the Great Retreat.*” By Brig.-General E. L. Spears, C.B., C.B.E., M.C. (Wm. Heinemann.) 25s.

Brig.-General Spears was a subaltern of the 11th Hussars in August, 1914, but held the important appointment of British Liaison Officer at General Lanrezac's (5th Army) Headquarters, and as such he was “behind the scenes.” Not only does he, in this book, throw fresh light on the opening events of the war, but he reproduces the atmosphere and mental picture, which existed at the time.

The main theme brought out by the author is the lack of co-operation between the 5th Army and the B.E.F., due to the breach between the two commanders. The estrangement began at the first interview and gradually developed into antagonism. Neither trusted the other. Sir John French considered he had been deserted by Lanrezac at Mons; Lanrezac asked in vain for British co-operation during the battle of Guise. Both battles ended in hastier retreats than would have been necessary if only the Allies had acted in co-operation. It is to be noted, however, that Sir John French and Joffre understood each other better, especially towards the end of the retreat and the advance to the Aisne.

An interesting point about the French, which the author brings out, is their inventive genius and the quick way in which they responded to the demands of modern war. It may sound strange to read that the French infantry at the battle of Charleroi attacked in dense masses with colours flying and bands playing. Such ideas naturally were out of fashion within a few days. Yet the value of entrenchments took longer

to percolate through: "Graves were shallower and therefore easier to dig than trenches."

"Le Système D—Débrouille-toi," or Muddle-Through, though not peculiar to the French alone, certainly retrieved mistakes of higher authorities. The resource of the individual "poilu" was remarkable.

As regards the work of Cavalry, the author has many interesting facts to state, especially pointing out the lack of horsemastership in the French Cavalry, which was badly equipped and carried ridiculous little "pop-guns." "They were neither trained nor armed for dismounted work." The cavalryman seldom dismounted and "so there were thousands of animals with sore backs and the smell of some units, owing to this cause, was painful."

The author has delineated clearly the characters and personalities of Sir John French, Joffre, Lanrezac, Franchet d'Esperey, and many others. He has a wonderful admiration for Joffre, who refused to become rattled in spite of the failure of his original plan and who at the psychological moment turned the retreat into an advance.

"Liaison" is a thoroughly interesting book, throwing fresh views and facts before the world and will be of great value in teaching not only the lessons of war but also those of peace. It is difficult to put this absorbing book down until the last page has been reached.

O. J. F. F.

"Bedford Forrest." By Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C. (Witherby.) 16s. net.

Although the names of such Confederate leaders as Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Johnston, Ashby, and J. E. B. Stuart, are well known throughout the British Army, yet that of Bedford Forrest is almost unknown. Yet Forrest has been ranked as the Confederacy's greatest Cavalryman. The reason for this is that the latter's fighting ground was in the West—in Tennessee and Mississippi, and this area was left untouched by Col. Henderson in his famous book "Stonewall Jackson."

Captain Sheppard has performed a useful service by putting before the British public an account of the exploits and the character of this interesting personality, who started life with "no silver spoon in his mouth." He was by turn blacksmith, planter, slave dealer and land financier. He had no military training.

On the outbreak of war he was commissioned to raise a Cavalry Regiment, and meeting with instant success as a soldier his promotion was rapid. At the conclusion of the war he was a Lieut.-General.

He and his cavalry forces were a perpetual menace to the Federals; he was a thorn in the side of not only men of mediocre ability but of such masters as Grant and Sherman—the latter is reported to have said, "Forrest had got to be killed, if it cost ten thousand lives and broke the Treasury." His many raids against the Federal lines of communication not only caused great damage and delayed operations, but almost won the war in the west for the Confederacy. Such was the moral effect of the man that posts surrendered on the sound of his name.

He was not afraid of taking big risks nor of putting his head into the lion's den. He seemed to delight in extricating his forces from the nets so carefully laid by the Federals to ensnare him on his return journeys.

Forrest was undoubtedly "the invincible raider." His personality was outstanding and yet he was a man of little education. He knew not what "Fear" meant. He was a born leader of men. His natural genius for war was almost instinctive. His weakness lay in his inability to work with his superiors.

His victories, however, were not won on the decisive battle-fields, and his expeditions, brilliantly carried out, can only be said to have delayed the defeat of the Confederates and the termination of the ruinous Civil War.

This biography is written in a light style and is full of historical detail, yet is without that "stodginess" which so often accompanies military histories.

O. J. F. F.

"Indian Cavalry Standards." By Captain H. Bullock.
(Limited Edition.) (Sifton Praed.) 21s.

Captain Bullock in this short but admirably produced and illustrated little booklet, has explored a new field of investigation. The whole subject of standards and colours has received little attention in recent years (no doubt owing to the fact that these trophies have now become of more or less traditional interest only), while of Indian Cavalry Standards there exists no history or record at all. In this work, based upon articles which appeared in their original form in the CAVALRY JOURNAL, the field is covered in a most thorough and painstaking manner. The standards borne by the Indian Cavalry fall into two categories: squadron standards, of which one was borne by each squadron, and honorary standards granted to various units as a reward for good service and gallantry. Of these only the former were governed by precise regulations, the latter being subject to no general rules. Captain Bullock describes all, and illustrates many of, the standards of both kinds borne by the units of the old Bengal, Madras and Bombay armies and the Hyderabad Contingent up to the year 1864, when the general use of these trophies was discontinued. Those interested in this particular branch of regimental tradition will find in his work the answer to all their possible queries and a very complete treatment of the whole of this little known subject.

"The Great War, 1914-1918." By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. (Thornton Butterworth.) 2s. 6d.

To compress the history of the Great War into less than 250 small pages is a feat in itself; to make the narrative of interest as well is an even greater one. Major-General Aston in this little volume has achieved both of them at once; moreover, he has given us in a few words his views as to most of the debatable matters occurring in the course of his story—views always sound and well expressed and based on the eternal principles of war. Much of the narrative can inevitably be little more than a diary of events, and the lack of maps—again unavoidable if the book were not to exceed its set limits of size

and price—is none the less regrettable. The author deals with his subject by years, and sub-divides each of his chapters to deal with the control of the war by the British Government, naval, military, air operations, and political, economics and financial conditions, concluding with a brief but pregnant summary of the course of the war in a whole. There could be no better introduction to a wider study of the voluminous history of the world conflict of 1914-1918 than this compact little book, to which one wishes all the success it deserves.

“Memoirs of an Infantry Officer.” By Siegfried Sassoon.
(Faber & Faber). 7s. 6d.

Most CAVALRY JOURNAL readers, it may be assumed, have read the delightful “Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man,” in which the author, at first anonymous but later self-confessed as Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, described under a thinly-veiled alias his life before and during the first few months of the war. This volume carries on the tale to the time when “Sherston” conceived it his duty to publish to the world a protest against the continuance of the War, which he stated to have “become one of aggression and conquest and a sacrifice of the fighting men to political errors and insincerities.” This act assuredly was one of rare but somewhat unwise courage, on a par with those displays which had won Mr. Sassoon the nickname among his men of “Mad Jack”; but it did not end the war, nor, curiously enough, the writer’s military career; for the authorities, aided and abetted by “Sherston’s” friend “Cromlech”—another thin disguise for Mr. Robert Graves, himself the author of a somewhat famous war autobiography “Good-bye to all That”—persuaded him to accept a medical board and go into hospital for a rest cure for shell-shock. With this the volume ends.

From this tale, and from a recollection of Mr. Sassoon’s war poems, full of violent diatribes against politicians, generals, war and chorus girls (whom he unkindly termed “prancing harlots”) one might expect to find in this book merely another raving outburst against war and anything remotely connected with it. But it is nothing of the kind. It is a vivid yet

restrained, almost subdued, narrative of the life of an infantry officer in the line and out of it in the middle period of trench warfare in France; and the figure of the author, as revealed in its pages, is most sympathetic and attractive. Mr. Sassoon has the saving grace of humour and of not taking himself too seriously; his pen is that of a poet, but it is never let run away with him or with his story. Author and book are both likeable in the extreme, so that one finds this second part of "Sherston's" life just as good and readable as the first—and this is high praise.

"The Yarn of a Yeoman." By S. F. Hatton. (Hutchinson.)
10s. 6d.

One, perhaps the only, good result of the recent flood of erotic—neurotic war books of the school of Messrs. Barbusse, Remarque & Co., has been the production, by way of counterblast, of others, from the pens of men who are not only capable writers but good soldiers; and ex-sergeant Hatton's story of the doings of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry is one of the best of these "real-soldier" volumes. His story ranges from Suvla Bay via the Suez Canal, Gaza, Jerusalem and Es Salt to Megiddo and Damascus; it is as full of hardships, suffering, thirst, heat, lice, wounds and death as any of the "truth about war" stuff, and yet all these things never succeed in breaking the author's spirit or that of his fellows, or in quenching even for an hour their courage and sense of humour—and every page bears the stamp of real, not literary, truth. It is only in the epilogue, describing the days after the return of peace, that a note of bitterness creeps into the narrative; peace hath its disenchantments no less profound than war. It may be, after all, that as regards English soldiers at any rate, Bairnsfather and his Old Bill were truer to life than we supposed; more than one page from Mr. Hatton's story might be quoted in support of the theory. Meanwhile we can only say that the book—one of the most vivid and most pleasurable to read that we have come across in a long pilgrimage through the pages of any and every kind of war novel, diary and memoir—deserves far more success

than in the present state of warbook weariness it is likely to attain—and this, from the reading public's point of view alone, is a matter for much regret. But it is to be hoped that the public, if it has not yet lost all its power of distinguishing good from bad, will do Mr. Hatton the justice to take one glance between his covers; it will not then be satisfied till it has read him from beginning to end, to its own great pleasure and profit.

E. W. S.

“Imperial Military Geography.” By Captain D. H. Cole, M.B.E., M.A., F.R.G.S. 6th Edition. (Sifton, Praed & Co., 1930.)

THIS book, which first appeared in 1924 and which has run through six editions since then, is now so well known in the army that no formal review of its contents seems to be necessary. Incidentally it must be appreciated outside the service too, judging by the number of new editions which have been called for. It is now firmly established as the standard work on the military and economic geography of the Empire; and in each new edition the opportunity has been taken to bring it up to date and make various valuable additions to the text and maps.

The sixth edition, dated June, 1930, and I understand actually published in August, is certainly not behind the times. The outcome of the London Naval Conference is summarized, and the recommendations of the Simon Commission (published in June last) are outlined. It contains 27 good maps, and is remarkably good reading throughout. A close study of several chapters has failed to reveal any inaccuracies whatever, and it is plain that Captain Cole has an unusual power of compressing involved and controversial subjects and yet making his précis readable and comprehensive.

The whole production cannot be praised too highly. Every mess and other military library should have it: I suppose every candidate for Promotion and Staff College Entrance has it already—but he should have this latest edition.

H. B.

"The White Army." By General A. Denikine. (Cape.) 15s.

This book, an epitome of a much longer five-volume work in Russian, tells of the epic struggles and final disaster of the White Russian forces, which, under the command of the author for over two years, sustained in South Russia the cause of order, loyalty and fidelity to treaties, against the red flood of destructive Bolshevism. In the winter of 1917, a handful of officers and volunteers, ill-armed, ill-clothed, ill-fed, cut its way back from the disintegrating battle-front against Germany into South Russia; there, under the magnetic leadership of Kornilov, it established itself as the nucleus of an army, to which were gradually attracted all the best elements of the country desirous of combating the hideous and bloodthirsty Red tyranny. Despite intense difficulties, in the form of political and personal dissensions within their ranks, inadequate supplies of arms, equipment and munitions, ludicrously small effectives for the multifarious tasks to be fulfilled and the immense area to be covered and held, and half-hearted and disappointing assistance from the Allies, Denikine and his men were within a little of accomplishing their heroic mission. It is impossible not to feel, in reading this enthralling and pitiful story, the narrowness of the margin which saved the Bolshevik regime from crashing to the ground at the time when the White armies had penetrated as far as Orel, the highwater mark of their advance. But lack of co-ordination among the various White forces operating on exterior lines with no unified control, political jealousy and self-seeking in the heart of the armies, and corruption, administrative incapacity and folly in the rear areas, all conspired to ruin the White cause, and to hand Russia over a bound and helpless prey to the Red terror, the end of which is not yet. It is a marvellous, pitiful, terrible, and tragic tale that its chief protagonist has to tell, and there can be no higher praise than to say that it is told in a manner worthy in every way of the teller and the subject.

"The Kitchener Armies." By V. W. Germain. (Peter Davies.) 7s. 6d.

Those of us to whom Mr. Germain's name is familiar will

probably remember him as a fervent and pertinacious opponent of military mechanization—the equivalent in these days of believing that the earth is flat. One of his earlier works, however, was a highly-coloured and combative defence of Lord Kitchener against certain authors, who Mr. Germain considered had done his hero less than justice; and it is therefore only fitting that he should now undertake to write the story of the armies which were raised and will go down to history in the name of his former hero. The qualities which distinguish all Mr. Germain's works are equally in evidence in this his latest book—a florid style, an impassioned love of his subject, and an admiration for the British soldier and regimental officer—Regular, New Army or Territorial—for which much may be forgiven him; but also on the debit side a love of controversy, a combative temperament, and an intemperance of expression which often militates against the cause he has at heart. The book, as it stands, contains much that is valuable, and is in itself no unworthy memorial to the noble and patriotic volunteers whose deeds it commemorates—and that is much to say in its favour. It stops at the end of the battle of the Somme—the grave of Kitchener's armies, as First Ypres was that of the old army of 1914, and covers in the course of its pages the whole epic of the raising, training and baptism of fire of those splendid and irreplaceable legions. Many of its pages are bitter, unjust and partisan; but these are but small blemishes on a creditable whole, which is a contribution of real value to the history of the Great War.

E. W. S.

“The Advance from Mons.” By Walter Bloem. Translated from the German by G. C. Wynne, with a Foreword by Brig.-General Sir James E. Edmonds, C.B., C.M.G. (Peter Davies.) 7s. 6d.

It would be an impertinence to attempt to praise further a book about which Sir James Edmonds writes in his foreword: “His book . . . records his impressions before time had blurred them. Some of the scenes . . . are so truly and vividly depicted

that I gave translations of them in the Official History, feeling that they could not be bettered.

. . . . Herr Bloem's book will bring back the feelings of those great days to those who were of them, and will give others some idea of the stout enemy with whom the little B.E.F. had to deal." We can only echo his words.

The translator has done his work with accuracy and sympathy.

PART II.—SPORTING AND GENERAL.

"Famous Sporting Prints. Shooting." (The Studio, Ltd., Leicester Square, W.C.2.) 5s.

This is the Seventh Part of the excellent series published by the Studio. It is again wished to draw the attention of readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL to the excellent opportunity they have of collecting reproductions of famous sporting prints at a minimum cost. The previous parts were devoted to Hunting, the Grand National, the Derby, Coaching, Henry Alken, and Boxing. The first three parts were reviewed in the July, 1927, issue of this Journal.

The eight coloured reproductions, which are of a very high standard, have been selected from "Orme's Collection of British Field Sports," published in 1807, and are taken from the work of Samuel Howitt, who was himself a devotee of field sports, but who under stress of circumstances had to turn to his hobby in order to increase his income. George Kendall has added a foreword on the history of shooting game for sport. This volume, being within easy reach of any reader's pocket, should certainly be purchased, either to fill the library shelf or to decorate a wall.

"A Bird-Watcher's Notebook." By J. W. Seigne; illustrated by P. Rickman. (Philip Allan & Co.) 12s. 6d.

Mr. Seigne in the Preface to his book states that "about eight years ago I gave up shooting on my small property in

County Kilkenny and made it a sanctuary, chiefly in order to study that illusive bird—the woodcock.” As a result of this policy the author has obtained a great insight into the habits and behaviour of certain birds—notably the woodcock and the snipe, and to these two birds he has devoted more than one-third of his book. The lonely and peaceful heron and the sociable and pugnacious rook figure largely in his observations. The problem of “Vermin” is discussed from two different aspects, firstly from that of the bird-lover, and secondly from that of the shooting man (the latter being contributed by Major Maurice Portal). The simple rule of the gamekeeper: “What is not game must be vermin,” suits neither, and rightly appals the bird-lover.

Mr. Seigne has devoted a chapter—which cannot fail to be interesting to the general reader—to, “Regularity in Bird Life,” and asserts that over a period of years the major happenings of bird life, *i.e.*, arrival and departure of migrants, nesting time, and so forth, in a given district do not vary by more than a few days.

The results of endless hours of watching spent in woodland and bog have proved very successful, and the author is to be congratulated on his book.

“Hunter’s Moon and other Verses.” By E. G. Roberts.
(Constable & Co.) 14s. net (Cloth).‘

Captain Roberts, the author of “Somewhere in England,” which was reviewed in the October, 1929, issue of the CAVALRY JOURNAL, has written another book of hunting verses, some of which have already appeared in “Country Life.” These verses deal with the many aspects of “Hunting,” from the opening meet of the season to the last meet—from the so-called bad-luck of the new saddle to the advice of the old vixen to her cubs. The gallantry of the quarry is aptly described by the vixen:—

“But when you are running before the pack,
And everything’s failed and the future’s black,
Run straight as you can, with no turning back,
And die as your gallant old father died,

'For his was a glorious end,' she sighed,
'Which only the bravest may gain, alack.'

The hard tussles and bloodily bought victories of Tinker, the terrier, in underground battles, especially deserve mention.

The author, like many of us, has evidently enjoyed "Hunting from the Train," which is one of the most amusing and interesting ways of passing the weary hours during a railway journey.

Eight very good coloured plates by Gilbert Holliday illustrate the book.

"Forrard-On!" By Rancher; illustrated by Lionel Edwards. (Country Life, Ltd.) £1 1s. 0d. Edition de Luxe £3 3s. 0d.

"Forrard-On" is a collection of hunting verses, but neither the woodcock nor the trout pool are neglected. Rancher asks those lucky enough to be hunting in the shires and provinces, not to forget those, who, temporarily exiled in foreign climes, keep up the spirit of the chase with a bobbery pack under difficult and diverse conditions. "Riot" in England is somewhat limited, but "Riot" in tropical and semi-tropical countries is a very comprehensive word:—

"So it's 'Have a care, Obstinate, Roysterer, Renegade!'
(But it's 'Stop them, Abdullah—you half-witted loon!')
For pups will be puppies from Melton to Adelaide—
('Remember poor Rosie, who ran a baboon? ')"

The young entry are well advised "to meet grief smiling" and "to meet your timber with the respect it deserves," whilst "to have a look is'nt any sign of nerves." Many valuable hints and much common-sense is contained in Rancher's "Verses."

Lionel Edwards in the sixteen pencil sketches illustrating this volume has carried his success still further.

"My Hunting Sketchbook, Vol. II." Written and illustrated by Lionel Edwards. (Eyre & Spottiswoode). 21s. net.

In his second volume, Lionel Edwards has included several pencil sketches made either in the hunting field or immediately on return from it. This happy idea is due to a criticism of his

first volume that the illustrations therein were "definite studies—in other words more than sketches." In addition there are twelve coloured plates. The whole is excellent. The artist-author has the happy knack of depicting his characters, both man and beast, with great delicacy and with studied regard for truth. Of the coloured plates perhaps that of "The South Notts." is the finest, whilst that of "The Pytchley" is the strangest. Whilst the author was sketching the Pytchley covert "Tally-Ho Gorse," the ill-fated R 101 appeared in the sky, passing over the heads of horsemen returning home.

It will be sufficient to add that in this volume Lionel Edwards has increased his already well-known prestige.

O. J. F. F.

"Modern Pig-Sticking." By Lieut.-General Sir A. E. Wardrop. Published by Macmillan and Co., London. 15s.

Originally published in 1914, and now brought up-to-date, this work is unique as a record of pig-sticking in India from the earliest days, and also as a guide to those who are now about to embark on one of the greatest of all sports. No living man is more fitted to write on the subject than General Wardrop, there are few who can say that they first stuck a pig 37 years ago, and are still able to enjoy a gallop with a spear. This book will appeal to all hog-hunters, young and old, the thrilling incidents described in its pages will stir the imagination of the young and recall many happy memories to the old, and there will be few who have ridden in the Khadir during the last 27 years who have not made the personal acquaintance of the author. As a veteran of the same standing as General Wardrop, I tender my advice to the readers of the Cavalry Journal. "Don't miss it, get 'Modern Pig-Sticking' and read it.'"

T.T.P.

"The Art of Fencing." By Ronald A. Lidstone. With Photographs and Text Figures. (Wetherby.) 12s. 6d. net.

Without a doubt fencing in England is gaining popularity,

and deservedly so, for it is a most exhilarating exercise, possessing peculiar advantages over other sports and pastimes.

A new treatise on foil, epee and sabre had long been awaited and one hoped that Mr. Lidstone had produced what is claimed in the introduction of his work—to be a practical manual and handy reference book to assist beginners.

A first glance through the book gives a good impression for it is clearly printed and the illustrations are expressive. It is when the pages are carefully perused that it is realised how far short it falls of giving practical advice and good instruction. The object in view becomes obscured in a maze of detail which in many cases will be found to be as unintelligible as it is unnecessary to the young fencer who is seeking therein fundamental principles and elements of sword play. Further, it contains much technical matter which is out of date and controversial.

Admittedly, to describe clearly the movements of a blade is a very difficult task. Eighty pages are devoted to the foil—conveniently paragraphed under far too numerous headings. An example of the difficulty of lucid expression is found on page 26; illustrations of the positions of the wrist would be clearer to the beginner.

The back lunge on page 87 is not good advice to a young fencer—indeed, neither this movement nor the Volte is retained in fencing practice to-day.

The chapter on the Epee possesses the only claim to wit, in that it is brief, and therefore much more to the desired point.

Comment must, however, be made on the statements that both the method of holding the Epee and the parries with the weapon are the same as for the Foil—regarding the latter, two parries are generally found sufficient for the young fencer, *i.e.*, *contre* of *sixte* and *quinte* (or *quarte*).

The remaining half of the book is devoted to the Sabre, and again it must be admitted that a beginner will be more confused than instructed by attempting to digest the many complicated phrases and nebulous expressions, which spoil much that is otherwise convincing.

An appendix contains a useful up-to-date summary of the fundamental rules and conventions of fencing issued by the Federation Internationale d'Escrime.

“My Early Life.” By the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.
(Thornton & Butterworth.) 21s.

We know of no writer who can describe exciting events with more dramatic skill than Mr. Churchill, and his early life has provided plenty of scope for his talent. The story of his school-days is a subject for study by the psychologist rather than the soldier, but once his military career has begun the interest never flags. Whatever opinions our fathers may have of his versatility as a politician or his reliability as a statesman, there is no denying that as a subaltern of fortune he takes a high place in our esteem.

Was there threat of disturbance here or rumour of war there, 2nd Lieutenant Winston Churchill was quickly on the spot, and that in spite of the efforts of those in the highest places to be free of his services—and criticisms. It is true that he had some very staunch friends, but the adage “God helps those who help themselves” has never been better illustrated—for he compelled fortune.

We cannot help admitting that we have a good deal of sympathy with the commanders who would, if they could, have dispensed with his assistance. It is difficult to imagine in these days a serving subaltern, who was also an accredited war correspondent, and, moreover, apparently free to send home his despatches uncensored. That this could not happen to-day is a change for the better.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the story is the series of most remarkable coincidences which it reveals—the single-handed capture of Churchill the correspondent by Botha the burgher—the midnight visit of Churchill the refugee to the only Englishman in the land—the meeting of Churchill the candidate with his Oldham constituent at the bottom of a mine-

shaft. A modern novelist employing such devices would make himself a laughing-stock.

But Mr. Churchill is no hero of a modern novel. His prototypes are Coningsby and Disraeli's heroes. There are the perplexed boyhood and the adventurous youth among wild peoples in strange lands; the high social connections and the influential friends; the later turn of ambitions into political channels; the marriage and the "happily ever after"; and through all the good fortune which never fails at critical moments. Perfect!

We would not perhaps advise young officers to imitate Mr. Churchill to the letter, but we think they might do worse than by reading this book to assimilate a portion of his spirit.

"Cashiered." By Bernard Bowles. (Sheldon Press.) 7s. 6d.

This not very good story begins better than it develops and ends. The flat characters, the crude situations, and the hearty dialogue do little to help a plot which, though improbable, might have been the foundation of a readable book. Robin the schoolboy and his two friends make a pact of mutual help, and Robin is quickly in trouble, since he is cashiered (unjustly as it later appears) on a charge of cowardice. The rest of the book deals with the efforts of one of these friends, and a young lady typical of this kind of story, first to find Robin, who has disappeared, and then to reinstate him in the eyes of the world, a task which they eventually accomplish. A book for a not too fastidious reader on a railway journey.

"The King's Pawns." By Lieut.-General Sir G. MacMunn. (Sheldon Press.) 5s.

This is a delightful collection of true war stories told in the author's usual vigorous style.

So many good, true stories reach only a limited circle because those who know them have not the gifts necessary to perpetuate them. It is fortunate for readers that this collection of tales has Sir George MacMunn to present them to the world, and we hope he still has some more.

The following have also been received and will be reviewed in the next issue of the JOURNAL :—

"The History of the Peninsular War," Vol. VII. By Professor Oman. (Oxford University Press.) 35s. Complete work in seven volumes, £6 6s.

"The Rise of General Bonaparte." By Spenser Wilkinson. (Oxford University Press.) 12s.

"Bran Mash." By Captain F. Victor Hughs-Hallett. (Messrs. Hutchinson). 21s.

"Foxhunting." By Sir Charles Frederick, Bt., M.F.H. (The Seeley Service, Ltd.) 25s.

"Jeb Stuart." By Captain J. W. Thomason, J.R., U.S.M.E. (Messrs. Scribner & Son.) 15s.

"The Official History of the Great War, Egypt and Palestine." (H.M. Stationery Office.) Parts I and II, 20s. Maps, 10s.

"Map Reading." (Gale and Polden.) 3s. 6d.

"War Letters to a Wife." By Rowland Fielding. Popular Edition. (The Medici Society.) 7s. 6d. Reviewed by Cavalry Journal, July, 1930.



SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

DELHI TENT CLUB

REVIEW OF SEASON 1929-1930

The failure of the 1929 monsoon practically finished hunting in the Delhi country from the start of the season. Jungles of Solara and Hussanpur in the South country were non-existent, and no meets were held South of Nasipur.

Kasna was responsible for the entire "bag" with three exceptions—in fact the two camps held there were the only bright spots in a very disappointing season. There are still a few pig in the country, but they prudently returned to the thick jhao coverts early in the season.

The "bag" could have been improved if there had been more spears available. Several good hunts were had at Khurranpur and Patparganj, both of which held pig earlier in the season.

Casualties were light, and although the number of falls were up to average Captain Scott-Cockburn was the only unfortunate, his horse, Orange Blossom, being killed.

The season can be summed up in :—No grass, no pig, and no spears.

Good rains perhaps will banish the negatives.

Owing to Gandhi, everyone was confined to Barracks for the most of May, and at the end of May and in June four meets were held ; one at Patparganj, two at Nasipur and one at Khurranpur. Nothing was killed, and very few pig were seen as the cover was almost non-existent. A last camp might have been held at Kasna, but rain intervened, which was perhaps just as well. The season closed with a bag of 22—a record for Delhi.

Spears out :—

Stewart (Gordons).

Roberts.

Gardner (C.I.H.).

Paterson (C.I.H.).

Lindsay.

Record of Hunting Members

Major Mason Macfarlane, R.A.
 Capt. Scott-Cockburn, 4th Hussars.
 Capt. Catto, 4th Hussars.
 Brigadier Jackson.
 Mr. Sale.
 Major Marriott, R.A.V.C.
 Mr. Roberts.
 Mr. Grattan, R.E.
 Major Brunskill.
 Mr. Martin.
 Mr. Stewart, Gordon Highlanders.
 Mr. Lindsay, R.A.

Jungles in which Pig were killed

Kasna	19
Nasipur	1
Ghaziabad	1
Okhla	1
Total	22

Measurements

31 inches and over	1
30 " "	2
29 " "	4
28 " "	7
27 " "	5
Unmeasured	3
Total	22

<i>Name</i>	<i>Horse</i>
Roberts	(1) Unt. (4) Nick.
Catto	(1) Vista.

Mason	Macfarlane (3) Lovelace.
Scott-Cockburn ..	(1) Bullet Head.
Jackson	(1) Rasputin.
Grattan	(1) Evergreen Eve.
Marriott	(3) Rufus.
Lindsay	(1) Peter. (1) Betty. (1) Skewjack. (1) Roman Punch. (3) Sandgruse.

Bag of Boar by Months

December, 1929	14
February, 1930	1
March, 1930	2
April, 1930	5
Total	22

JHANSI TENT CLUB

The breaking of the rains in July saw the end of a poor season's pigsticking.

The Tent Club met regularly throughout the year, but pig all seemed to have moved South—out of the district, towards Saugor—and so a total " bag " of nine boar only was obtained.

It is hoped that after the good rains this year the season 1930-31 will yield a very much better " bag."

AGRA TENT CLUB

The 1929-30 season proved a very bad one as regards supply of pig and number of pig killed. Owing to the drought, the Fatehpur Sikri area, which usually supplies most of the pig, was completely blank, there being no cover whatever. Along the Jumna Kadir, things were a bit better, but in this case they generally found shelter in three large Government jungles and were difficult to dislodge. In normal years the pig would be found in the grass and not in the jungle.

One encouraging feature, however, was that there were double the number of spears on an average to the previous year.

The present season looks hopeful, and owing to good rains Fatehpur Sikri is again holding pig, and with the same support being forthcoming the prospects for the future are bright.

ARMY CUP WEEK

LUCKNOW

The Lucknow Autumn Polo Tournament for "The Royals" Cup was held during Army Cup Week, on alternative days with the Racing.

The result of the Polo Tournament, and the Subsidiary Tournaments, are as follows :—

"THE ROYALS" CUP

(17 Entries)

First Round

Skinners' Horse " C "	beat	†Optimists	4—3
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Second Round

*Audax	beat	Skinners' Horse " C "	11—2†
60th Rifles	"	†Batchelors	2—½
*S. O. F. A.	"	Skinners' Horse " A "	7½—4
9th Lancers	"	*Saugor " Q "	17—6
18th Cavalry	"	‡Honeybubbles	15—3½
Equitites	"	16th Field Brigade R.A.	5—2½
§Primroses	"	3rd Hussars " Z "	3½—2
Skinners' Horse " B "	"	24th Field Brigade R.A.	7—3½

Third Round

*Audax	beat	60th Rifles	6—5
9th Lancers	"	*S. O. F. A.	9—6
18th Cavalry	"	Equitites	6—1½
Skinners' Horse " B "	"	§Primroses	10—4

Semi-Finals

*Audax	beat	9th Lancers	5—2
Skinners' Horse " B "	"	18th Cavalry	4—3½

Final

*Audax	beat	Skinners' Horse " B "	3—2
--------	------	-----------------------------	-----

† A 3rd Hussar team.

* A School of Equitation team.

‡ 60th Rifles 2nd team.

§ A Gymkhana team.

THE SUBSIDIARY TOURNAMENT
(For the four teams beaten in the Third Round)

<i>First Round</i>						
60th Rifles	beat	*S. O. F. A.	3—1
Equitites	„	§Primroses	3—2
<i>Final</i>						
Equitites	beat	60th Rifles	8—2

THE RESIDUARY TOURNAMENT
(For the nine teams beaten in the First and Second Rounds)

<i>First Round</i>						
3rd Hussars " Z "	beat	Optimists	9—3
<i>Second Round</i>						
*Saugor " Q "	beat	3rd Hussars " Z "	4½—3
16th Field Brigade R.A.	„	†Batchelors	7—1
Skinnors' Horse " C "	„	‡Honeybubbles	5—1
24th Field Brigade R.A.	„	§Skinnors' Horse " A "	8—5
<i>Semi-Finals</i>						
*Saugor " Q "	beat	16th Field Brigade R.A.	4—3½
24th Field Brigade R.A.	„	Skinnors' Horse " C "	3—2
<i>Final</i>						
24th Field Brigade R.A.	beat	*Saugor " Q " (+½)	4—2½

* A School of Equitation team.
† A 3rd Hussar team.
‡ 60th Rifles 2nd team.
§ A Gymkhana team.

POLO AT QUETTA, 1930

The Polo season started just before the end of April. The grounds, due chiefly to the hard work put in by the Scinde Horse, were greatly improved since the previous year, but deteriorated rapidly under the severe strain of daily chukkers. Although players were plentiful there were few of outstanding merit, and the general standard of Polo was low. This was due chiefly to the lack of a regular practice ground and the isolated position of Quetta with relation to the pony markets of India.

Tournaments, of which a brief account is given, were held at the end of each month from May to August, and entries were, on the whole, good. The Polo Committee did much to encourage the one-pony enthusiast by allowing up to six players in a team (on the alternate chukker system) for the two junior tournaments. This gave several keen one-pony men a chance of getting tournament games.

The Cadet College Cup (31st May).—Twelve teams entered for this Tournament, the handicap limit of which is six goals per team. The Cup was won by the 1st Bn. Royal Welch Fusiliers, who beat the Scinde Horse in the Finals by six goals to one. A Staff College team won the Subsidiary.

The Quetta Novices' Tournament (27th June).—In spite of the fact that many players were debarred by the handicap limit of two goals per team, there was a good entry of eleven teams. The Staff College "C" team won the Cup, recently presented by the Quetta Races, beating the 1st Bn. Royal Welch Fusiliers in the Finals by one goal to nil.

The Quetta Unlimited Handicap (25th July). Ten teams entered, including one from the 15th Lancers from Loralai. Some good hard games were witnessed, the Scinde Horse "A" beating the Staff College "A" in the Finals by four and a half goals to three. The Subsidiary was won by the I.A.S.C. team.

The Quetta Extra Unlimited Handicap (25th August).—This was inaugurated this year with a view to providing a curtain-raiser for the Open Tournament, for which only two teams entered. Seven teams entered for this Handicap Tournament. There were some extremely close games, the 15th Lancers just managing to beat the Scinde Horse after extra time in the Semi-Final, and the Hopefulls after extra time in the Finals.

The Quetta Open Tournament (30th August).—The 15th Lancers, from Loralai, and the Scinde Horse provided the only entries, the Tournament being unfortunately held during the Staff College summer break. The 15th Lancers were unfortunate in playing without Loring, who was sick and were beaten after a gruelling game by the Scinde Horse. The final score was nine goals to four. The teams were :—

<i>Scinde Horse</i>	<i>15th Lancers</i>
(1) Mr. R. T. Benwell	(1) Mr. C. W. Ridley
(2) Capt. G. M. Stroud	(2) Capt. R. N. Lovett
(3) Capt. F. W. S. Watkins	(3) Capt. J. A. Greenway
(back) Capt. I. F. Hossack	(back) Lt.-Col. J. St. C. D. Stewart

CANADA

OTTAWA,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

27th October, 1930.

DEAR SIR,—I am enclosing a copy of the results of the Merritt Challenge Cup Competition for 1930. This is a Dominion-wide competition between the Non-Permanent Active Militia units of Canada for a handsome silver trophy, presented by Lieutenant-Colonel William Hamilton Merritt, ex-President of the Canadian Cavalry Association, under whose auspices the competition is carried out. It is open to teams of three officers from each unit; the trials are usually held during annual training at camp, and judged by the Permanent Force officers. Points are allotted :—

- (a) For conformation and quality, especially suitability for cavalry work : 25%.
- (b) For manners and training : 25%.

- (c) For performance over post and rails (3 ft.), and brush jumps (3 ft. 3 ins. to 3 ft. 6 ins.) : 50%.

The trophy was won for the first time in 1913 by the Governor-General's Bodyguard, Toronto. No further competitions were held until 1924, when it was won by The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Ottawa. This unit has held it continuously until this year, when it was won by the 1st Hussars, London. All three units are in Ontario. The Bodyguard is allied with the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards) ; the Dragoon Guards with the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales' Own) ; and the 1st Hussars with the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own).

Possibly some of your readers would be interested in following the fortunes of some of these Canadian Militia Cavalry regiments.

Yours very truly,

E. A. DEVITT,

Major.

Honorary Secretary.

RESULTS OF MERRITT CHALLENGE CUP COMPETITION, 1930

<i>Standing</i>	<i>Unit</i>	<i>Total</i>	<i>Percentage</i>
1.	1st Hussars	285	95.00
2.	Princess Louise Dragoon Guards (1st team) ..	272	90.66
3.	Manitoba Mounted Rifles	270	90.00
4.	Princess Louise Dragoon Guards (2nd team) ..	264	88.00
5.	Prince Edward Island Light Horse	261	87.00
6.	Saskatchewan Mounted Rifles	257	85.66
7.	14th Canadian Light Horse	254½	84.83
8.	15th Canadian Light Horse	241	80.33
9.	Princess Louise Dragoon Guards (3rd team) ..	240	80.00
10.	1st Alberta Mounted Rifles	238	79.33
11.	19th Alberta Dragoons	237½	79.17
12.	11th Hussars	233	77.66
13.	4th Hussars	230	76.66
14.	8th Princess Louise's (New Brunswick) Hussars ..	222	74.00
15.	7th Hussars	211	70.33
16.	British Columbia Light Horse	209½	69.75
17.	British Columbia Dragoons	155½	51.75
18.	New Brunswick Dragoons	148	49.33

Total points for each horse and rider—100 ; divided as follows :—

- (a) 25 per cent. for conformation and quality (especially suitability for cavalry work) ;
- (b) 25 per cent. for manners and training ;
- (c) 50 per cent. for performance over prescribed jumps.

	(a)	(b)	(c)	Percentage.
<i>1st Hussars, London, Ontario.</i>				
Major T. Sanderson	25	25	50	100
Capt. N. B. Emory	24	23	48	95
Lieut. D. McEwen	23	20	47	90 —285
<i>P.L.D.G., Ottawa, Ontario (1st team).</i>				
Capt. M. D. Williams.. ..	22	20	50	92
Lieut. H. W. Allan	24	15	50	89
Lieut. T. G. Maybury	23	18	50	91 —272
<i>Manitoba Mounted Rifles, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.</i>				
Lieut. D. A. Bingham	20	22	50	92
Major T. Smith, D.C.M.	22	22	50	94
Capt. J. Cadham	18	18	48	84 —270
<i>P.L.D.G., Ottawa, Ontario (2nd team).</i>				
Lieut.-Col. F. B. Inkster	22	17	49	88
Lieut. M. F. Rogers	23	15	50	88
Lieut. B. P. Francis	22	16	50	88 —264
<i>P.E.I. Light Horse, Charlottetown, P.E.I.</i>				
Major F. Andrew, M.M.	20	19	48	87
Major G. Graham	25	20	46	91
Lieut. J. E. Andrew	18	15	50	83 —261
<i>Saskatchewan Mounted Rifles, Lloydminster, Sask.</i>				
Details not given				257
<i>14th Canadian Light Horse, Shaunavon, Sask.</i>				
Details not given				254½
<i>15th Canadian Light Horse, Calgary, Alberta.</i>				
Major J. F. Scott	20	23	—	43
Major J. H. Beatty	25	25	50	100
Lieut. V. T. Bermejo	25	24	49	98 —241
<i>P.L.D.G., Ottawa (3rd team).</i>				
Major C. E. Steeves	16	10	50	76
Lieut. J. M. C. Gamble	18	12	50	80
Lieut. C. C. Baker	20	16	48	84 —240
<i>1st Regt. Alberta Mounted Rifles, Medicine Hat, Alta.</i>				
Capt. A. Campbell	25	23	—	48
2nd Lieut. J. H. Kennedy	20	22	49	91
2nd Lieut. A. Glenn	25	24	50	99 —238
<i>19th Alberta Dragoons, Edmonton, Alta.</i>				
Capt. J. A. Illington	20	23	37½	80½
Lieut. R. A. Bradburn	25	23	40½	88½
2nd Lieut. J. F. Wisden	20	24	24½	68½—237½
<i>11th Hussars, Richmond, Que.</i>				
Lieut.-Col. M. L. Brady, M.C. ..	13	18	47½	78½
Major P. L. Johnston, D.C.M. ..	15	20	47½	82½
2nd Lieut. E. F. Dennison	12	15	45½	72½—233½

	(a)	(b)	(c)	Percentage
<i>4th Hussars, Kingston, Ontario.</i>				
2nd Lieut. S. S. Slinn	22	17	50	89
2nd Lieut. F. Cooper	15	8	48	71
2nd Lieut. W. H. Drummond ..	16	6	48	70 —230
<i>8th P.L. (N.B.) Hussars, Sussex, N.B.</i>				
Major R. S. Black	10	13	44	67
2nd Lieut. P. M. Blanchet	18	10	46	74
Lieut. F. L. Price	16	10	49	81 —222
<i>7th Hussars, Bury, Que.</i>				
Major S. G. Semple, M.M.	14	15	47	76
Lieut. E. L. Hurd	8	13	46	67
Lieut. F. B. Robinson	12	10	46	68 —211
<i>5th B.C. Light Horse, Kamloops, B.C.</i>				
Lieut. W. N. Smith	11	13	45½	69½
Lieut. J. R. McCreery	5	9	49½	63½
Lieut. G. Theakston	14	20	42	76 —209½
<i>B.C. Dragoons, Vernon, B.C.</i>				
Major E. B. K. Loyd	20	19	—	39
Capt. R. C. B. Trench	22	20	—	42
Capt. P. V. Tempest	17	10	47½	74½—155½
<i>New Brunswick Dragoons, Saint John, N.B.</i>				
Lieut.-Col. E. J. Mooney	13	5	—	18
Major E. J. Lounsbury	10	15	45	70
Capt. E. M. Lyons	8	8	44	60 —148

The Cup was presented for Annual Competition at the Annual General Meeting, held 26th February, 1913, by the late Lieut.-Colonel William Hamilton Merritt.

Won 1913 by G.G.B.G., 1st team.

No further competitions until 1924.

Won 1924 by P.L.D.G. ; 2nd, 17th D.Y.R.C.H. ; only two entries.

Won 1925 by P.L.D.G. ; only one entry.

Won 1926 by P.L.D.G. ; 2nd, 17th D.Y.R.C.H. ; only two entries.

Won 1927 by P.L.D.G. 1st team ; 2nd, P.L.D.G. 2nd team ; only two entries.

There were no entries in 1928.

Won 1929 by P.L.D.G. ; fifteen entries.

Won 1930 by 1st Hussars ; eighteen entries, including many new units.





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Officier, porte-étendard des Mamelucks, et
Trompette des chasseurs à cheval



Officier, porte-étendard des Mamelucks, et
Trompette des chasseurs a cheval

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

APRIL, 1931

CHEVILLET, TRUMPETER OF CHASSEURS

By MAJOR OSKAR TEICHMAN, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

ALTHOUGH Napoleonic literature is prolific in officers' memoirs those of other ranks are comparatively rare. Many of us have enjoyed reading the memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne, Captain Coignet (who was a grenadier of the Guard), Sergeant Fricasse, and possibly Grenadier Pils; but with these stalwarts the short list of books available to the average reader ends, and incidentally none of them represents the *Arme Blanche*. A brief account of the personal experiences of Jacques Chevillet, *Trompette au 8^e regiment de chasseurs à cheval* (1800-1810), may therefore be of interest to readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL. Chevillet's Memoirs consist chiefly of letters written to his father and to a friend, and were completed after he was invalided out of the army in 1810. These memoirs were subsequently published by his grandson, the late Georges Chevillet, whose widow, Madame Chevillet and the Librairie Hachette (1906 Paris) have kindly given the present writer permission to compile this article. Although the trumpeter only took part in three *batailles rangées* apart from *combats* and *escarmouches*, his memoirs are full of interest as they serve to illustrate the experiences and point of view of the man in the ranks; to him the daily foraging for food, the condition of his horse, his numerous *affaires de*

coeur, and his personal *combats* were of more importance than the movements of armies.

* * * * *

Jacques Chevillet was born in 1786 at la Fère in Picardy, where his father was at that time serving as a gunner in the Grenoble Regiment of Artillery. Brought up amongst soldiers the boy early expressed a wish to join the army; and, after some elementary education, at the age of fourteen he entered a school at Versailles where a free education was given to the sons of soldiers. A year later (1801), after having learnt to read, write, shoot, ride, and blow a trumpet, young Chevillet was drafted as trumpeter to the *8th Chasseurs à Cheval*. The regiment, which had recently served under Moreau and taken part in the battle of Hohenlinden, was stationed at Thionville near Metz: and thither Chevillet marched on foot with ten other boy recruits, each carrying a sack containing his belongings and the heavy cavalry sword of the period. On arrival he was posted to the 4th Squadron, equipped with the gay uniform of his corps, issued with a new trumpet, and allotted a grey pony to ride.

"And who would not be content (he writes in a letter at this time) at 15 years of age to be a trumpeter in the best regiment of light cavalry?" This was the spirit of the French recruit in 1801. After two years at Thionville the regiment marched to the Hague; the squadron to which Chevillet belonged being detached for duty on the island of Walcheren.* Near Middleburg he assisted in the capture of a British merchant ship, which had become stranded at low tide on the sand, and obtained his share of loot. Chevillet on this occasion had his one and only scrap with an Englishman, who addressed him as follows: "*Godem yorès frencks dawg*"—this was Greek to the trumpeter, but he inferred that the words were not complimentary.

During the two years spent by the regiment at Leyden, Utrecht, and Dorn the men lived in clover—excellent billets and pleasant female society. Chevillet himself thoroughly lived up to the reputation of the gallant Chasseurs, and made many conquests.

*This was six years before Lord Chatham's ill-fated expedition.

Writing under June 20, 1805, Chevillet tells us of three important events—a Colonel Curto* was appointed to reorganize the regiment (*que le vieux major Montaulon avait gâtée à force de tracasseries et de theories. . .*)—the trumpeter lost the horse to which he had become so attached, receiving an old grey mare called Bergère because of her docility—and the formation of a regimental band, in which he sometimes played the clarionet.

A month later the 8th Chasseurs arrived at Texel (an island off Friesland), where they embarked preparatory to the “descent on England.” Each ship accommodated ninety horses below decks, and the unfortunate animals were actually kept on board for forty days in close confinement. The men however, although they slept on board, were allowed to go ashore daily.

On September 5th, when Chevillet was about to settle a difference with a comrade on the sand dunes, “*le sabre à la main*,” orders for disembarkation were suddenly received. The army was to march into Germany instead of “descending on England,” because, as Chevillet tells us, the English had bribed the Austrians to declare war on France!

During the confusion of disembarkation the trumpeter had his saddle “pinched,” and had to make the best of a dirty and inferior one which did not fit his horse. We can sympathize with Chevillet who was about to start a campaign in this condition; to him the loss of his saddle appeared of far greater importance than Napoleon’s sudden change of plans. The 8th Chasseurs presented a sorry spectacle when they set out on their march—the horses after forty days’ confinement below decks were so weak that they could scarcely walk—many developed sore backs, and for eight days nearly every chasseur had to lead his horse. If other cavalry regiments were in the same state, Napoleon’s *Arme blanche* would not have been very formidable had his Army of England landed on Pevensey Flats! Possibly the cavalry commanders in France were more sensible than those in Holland, for we certainly read of the cavalry practising rapid embarkation and disembarkation on the beach at Boulogne.

The route followed by the 8th Chasseurs lay through

*He was still commanding the regiment at Wagram in 1809.

Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Nimeguen to Dusseldorf, where Chevillet nearly lost his life but won a wager of ten bottles of wine for swimming across the Rhine and back again. At Coblenz, the bandmaster and band refused to cross the Rhine, maintaining that they were not properly enlisted soldiers and therefore could not be compelled to go on active service. During the argument which followed each musician hurled his instrument into the Rhine; the band then deserted *en masse*. After all "*les gagistes*," as Chevillet remarks "*n'étant pas des soldats pour faire la guerre*."

While billeted at Coblenz for a few days a Divisional order was issued that all queues should be cut off forthwith. For poor Chevillet this news was desolating, he could not bear the idea of wearing his hair *à la Titus*; besides he possessed the second best queue in the regiment! He even thought of deserting with a fellow trumpeter, or at least of trying to transfer to another unit. However, this dilemma was settled for him by a chasseur who cut off the magnificent queue while he was asleep.

The 8th Chasseurs were now in the division of Grouchy, which was incorporated in the Second Corps, or Army of Holland, commanded by Marmont. On crossing the Danube at Neuberg, the Army of Holland joined the Army of Boulogne in the neighbourhood of Ulm, and Chevillet had the supreme satisfaction of seeing Napoleon for the first time; and an army of 150,000 men.

It may seem strange that although our trumpeter of Chasseurs had now been serving for four years, he had not yet been in action. One must remember, however, that between 1801 and 1805, Napoleon was not engaged in any important campaigns. This period included the Peace of Amiens, the seizing of Hanover by the French, the affair of the Duke D'Enghien, and the coronation.

In October, 1805, Chevillet found himself before Ulm, but the 8th Chasseurs were only passive spectators of the siege, being drawn up, like many other cavalry regiments, on the left side of the Danube. However, he did witness one cavalry charge, before the Austrians had all taken refuge in Ulm, when

some enemy infantry were easily ridden down owing to their muskets failing to go off in the rain. During the short siege he met an artilleryman, who was an old friend of his, and was allowed to fire an *obus* into Ulm. After the capitulation, while the Austrians were marching out, he managed to ride into Ulm on a pretended errand and succeeded in exchanging his old nag Bergere for a good-looking grey, formerly ridden by an Austrian trumpeter of Cuirassiers.

After Ulm, Marmont's Corps marched through Munich and the Tyrol towards Vienna, but the 8th Chasseurs did not see Austerlitz. While traversing the Tyrol, Chevillet took part in his first *escarmouche*. His squadron unexpectedly came across a battalion of some 900 Austrians, who were preparing to bivouac. The squadron-leader immediately gave the order: "*Garde à vos! Division en avant au galop, chargeons, ramassons tous ces bougres-là.*" Chevillet sounded the charge, and the chasseurs rode through the unfortunate Austrians, cutting them to pieces and taking over 400 prisoners. His booty, on this his first encounter, included an officer's sword, a gold watch and fifty gulden.

On the following day, December 5th, 1805, the regiment received news of Austerlitz, some fifty leagues distant.

South of Vienna the Semmering Pass had to be crossed, a perilous proceeding for cavalry in mid-winter owing to deep snow, ice, and precipices. While the Chasseurs were halted at the bottom of the pass, a quarrel of four years' duration between Chevillet and another trumpeter came to a head: this resulted in a mounted duel with sabres in the snow. Chevillet wounded his opponent at the first onset, but the duel ended abruptly when both combatants and their horses disappeared in a snow drift. After this contretemps they were separated by their comrades. Chevillet escaped with a reprimand, but the wounded trumpeter, who was proved to have precipitated the quarrel, received a month's close arrest.

In January, 1806, the 8th Chasseurs received news that peace between France and Austria had been signed at Pressburg. Chevillet was so elated by this news that he spent the

greater part of his fifty gulden in buying wine and brandy for a dinner, at which he entertained some trumpeters of his own regiment, a Dragoon regiment, and an Austrian Hussar regiment. Unfortunately the host was still in his cups when he came on parade, and, after insulting his squadron-leader Chevillet languished in the city jail until the regiment left Gratz a month later.

At Klagenfurt in Carinthia, where the Chasseurs were billeted for the next ten months, the men lived in clover, and made many and easy conquests. Chevillet tells us he found himself "*dans une situation charmante.*" Sophie, *une bonne grosse brune*, aged 19, fully believed that he meant marriage. But although the gay trumpeter of Chasseurs promised to return some day, he had no intention of doing so, and he excused himself with the following platitude: "*Un Chasseur peut aimer sans gêne et quitter l'objet sans peine.*"

The next move was to Italy, where bad billets, disagreeable inhabitants, and short rations for man and horse was the order of the day. Chevillet's horse died; he "drank the skin" with some companions. Retribution followed swiftly, as the skin was the recognized perquisite of the quarter-master, and again the trumpeter found himself in prison, this time with his companions. A few weeks later, when the regiment was about to march, the prisoners were discharged after assuring the colonel that this was their *dernière sottise*. Chevillet did not remain dismounted for long; at San Vito, the next place garrisoned by the Chasseurs, he was allotted a fine, upstanding grey four-year-old which he named Rondeau. With Rondeau to ride and the company of a charming girl called Eliza, he tells us that life was none too bad.

During the next three years (April, 1806—April, 1809), although stirring events—Jena, Eylau, Friedland, and the campaign in the Peninsular—were taking place elsewhere, the 8th Chasseurs remained in Italy, garrisoning in turn San Vito, Gemona, Udine, Pordenone and Vicenza.

Chevillet had now served for seven years and, being senior trumpeter, was posted in that capacity to the *escadron d'élite*:

this was considered a great honour as the squadron consisted of *les plus beaux hommes, les plus propres et les meilleurs soldats*.

He appears to have been an expert swordsman, for while in Italy he fought three more duels, two with Chasseurs and one with an infantryman of the 9th Line regiment: in each case Chevillet wounded his opponent and escaped himself with only one slight wound. Curiously enough the authorities seem to have taken little notice of these affairs beyond confining the aggressor, after inquiry, to prison for a few weeks. Possibly Colonel Curto considered that such duels fostered the martial spirit in a unit which had seen no active service for three years. But although Chevillet was so fortunate in his duels he was, towards the end of 1808, admitted to the military hospital in Vicenza for other reasons. The sights which he encountered there were not pleasant, and served as a useful warning to the young trumpeter.

In April, 1809, the Austrians declared war on France and crossed the Italian frontier from the north and north-east.

At last the 8th Chasseurs were to have a chance of distinguishing themselves after nearly four years of inaction. Chevillet was still a patient in the military hospital at Vicenza, when his squadron-sergeant-major informed him that the regiment was about to leave for the front. Anxious not to be left behind in "*ce maudit hôpital*," he at once discharged himself and rejoined his squadron.

At this date Eugene Beauharnais, the Viceroy, was commanding the Army of Italy, and he found himself in an awkward position when the Archduke Charles suddenly descended on him with superior numbers.

Chevillet for the next few weeks was destined to be with a retreating French army, an unheard of state of affairs, which the simple trumpeter could not understand.

Marshal Macdonald*—who was sent out by Napoleon to rally the Viceroy and his army and who eventually turned defeat into victory—gives one the impression that Eugene was incompetent, badly served by his staff, and very apt "to get the wind up."

*"Mémoires du Maréchal Macdonald." Tome I, chapitres xiii et xiv.

Probably, in addition to the Viceroy's lack of generalship, the Army of Italy, both officers and men, was suffering from the effects of four years garrison duty. After setting out from Vicenza the 8th Chasseurs marched to Treviso, crossed the Piave and the Tagliamento, and arrived at Udine, where the Austrian guns at Goritzza were audible. Rumour had it that the Austrians were advancing in four columns via Trieste, Laybach, Villach, and the Tyrol, and that they numbered over 100,000 men, including 20,000 cavalry. As the Army of Italy contained only some 20,000 men, this "news" caused considerable despondency amongst the troops.

The French soon evacuated Udine, and Prince Eugene commenced his ignominious and rapid retreat. On the second day the 8th Chasseurs, who, like other cavalry regiments, were helping to cover the retreat, became aware of the proximity of some Hungarian Hussars. Four companies of *Voltigeurs** were immediately detached from the French main-body and were hidden amongst the rocks and undergrowth on both sides of the road. One squadron of Chasseurs then rode out to meet the Hungarians and, after drawing fire, retreated through the French ambush. The Hungarians took the bait, and after the Voltigeurs had reduced them to confusion, the rest of the 8th Chasseurs, who had been waiting concealed for this opportunity, charged and completed the rout. This was only the second time that Chevillet had sounded the charge in earnest, but he was to have ample opportunity of doing so during the next few months!

On reaching the Tagliamento the French found all the bridges destroyed and had considerable difficulty in getting their cavalry across the river. Meanwhile the Austrians were still close on their heels.

At Pordenone, the 8th Chasseurs, 6th Hussars, and two battalions of the 35th Infantry Regiment were ordered to make a stand in order to cover the general retirement.

The Chasseurs acquitted themselves well on this occasion. They received a charge by Seikler's (Hungarian) Hussars, according to Chevillet, in close order drawn up in two ranks:

*Light Infantry.

the front rank with muskets at the ready and their swords hanging from their wrists, the rear rank with swords drawn. The Hungarians were allowed to approach within ten yards, and then the front rank of the Chasseurs opened fire from the saddle. Chevillet, who as a trumpeter was armed with a pistol, singled out a Hungarian with the biggest moustaches he had ever seen, and knocked him over at five yards range. The *melée* then became general, and in less than a quarter of an hour the Hussars were routed. As pursuit was out of the question, Chevillet was ordered to sound the rally. His squadron-sergeant-major then appeared, with the Hungarian Colonel, whom he had wounded and taken prisoner: and for this exploit the S.S.M. was promoted Lieutenant by Prince Eugene the same evening. This little action would appear to negative Seydlitz's well-known axiom* that: "any cavalry formation which depends on its fire will always be overthrown by one which charges it briskly without firing," but possibly the mousqueton, with which the Chasseurs à Cheval were armed in 1809, was a better weapon than the carbine of Frederick the Great's time.

In this "*escarmouche*," as Chevillet calls a brush with the enemy, he acquired a gold watch, a considerable amount of money, an Hussar officer's gold belt, a pair of boots which fitted him to a T, and an Hungarian trumpet; his own having been smashed in the *melée*. But the 6th (French) Hussars and the two battalions of Infantry did not fare so well in this rearguard action; the former were surprised by Austrian Hussars and cut up, and the latter were surrounded in Pordenone and captured. Chevillet remarks that this might have been the fate of the 8th Chasseurs had it not been for their excellent scouts.

Day by day the retreat continued—"always these damned Kaiserlites† at our heels"—the Chasseurs acting as flank or rearguard, and continually scrapping with the enemy. Chevillet describes the passage of the River Livenza at Sacile, but does not mention the fact that Prince Eugene's Army of Italy sustained a severe defeat on that day, losing 10,000 men of which 7,000 were captured, besides guns and standards.

*Also quoted by *Warnery*.

†The name given to the Austrians by the French.

After passing through Conegliano and crossing the river Montecano, the Chasseurs reached Casa Nova on the Piave; they were the last to cross the river and destroyed the bridge behind them. At last they felt safe for a time and on returning from a successful foraging expedition, "*la soupe, la fricassée, et le rôti*" were nearly ready when the Kaiserlites began to shell the bivouac from the opposite side of the river. Worse was to follow, for the Austrians began to cross in boats. The savoury viands had to be abandoned, to Chevillet's great sorrow, and all through the night the dispirited French troops continued their retreat. Prince Eugene was striving to put the Brenta and possibly even the line of the Adige between his army and the enemy.

Outside Treviso Chevillet's squadron charged some Austrian Cuirassiers, and he captured a fine charger, for which he received the recognized reward of 75 francs.

By April 22nd, 1809, the Army of Italy had retired over the Brenta, marched through Padova, and reached Vicenza, which town they had started from three weeks previously.

While at Vicenza Chevillet, in his capacity of trumpeter, accompanied his lieutenant "*en parlementaire*," the latter having been charged by the Viceroy with a letter to the Archduke John and also 200 ducats for a French General, who had been captured at Sacile. Next day the Austrians entered Vicenza, and the French—" *toujours la retraite, mauvaise situation* "—retired ignominiously to the line of the Adige at Verona. During the march the Chasseurs were in action daily. In Chevillet's letters about the disastrous retreat, which had now lasted over three weeks, the daily "*combat*" is always sandwiched in between the real business of the day, which was foraging for breakfast and dinner.

At last, on May 3rd, 1809, the retreat came to an end. This may be attributed to three causes, which were unknown to the simple Chevillet:—The arrival of Marshal Macdonald, who put new heart into the vacillating and timid Viceroy;* news of

*Prince Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, was at this time very young. His after-career vindicated him from any charge of personal want of courage. In the retreat from Moscow, when Murat had left the army, it was Eugene who had the difficult task of reorganizing the army during Napoleon's absence in Paris.



**Le Prince EUGÈNE, colonel-general commandant
en chef les chasseurs à cheval (les Guides)**

TO VIND
ABORTION

Napoleon's overwhelming victories at Landshut, Eckmühl and Ratisbonne; and the fact that considerable reinforcements were on their way from Mantua to join the Army of Italy. A few days later the French marched out of Verona and in due course re-entered Vicenza with bands playing, the Austrians having evacuated the town on hearing of Napoleon's victories in Bavaria and Upper Austria. Chevillet gives an interesting account of an episode which occurred to him, on a tiny island in the Brenta, while on outpost duty in the neighbourhood of Vicenza. Riding along the river with another Chasseur, he observed an Hungarian Hussar of Maria Theresia's Regiment on the opposite bank. The Hungarian beckoned to Chevillet and suggested that they should meet unarmed on an islet which lay in mid-stream. Leaving his sword and pistol with his comrade, Chevillet followed the example of the Hussar and rode his horse through one branch of the river to the island, where the two chargers were tied up to a tree. We can imagine the scene on this tiny piece of neutral ground, and the quaintly assorted pair; a trumpeter of the 8th Chasseurs à Cheval and a Hussar of Maria Theresia's Regiment, sitting side by side drinking "schnapps" and comparing notes. Each considered himself to belong to the corps d'élite of the army he represented. Chevillet gives us a short account of their conversation, which was carried on in Italian, a tongue common to both :

CHEVILLET : "Well, Hussar, what are your views about this war, will our regiments cross swords one of these days?"

HUSSAR : "Probably; we have had three fights with French Cavalry, and have beaten them each time. We routed your 6th Hussars at Pordenone; they will never forget the Hussars of Maria Theresia."

CHEVILLET : "Pordenone! I was there, too; lucky for you that you did not knock up against us. My regiment, the 8th Chasseurs annihilated the Hussars of Seiklers: look at this Hussar belt which I am wearing, I took it off an officer of Seiklers. So if you did beat our Hussars, we beat yours and we are quits!"

The conversation was then interrupted by the sound of firing in the vicinity, and the Chasseur on the bank made signs to Chevillet to return. "Good-bye, Hussar," said he, "good-bye and good luck to you, trumpeter," replied the other. Each then mounted his horse, forded the river and returned to the opposite bank. . . .

Gradually the Austrians were forced back from the line of Brenta to that of the Piave, the 8th Chasseurs being in action almost daily with the enemy's rearguard. During the past four weeks the Chasseurs had seen more fighting than they had experienced in the last five years.

On May 7th at midnight, the regiment crossed the Piave at Salettuonda (Salletuol); and from Chevillet's description they no doubt traversed the island of Papadopoli en route. The river was not in spate, and by proceeding carefully they were able to ride through the shallows without any serious accidents. The crossing was unperceived by the enemy and therefore was not opposed.

In writing these lines the author is reminded of another midnight crossing of the Piave (October 23rd, 1918) at this identical place; when he accompanied the 22nd Brigade of the 7th Division which captured the island of Papadopoli. This success three days later enabled the 10th Italian Army (including our 14th corps), commanded by Lord Cavan, to cross the river and finally drive the Austrians to the Tagliamento.

But our midnight crossing was not unopposed,* the river was in spate, and boats had to be used owing to the depth of the river on the Italian side.

To anyone who served in the 7th or 23rd Divisions in Italy, during the Great War, the Campaign of the Army of Italy in 1809 should be of considerable interest; and there he will find some remarkable analogies.

The Italian retreat from Caporetto in 1917 followed the line of Prince Eugene's retreat almost to Vicenza, but was much more rapid. Cadorna is said to have contemplated retiring behind the Brenta or even the line of the Adige, but ultimately he

*Vide "The Diary of a Yeomanry M.O." Page 258.

entrenched himself some miles behind the Piave. The Anglo-Italian advance in 1918, from Treviso to the Tagliamento coincided with the route followed by the Army of Italy in 1809 after it had been rallied by Marshal Macdonald, and in each case the Austrians put up rearguard actions at practically the same places. Finally, after their respective battles of the Piave both Prince Eugene and Lord Cavan had a more or less demoralized Austrian Army to deal with.

The first battle of the Piave (also known as the battle of Ponte de Priula) took place on May 8th, 1809, when 45,000 Frenchmen defeated 25,000 Austrians. According to Macdonald this victory could not be attributed in any way to the Viceroy's strategy.

Chevillet gives us a vivid description of what he saw of this battle.

The 8th Chasseurs, 28th Dragoons, and two squadrons of the 23rd Dragoons, in all ten squadrons, after crossing the Piave on the night of May 7th-8th, concealed themselves amongst some trees in a hollow on the opposite bank. Soon after dawn they observed several batteries of Austrian Field Artillery advancing on their left flank. The gunners halted as they approached the banks of the Piave, formed in line and commenced to shell the main French Army which was about to cross the river. It was a unique opportunity for the *Arme blanche*. The left flank of the batteries in line was now opposite the Cavalry Brigade; but it was decided to charge the guns in their rear. While the gunners were busy at their pieces, totally unaware of the presence of any enemy on their own side of the river, the ten squadrons trotted round in column of squadrons and actually arrived within musket shot of their objective without being noticed. The order was then given: "*Sur le premier escadron des Dragons, déployez la colonne, à droite en bataille!—en avant, guide à gauche pour charger sur les pièces.*"

This movement of the ten squadrons was carried out with perfect precision. Chasseurs and Dragoons dashed like a torrent into the rear of the unfortunate Austrian gunners, whom they enveloped from left to right and sabred at their pieces. Only

a few of the ammunition column escaped, and in ten minutes twenty guns, over a hundred horses and many prisoners were in the hands of the cavalry.

All this took place in full view of the French Army, which was drawn up on the opposite side of the river waiting to cross; and a few minutes later Prince Eugene's A.D.C. came over to congratulate the Cavalry Brigade on this initial success, and good omen for the day's work. An hour later the 8th Chasseurs charged a battalion of infantry, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Chevillet saw the 9th Chasseurs driven back into the Piave by the Hussars of Seiklers, but the former were rescued by the 6th Hussars who charged the Hungarians in rear. Later the 8th Chasseurs suffered many casualties through running into some masked batteries, and Chevillet had his horse killed. This loss, however, could soon be remedied as there were by this time many loose horses on the battlefield. At five o'clock in the afternoon, after suffering considerably from being shelled while halted in the open and awaiting orders, the 8th Chasseurs noticed a strong regiment of enemy cavalry approaching from the north. At that moment Prince Eugene rode up with his staff, and Chevillet was near enough to hear the Viceroy's conversation with Colonel Curto: "*Voyez vous l'ennemi là-bas qui avance? Tâchez d'étriller ce bougres-là.*" The Colonel answered that it would be a good opportunity for his chasseurs, who had had their ears singed by the Kaiserlites' shells, to have their revenge.

The order to charge was given. It was a magnificent sight, writes Chevillet, two fine regiments of cavalry meeting one another *comme deux murailles*. Chevillet, riding *serre-file* behind his first squadron, suddenly recognized the uniform of the Hussars of Maria Theresia, and the thought flashed through his mind—would he meet his friend of the island in the Brenta? But the next moment he was too busy to think, as cries of "*en avant! en avant Chasseurs! Sabrons, tuons tout! à toi, là, à moi ici! hardis, hardis! courage mes amis,*" rent the air. But this time the Hussars of Maria Theresia were not up against the 6th Hussars; they had met the best light Cavalry Regiment

of the Army of Italy. The issue was not long in doubt. The Chasseurs rallied once to Chevillet's trumpet call, charged again, and completed the rout of the Hungarians.

So ended the battle of the Piave, as far as Chevillet was concerned. On the following day the Viceroy, in "the order of the day," thanked his Army for the brilliant victory, particularly mentioning the gallant charges of the 8th Regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval, which he had personally witnessed.

During the next week the Austrian retreat continued, with small rearguard actions, through Conegliano, Sacile, Pordenone, Udine, etc., and by May 15th Italy was cleared of the enemy.

For a month the Army of Italy pursued the Austrians vigorously, through Carinthia and Styria into Hungary. Chevillet's adventures during this period fill many letters and are too numerous to relate: to mention only a few—he acquired 1,000 gulden* from an Austrian war chest; he saved a beautiful girl from falling into the hands of a fellow chasseur; he fought two duels; he dressed as an Hungarian Hussar and obtained valuable information for his colonel; and he took part in almost daily skirmishes with the Kaiserlites.

At length the enemy's retreat ended, and on June 14th, 1809, the Army of Italy (35,000) defeated the Austrians (37,000) commanded by the Archduke John, at Raab in Hungary. Chevillet, describing this battle, heads his letter: "*Du champ d'honneur devant Raab,*" and commences: *Honneur et gloire aux braves soldats! Notre Armée d'Italie triomphe en Hongrie.*

His account of the battle is somewhat involved. The first charge made by his regiment was firmly resisted by an infantry division in square formation, and many dead Chasseurs were left on the field when the rally was sounded. Half an hour later the same division moved off in column, and the 8th Chasseurs made a successful charge in their flank. Chevillet had a terrific combat with *un gros balourde Croate tout brute*. It was sword versus bayonette, and the sword won: Chevillet lost his trumpet in the mêlée, but soon obtained another one as two of his fellow trumpeters had been killed.

*Most of which he lost subsequently at play.

On the next day Raab capitulated, and Chevillet secured some loot on the battlefield: he presented an Austrian Colonel's epaulettes and sword to his squadron-leader, who promised to pay him 100 francs *after* the campaign.

Owing to the heavy losses which the *escadron d'élite* had sustained in this battle, and the bravery which Chevillet had shown, he was recommended for promotion to the rank of *fourrier** by his Major. Colonel Curto however turned this down, remarking that he was short of trumpeters, and that he might reconsider the recommendation at a later date, when the campaign was over.

Poor Chevillet was furious when he heard the news, damning the Colonel and the accursed trumpet to heaps. Finally he smashed the instrument and hurled it into a pond; and, possessing himself of a powder-horn and musket, rejoined his squadron. When he appeared on parade next day, as a Chasseur instead of a trumpeter, he was asked why he had no trumpet. "I have broken the damned thing, as it was an obstacle to my promotion," he replied. "I admire your spirit my boy," said the officer, "but take my advice and get another trumpet before the Colonel sees you, or you will repent it."

Next day the chastened Chevillet "pinched" a trumpet from the 7th Hussars, whose lines were next to the 8th Chasseurs.

On July 4th, 1809, the Army of Dalmatia under Marmont joined the Army of Italy, and together they marched out of Hungary into Austria in order to join the Grande Armée.

The battle of Wagram in which Napoleon with 160,000 men defeated the Archduke Charles of Austria at the head of 130,000, was fought on July 6th.

The Archduke occupying a position at Wagram, some ten miles north-east of Vienna, had extended his line over too wide a space, and this error enabled Napoleon to ruin him by his old device of pouring the full shock of his strength on the centre. The action was long and bloody, and at its close some 20,000 prisoners remained in Napoleon's hands. Chevillet gives us a detailed account of the part he played in this his last battle.

*Dictionary gives Quarter-Master; probably means S.Q.M.S.

At 4 a.m. he sounded the "saddle up" to his regiment which was bivouacked in the southern environs of Vienna; and half an hour later, in company with Cuirassiers, Dragoons, and Hussars, the 8th Chasseurs à Cheval crossed the Danube via the island of Lobau and arrived on the plain of Wagram. The 6th, 8th, 9th and 25th Chasseurs now came under the orders of General Sahuc, who commanded a cavalry division in Grouchy's Corps. As General Sahuc rode along his four Chasseur Regiments, he halted before each unit and made the following speech: "Chasseurs, victory has taken us across the Danube to collect fresh laurels. We will show the Emperor that we will realize the great hopes he has in the Army of Italy. To-day you will uphold the reputation of the gallant Regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval. Remember that for Frenchman the word retreat does not exist, and that we must conquer our enemies."

Up till three o'clock in the afternoon the 8th Chasseurs, like many other Cavalry Regiments, remained in reserve and were passive spectators of the great battle. Towards four o'clock many enemy positions had been captured by the French, and the Chasseur Division was moved up; the 6th and 8th marching in full view of the Austrians, while the 9th and 25th remained in the second line. The ten trumpeters of the 8th Chasseurs as usual marched together in the centre of the Regiment, in the interval between two squadrons, their grey horses forming a useful target for the enemy. Heavily shelled by the Austrian gunners, Chevillet began to think that the Regiment would be annihilated before it really came into action; when two companies of Light Artillery of the Guard, with sixteen guns, galloped up on the left and opened fire. It now became an artillery duel, to the relief of the Chasseurs.

By six o'clock the 8th Chasseurs had lost one-third of their number from shell fire, and of the ten trumpeters only three were left. The regiment was now drawn up behind an Infantry Division which was suffering severely. On returning from delivering a message to another squadron, Chevillet saw a cannon-ball remove his troop-sergeant's head. Animated by the desire of obtaining promotion on the field of battle, he

immediately rode up to the Captain who commanded the squadron (the Major having been killed), reported the casualty, and asked to be promoted Sergeant. "Alright, my lad," said the officer, "take over the troop and to-morrow you will be gazetted Sergeant."

The sun was setting behind the mountains of Bohemia, when the charge was sounded for the Light (Chasseur) Cavalry Division, which could still count some 2,000 sabres out of the original 3,600.* A few moments later the Chasseurs were sabring the Austrian Infantry, and within a quarter of an hour 6,000 Kaiserlites had broken and fled.

This movement brought the 8th Chasseurs into a valley close to the heights of Wagram; and they suddenly became aware of an Austrian Cavalry Division, which after descending the hills was beginning to deploy some 300 yards away. The order was immediately given: "Squadrons advance at the trot, prepare to charge." At fifteen yards the Chasseurs discharged carbine and pistol and then dashed into the enemy with the sabre.

At the moment of the charge night fell and enveloped the battle-field in its shadows, but the explosions of the cannon, the flashes of the muskets, and the burning villages in the vicinity occasionally lit up the scene. The Austrian Dragoons wore white uniforms, which helped the Chasseurs to distinguish them as the darkness increased.

Chevillet, whose *colbak* was pierced by a bullet, reached the enemy at the head of his troop, discharging his pistol at a White Dragoon at ten paces; then, replacing his pistol, he seized his sword which was hanging from his wrist and fell upon the enemy. The horses clashed, but in spite of the shock his troop remained united. Chevillet took the reins in his teeth, and seizing his second pistol with his left hand he shot another Dragoon dead; in the next moment he hurled his empty pistol at the head of a third and fell to again with his sabre. He had never been so excited before in his life, and shouting: "*En avant, en avant, braves Chasseurs!*" he suddenly found

*The strength of a regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval was, according to Chevillet, a little over 900, and there were four régiments in a Cavalry Division.

himself separated from his troop. Surrounded by Austrian Dragoons he received a furious cut over the head, which but for his strong leather *colbak* must have killed him. Many thrusts he parried, but his horse was now pouring with blood from several wounds. When this furious *melée* had lasted about a quarter of an hour, and he had killed or disabled five or six Dragoons, he heard the whistling of a shell. A second later, Chevillet, with his right arm nearly severed was lying pinned by his left leg under the body of his dead charger. . . The scene of the conflict shifted and for two hours the unfortunate man lay surrounded by the dead and dying. He could see, however, that the Chasseur Division had been victorious and that the Austrians were retreating beaten over the hills.

Towards midnight when he had almost given up hope, two of his fellow Chasseurs, who were searching the battlefield for wounded, found him and conveyed him during the morning on an Austrian charger to Essling on the Danube. Here, in a peasant's cottage, while Chevillet held his shattered right arm with his left hand the Regimental Surgeon of the 8th Chasseurs performed amputation near the shoulder joint. To a peasant, who assisted in the operation, Chevillet gave his severed right arm, saying: "Bury this under that tree at the end of your garden, and remember that it was the arm of a French Chasseur à Cheval, who helped to defeat the Kaiserlites!" After a tedious and painful ride Chevillet arrived at a military hospital in Vienna, where, before admission, he was ordered to wash himself under a pump with his remaining hand. After a week in hospital, when the wound was swarming with maggots, the stump was dressed by the surgeon. Chevillet was so relieved by this that he presented him with 25 francs, and thereafter the wound was dressed daily. He tells us that Napoleon's benevolence was extended even to the wounded, for each man received 100 francs paid out on his bed. Forty days after admission Chevillet left hospital; and he was presented with some other wounded Chasseurs to Napoleon, at the palace of Schoenbrunn, by his Colonel.

Prince Berthier received the *placet*, which contained a statement of Chevillet's services and a recommendation for the Legion of Honour, and handed it to Napoleon. He, in turn, scrutinized it and passed it to the Viceroy of Italy, saying: "Here, Eugene, is another of your brave fellows." Then the Emperor turned to Chevillet: "My lad, you shall be rewarded for your services: you will receive a pension of 500 francs a year. This will be of more use to you than the decoration, which only carries 250 francs a year! I cannot give you both."

Next day Chevillet received his pay, which was four months in arrear, and also the usual rewards for having captured four horses during the campaign.

On reaching Paris he might have entered the Invalides, but at the age of twenty-four he could not face such a monotonous existence. Instead he applied for and obtained the appointment of *Garde Champêtre* of Saint-Ouen, and later became *Brigadier des Gardes Champêtres* for the canton of Pontoise.

With his pension of 500 francs and his pay he now had 1,200 francs a year, and life was none too bad when he had learnt to shoot and write with his left hand.

But bad days were to come for France, for Napoleon, and for the humble Chevillet.

In 1814, when the guns were thundering in Champagne, his rural duties ceased. He enlisted at Versailles in a company of *franc-tireurs*, but saw no fighting. On his way back to Pontoise alone, Chevillet had to pass through the forest of Cercottes; and there he successfully stalked a Cossack, whom he relieved of a belt containing 200 crowns. A useful piece of work for a one-armed man.

After Waterloo Chevillet suddenly realized that a different state of affairs had come about, when his pension ceased: and in the following year the Royalist Government removed him from his post of *Garde Champêtre*. For nearly five years he lived in the direst poverty: then a new law was passed by which Napoleonic veterans again received their pensions. Chevillet was thus rescued from penury, and he also obtained a small appointment as inspector of octroi in his local village.

CHEVILLET, TRUMPETER OF CHASSEURS 193

He died in 1837, leaving a widow and eight children. Chevillet had previously drawn up the epitaph which adorns his tomb-stone :

EN PLACE! REPOS!

VÉTÉRAN DE L'ANCIENNE ARMÉE.

J'AI ASSEZ VECU POUR MA PATRIE QUE J'AI BIEN SERVIE

MAIS PAS ASSEZ POUR ÉLEVER MES ENFANTS

LA PROVIDENCE FERA LE RESTE.

CHEVILLET.



CAVALRY IN THE TRENCHES

By MAJOR-GENERAL T. T. PITMAN.

No. I.

ZILLEBEKE. January and February, 1915.

LIEUTENANT BICKERSTETH, in the introduction to his excellent history of the 6th Cavalry Brigade, enlightens us on the general impression of the public on the part played by the British Cavalry in France.

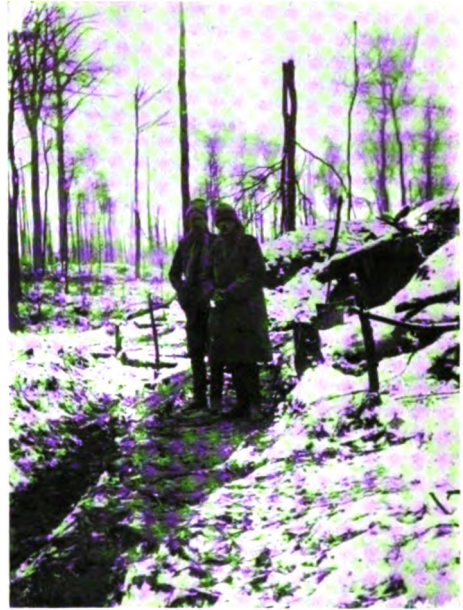
"From the earliest days of the war critics of the cavalry have been neither few nor silent. In the minds of a large section of the public there is the conviction that modern war rules out the mounted man and that cavalry warfare as practiced, for instance, at the battles of Blenheim, Dresden, or even Resonville is a thing of the past. Spurs, it is maintained, are as prehistoric as the bow and arrow. Such critics are ready enough to recognize the great achievements of our mounted forces during the retreat to the Marne, the advance to the Aisne, in Palestine, Mesopotamia or elsewhere. But they are under the impression that at any rate on the Western Front, since the day when trench warfare began, cavalry have done nothing except look after their horses in back areas."

The histories of Cavalry Divisions in France have yet to be published, and their records of activity will compare favourably with those of any other branch of the British Army.

They were concentrated as a mobile reserve for every battle and although the long expected "Gap" never materialised,



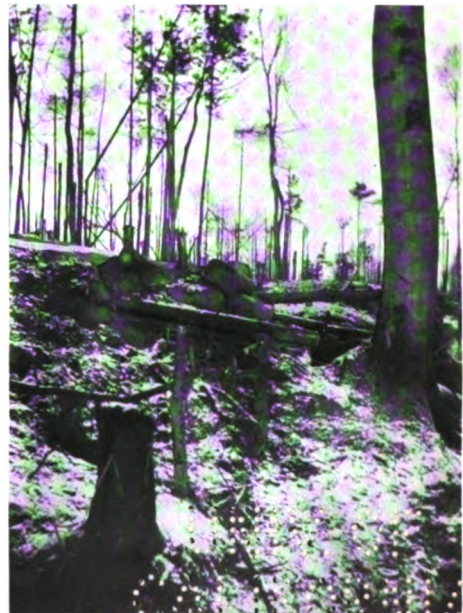
Periscope in front line



Major Lockett & Lt. Hon. L. White



Corpl. Peel, 11th Hussars (now R.S.M.)



Regtl. Hd. Qrs. 100 yds. behind front line

From photos by Col. Pitman, 11th Hussars.

TO THE
ABBOT

they were invariably thrown into the battle on their feet to stem the tide of German counter-attack, and on more than one occasion saved what might otherwise have been, a serious reverse.

It is true that they had many periods in back area billets, but during these periods intensive training was carried out, casualties were made good by a continuous flow of reinforcements and the highest standard of efficiency was maintained throughout the war.

From time to time the cavalry took their turn in the trenches, acting as infantry pure and simple, while a minimum of men remained behind in billets to look after the horses.

It is therefore proposed to publish a series of short articles giving instances to show that when the cavalry were in the trenches "all" was not always as "quiet on the Western Front" as was depicted in the newspapers of the time.

The first occasion on which the cavalry took over a regular section for any length of time was in February, 1915. The Commander-in-Chief had consented to relieve part of the French troops East of Ypres, and to assist in this the Cavalry Corps were to provide one division at a time. The Third Cavalry Division took the first turn on the 2nd February, being relieved by the Second Cavalry Division on the 13th, and they again were relieved by the First Cavalry Division from the 23rd February till the 5th March.

Each division was organized into two dismounted brigades, one of which occupied the trenches, while the other remained as a reserve in Ypres.

The sector which was taken over, lay to the east of Zillebeke, in front of what was afterwards known as Observatory Ridge. This ridge had been the scene of some of the most severe fighting during the battle of the previous November.

The central point behind the line, which formed a rendezvous for reliefs, ration parties, etc., was known as Cavan's Dug-out. It was here that Lord Cavan had commanded the 4th Guards Brigade, and other troops placed under his orders during the most critical days of the first battle of Ypres.

The 28th Division had already relieved the French further south astride the Ypres-Comines canal, and the cavalry were to take over the right sector, 1,500 yards long, of the front of the French 18th Division. A French battalion remained in support and their 75's also remained in position to cover the whole sector, which they did most admirably.

The trench line lay in what had once been thickly wooded country, now, however, much devastated by shell fire. The ground was waterlogged and it was impossible to drain the trenches, duck boards at this period of the war were difficult to obtain and gum boots were scarce. To add to this, the weather at first was wet, and towards the end of the period bitterly cold, as will be gathered from the illustrations.

The cavalry started their occupation with their usual vigour, being comparatively fresh from billets, where they had been practicing every new device, trench mortars, rifle grenades, and bombs made out of improvised jam tins. The result of their energy was that they soon stirred up a hornet's nest, and before they had been long in the trenches, things began to hum.

The special episode selected for this, the first of the series of articles, is the blowing up of a trench held partly by a unit of the Second Cavalry Division and partly by the French, whereby a portion of the front trench was lost, and its recapture by the First Cavalry Division a week later.

Some days previous to the explosion, the troops holding the left of our sector had noticed what appeared to be a sap, leading up from the German trenches to the point of junction between the French and ourselves. The possibility of mining operations were, however, discredited owing to the saturated state of the ground, but the R.E. were sent up daily to take observations. On the 20th February the 16th Lancers reported that the sapping had discontinued but that tapping could distinctly be heard. An R.E. officer proceeded to take angles, and after comparing them with those taken on the previous day was able to verify that the supposed sap had not been pushed any further.

The night of the 20th/21st was particularly quiet, but at 6 a.m. on the morning of the 21st a violent explosion occurred in the sector held by D squadron 16th Lancers, followed by two others at two seconds interval. There was no further doubt about the mine; all those in the front trench in the vicinity of the explosion were either killed outright, buried, or wounded. The Germans rushed the trench and commenced to work down right and left and succeeded in occupying about 80 yards of the trench, part of which had, previous to the explosion, been occupied by the 16th Lancers and part by the French. They were only prevented from advancing further by the stout resistance put up by A and C squadrons of the 16th Lancers and the remnants of D squadron. The machine gun of the 5th Lancers, which was behind the 16th, also did excellent work stopping the German advance.

A counter-attack was at once ordered, which was carried out by the three troops in support. They worked their way up the communicating trenches but were unable to regain the captured trench owing to very heavy fire, both from the Germans now occupying our trench and from the original German front line. The centre communicating trench was occupied by part of D and A squadrons and a second trench was dug joining up the left and centre communicating trenches, a few yards in front of the C. O.'s dug-out and just behind the crest. Two companies of French infantry who were within 50 yards of the C. O.'s dug-out, and whose role it was to act as support to the sector on our left, did not feel justified, without direct orders from the own C. O., to launch any counter-attack on our sector. About 6.45 their C. O. appeared and at once agreed to make a counter-attack, but was unfortunately killed whilst writing the orders for the same. This effectually prevented any attack being made by the French troops on the spot.

General Chetewode, who was commanding the brigade, then organized a counter-attack on a larger scale. A squadron of the 20th Hussars and a company of French infantry were sent up to carry this out and placed under the orders of the O. C. 16th Lancers (Lieut.-Col. C. J. Eccles).

At 9.20 the counter-attack was launched covered by the French artillery. The guns, however, hampered as regards both observation and the bursting of their shells, by the density and height of the trees, were unable to render any effective support. The enemy too had made good use of the time in consolidating the position.

The French infantry, who were on the right of the attack, were checked almost at once as they went over the rise, losing all their officers and 50 per cent. of their men. The squadron of the 20th Hussars made progress at first and managed to get about 20 yards further than the French. They could then get no further and were pinned to the ground. General le Febre then decided that no further counter-attacks were to be made and ordered the position to be consolidated as it stood. The total casualties during the morning amounted to 12 officers and 60 men, whilst the French must have lost over 100 in addition.

16TH LANCERS.

Capt. E. R. Nash, Lieut. D. K. Cross, Lieut. R. A. S. Beech, Lieut. N. W. K. King, 2nd Lieut. J. J. Ryan, Major A. Neave, and 6 men, killed.

Major C. L. K. Campbell, Capt. H. L. Evans, Lieut. J. E. R. Allen, 2nd Lieut. C. M. Patrick, and 22 men, wounded. 20 men missing.

20TH HUSSARS.

7 men killed.

Capt. C. G. Mangles, Lieut. R. W. Sparrow, Lieut. J. H. Goodhart, and 3 men, wounded.

Capt. J. Penrose, 3rd Signal Troop, and Capt. A. V. W. Stokes, 4th Hussars, were also wounded.

The incident provides much food for thought as regards the inadvisability of allowing the enemy to indulge in any form of activity near one's own trenches, the costliness of unsuccessful counter-attacks, the question of economising officers in trench warfare, and the difficulties of using artillery in a wood.

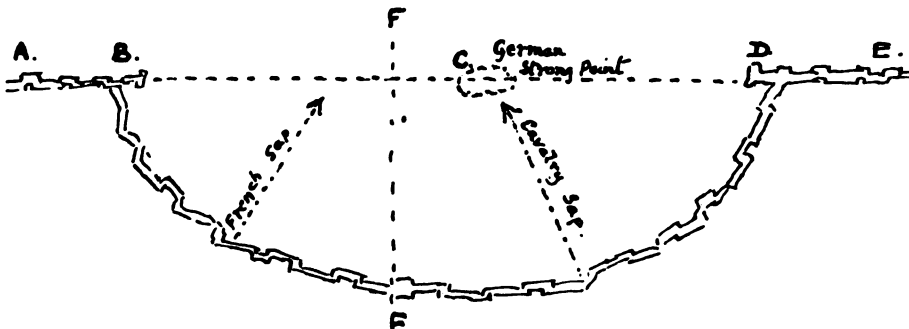
Later in the war we had learnt from experience that the only forms of counter-attacks in trench warfare which justified the

risk were: (1) Those made with troops on the spot before the enemy had had time to get settled into the captured position; (2) Those on a large scale carried out after an intense bombardment of the enemy position.

On February 22nd three saps were commenced from our new line towards the captured portion of the front trench, the idea being to pay the Germans back in their own coin by blowing craters in the centre of the captured trench, in co-operation with the French.

Sapping in this very sodden ground full of tree roots proved a very slow job, and it was not till the afternoon of March the 4th that the R.E. reported that they were ready to blow. This very evening had been selected for the relief of the cavalry by the French, but the authorities decided to delay the relief in order that the attack should be made by troops who knew the ground.

Our left sector was held by the Queen's Bays who joined up, on their left, with the French. Two mines were to be exploded in quick succession, one in front of the Bays and one in front of the French.



A-E.—Original trench line.
C.—Junction of French and Cavalry Sectors.
A, B, F.—Line held by French on evening of 4th March.
F, D, E.—Line held by Bays on evening of 4th March.
B-D.—About 80 yards.

Immediately the second mine exploded the Bays and French were to rush in from the barricades at D and B, and occupy the craters made by their respective mines. Zero hour was fixed for 7.30 p.m. The result of the operation will, perhaps, best be

gathered from the following extract from the diary of the officer in command of the troops in support :—

“ Our head quarters are a sort of stockade in the wood, 300 yards behind the front line, they are neither rain-proof nor shell-proof. Six officers share this abode, also the telephone operators. Our lines are carefully laid on to the French and the three units of the first cavalry brigade.

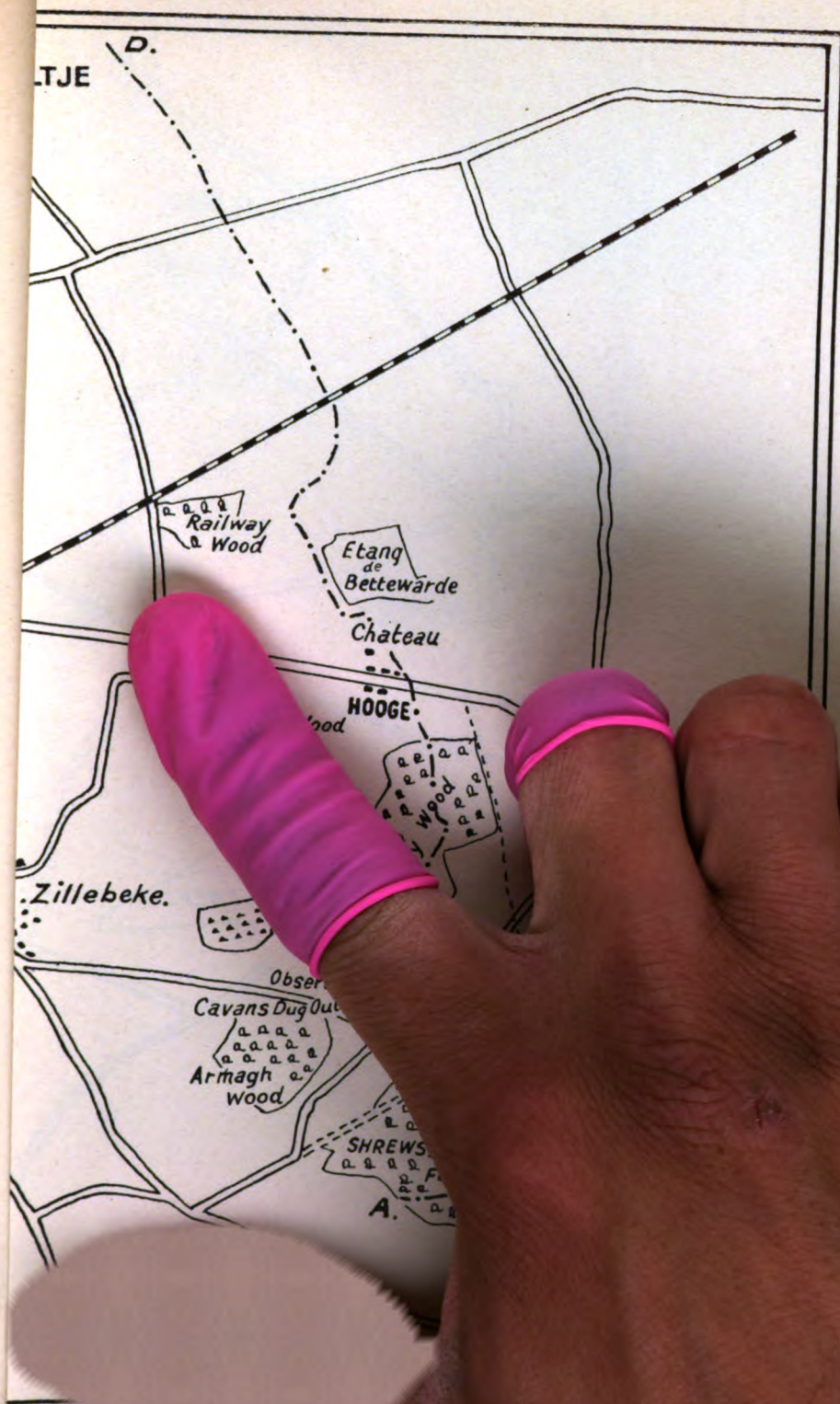
“ 7.25 p.m.—Having manned the support trenches with two troops (remainder in dug-outs) we sit with watches in hand.

“ 7.30 p.m.—An explosion, rather feeble, how disappointing. We wait on.

“ 7.35 p.m.—Terrific explosion ! Whole stockade shakes as if it were coming down. A pause of about 20 seconds followed by a most violent fusilade. Every gun in the country side, both German and French, chime in ; the trees are crashing all around us, every shell seems to burst within a few yards of our stockade. Telephone from Left Sector Head Quarters : All going well, the Bays have occupied the crater but no sign of the French. Telephone from French : Their mine has failed to explode, the first explosion heard was only a German minie-werfer.

“ 8 p.m.—The firing has died down. We have gained all our objective but the French have failed to gain theirs. A combined show by two squadrons in the dark is difficult enough, but when it comes to two nations under separate commanders !! Our telephones are still intact and we keep in touch with the situation. The Germans are trying to bomb our men out of the crater ; the French send 20 men round by the Bay's trench to try and get in that way. Bombing continues and the French are driven back. The Bays are still holding on, they have unearthed three German prisoners, alive, from the trench, who state that there were originally 25 Germans in the trench. The Bays are in an impossible position, their left flank open and an unexploded French mine within a few yards of them ; they will have to be withdrawn unless the French join up.

12. Midnight.—The Bays are bombed out of the crater and commence to retire which is probably just as well, as a few minutes later the French mine suddenly explodes with terrific

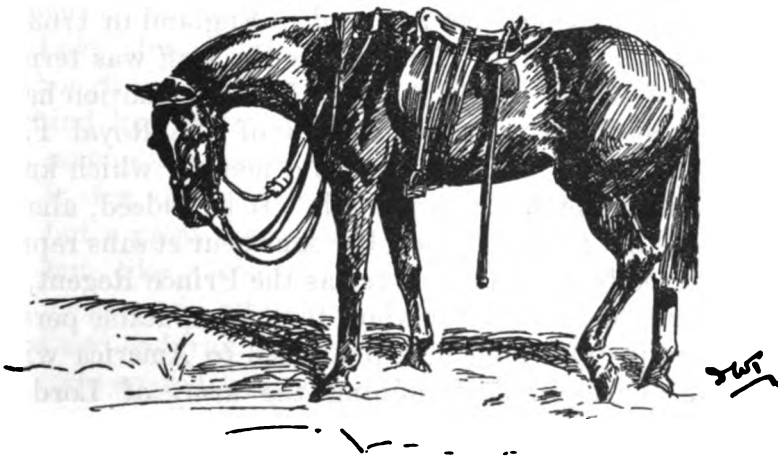


force, no warning whatever. The fusilade starts all over again, the telephone lines are all cut and we know nothing more.

"As the firing dies down the reliefs arrive at our Head Quarters. Luckily there is a lull after the storm and by 2 a.m. the whole of the front system has been taken over by the new French battalion. Our supporting troops are to remain in position for a further 24 hours. At dawn we stand to arms and man the support trenches. As soon as it gets light I make a reconnaissance forward to 'liase' with the French commander of the forward section. On the way I come across the body of a dead German, he is at least 150 yards behind the front line and must have been blown over the trees, his remains are only held together by his uniform. The French seem very short in numbers and are very pleased that we have left our machine guns in the line for another night.

"5th March.—An exceptionally quiet day, hardly a shot being fired throughout the day. At 5 p.m. we shake the slimy trench mud from our feet and wind our way back through the woods and across the shell-battered plains of the salient to Ypres where 'busses await us."

(To be continued.)



"LAKE AND VICTORY"

By COLONEL E. B. MAUNSELL, *p.s.c.*
Late 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse.

PART II.

LORD LAKE, who became Commander-in-Chief in India in 1801, had entered the army, as an ensign in the First Guards—the title Grenadier Guards only came into being after Waterloo—at the age of fourteen, in 1758. Two years later he proceeded to Germany with his regiment, which was serving under Ferdinand of Brunswick, Frederick the Great's chief commander. After the successful action of Williamstadt, the Allied Army was suddenly seized with a panic. Ensign Lake, then carrying the colours of the 2nd Battalion, a lad of seventeen years only, undismayed at the flight of his companions, remained at his post with a few men, his example contributing greatly to the saving of the situation. He returned to England in 1763, and, as a reward, entered the "family," as the staff was termed in those days, of the Prince of Wales. In this situation he came into contact with the various members of the Royal Family, earning their esteem and affection in a manner which knew no abatement until the day of his death. It is, indeed, almost an anachronism that Lake, a "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" was truly loved by such a character as the Prince Regent, being almost the only individual for whom that disreputable personage had any genuine affection. He proceeded to America with the Brigade of Guards in 1781, joining the army of Lord Cornwallis. While that unfortunate general was besieged in Yorktown, Lake greatly distinguished himself in an attack on the enemy batteries, being mentioned in General Orders.

On his return to England after the surrender, he was appointed Aide de Camp to His Majesty. In 1793 he proceeded to Flanders in command of the Brigade of Guards, and, at the head of these famous troops, took part in the bitter fight of Lincelles.

During the troubles in Ireland of the '98 he met the French force, accompanied by numerous Irish rebels, at Castlebar. Here the Carabineers, whose discipline had been ruined through many years employment in the country on lines almost the exact counterpart of the “Black and Tans,” bolted, upsetting the Irish militia, and it was only due to the staunchness of the 6th Foot that a more serious disaster did not occur. The affair, afterwards alluded to by the ribald as “The Castlebar Races,” rankled in the mind of this officer, habituated to the high discipline and staunchness of the Guards, to an extent which excited some degree of mirth in the army in general, for it would appear that the words “Like Castlebar, by Gad,” not infrequently recurred when he was put out.

The French general, none the less, had to surrender to him a few days later at Ballinamuck. The closing scene of the rebellion was Vinegar Hill, where Lake utterly routed the enemy, having, as he so often did, his horse shot under him. When Lake arrived in India, he was an officer whose experience of war, of men, and of the world was almost unequalled.

Of Lake, John Fortescue writes:—

“Though he can hardly be reckoned as a great general, Lake left behind him such fame as has been gained by few British officers among the native troops of India; and worthily he had earned it, for, on the field of battle he was not only a grand leader, but a great commander. As a disciplinarian he was strict; but, like Abercromby, he took thought for the comfort of his men, and, while making great demands upon their courage and endurance, never subjected them to fatigue for no object. He spared himself as little as he spared his men, and whether it was the cavalry or the infantry that was bearing the brunt of the action, Lake, for all his sixty years, was always to be found at their head, in the thickest of the press and the

hottest of the fire. With such qualities and with a natural affability of manner and kindness of heart, he was adored by all ranks of the army; and, under his leadership, they wrought marvels. Few, unfortunately, know anything of the battles he won; and his most famous battalion, the Seventh-Sixth, which should, at least, bear Lake's crest on its colours, has, under a new organization, become associated with the still greater name of Wellington. None the less it should always be remembered as the fighting battalion of one of England's greatest fighting generals. Although Wellesleys are rare, Gerard Lakes are also rare; and an honourable place in the Army's history must always be reserved for this indomitable Guardsman, whose magic of leadership could make men march and fight beyond their ordinary powers. Loyal to his men, loyal to his officers, loyal to his superiors, brave as his sword, a cool, strong leader in the direction of a battle, a fiery youth in the leading of a charge, he was a type of English gentleman which is of untold worth to the Army."

As Lake's campaigns were primarily concerned with the Brigades of de Boigne and Perron, it may not be out of place to give a very brief account of these two famous men. De Boigne was a Savoyard, not a Frenchman as was so often supposed. He had, however, served in the Irish Brigade in the service of France. Seeing no prospects of advancement, he entered that of Catherine the Great of Russia, and took part in an abortive attempt on the Dardanelles in command of a Greek corps. The affair was a disastrous failure. Having made friends with the Duke of Northumberland, he proceeded to India, and obtained a commission in the 6th Madras Infantry, narrowly escaping the disaster of Pollilore, and sharing the captivity in Seringapatam with Sir David Baird. Again seeing no prospects as a subaltern in the Madras infantry, he quitted, and with the assistance of Warren Hastings, became an adventurer in the service of Mahdojee Scindhia. This chief he persuaded to raise two regular battalions, paid with regularity and equipped on European lines. With these he started Scindhia's progress to being the most powerful chief in India, and these battalions

swelled to the Brigades, whereby Scindhia became master of Hindustan and Rajputana, in addition to his own dominions about the Nerbudda. In order to pay for these, de Boigne was allotted the fertile Doab, of which to all intents and purposes, he became absolute master, and bearing the title of Viceroy of Hindustan, with the blind Moghul in his care. With but little trouble, de Boigne could have become absolutely independent, for he was the friend of the English, and no one could stand before him. His health giving trouble, de Boigne quitted India in 1796, and was succeeded in the command of the Brigades and Viceroyalty by Perron, the son of a bankrupt French cloth merchant. Perron had actually sunk to hawking handkerchiefs in Nantes, and then working in the cannon foundries, the latter craft proving of enormous use in his subsequent career as an adventurer. He then went to sea, coming out to India in the frigate "Sardine," in the fleet of the great Suffren, and, doubtless, took part in those four bloody sea fights with Hughes, none of which proved decisive. He then became an adventurer, and eventually entered the service of de Boigne, seeing much hard fighting, in the process of which he lost a hand the doctoring being by native hakims. He was a fine soldier and a man of undoubted capacity, liked by Mr. Collins, the British Resident. In 1800, however, intrigues with the French Directory commenced—de Boigne had specially counselled Scindhia to never risk offending the British, and if such seemed likely, to disband the Brigades—and this eventually led to the war.

The Adventurers.

As the result of the victory outside Delhi, and the utter rout of the enemy, Lake was able to cross the Jumna, which was still in flood, quite unopposed, making use of the boats which had ferried the Brigades across. Even then, it took ten days before the very small army was over. On September 16th, 1803, Lake entered the Imperial City, through streets so densely packed that the cavalcade could only pass with difficulty—and amid the dead silence which, in the days of the Moghuls, was enforced as a sign of respect. He found the poor blind old King

in a state of abject poverty, short of the very necessities of life, for the low class French adventurers, in whose charge he had been hitherto, had embezzled the funds allotted for his maintenance. Fifty-four years later, to the day, the city again passed into our possession, but this time with its streets deserted by all but the dead.

In the meantime the whole of the French adventurers about Delhi had surrendered to Lake, and were despatched down country, Bourquien with the best part of two lakhs of rupees invested in the Company's paper—an excellent mode of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. The sundry chiefs in the neighbourhood, seeing which way the cat had jumped, now flocked in to the camp of the British general, prominent among whom was a certain lady, the Begum Sumru, who had a small state at Sardhana, some fifty miles north of Delhi. It had been in this good dame's service that so many of the adventurers had made their debut. The Begum, as might be expected from a retired leader of the demi-monde, proved later on to be a past mistress in the art of trimming her sails.

An incident, recited with much gusto with regard to Lord Lake, is said to have occurred when the lady first appeared at Headquarters. The time was "after dinner," and Lake, issuing from the genial atmosphere of his Mess, famed for years after for its open-handed hospitality, is said to have welcomed her with a resounding kiss, at which her followers took umbrage. With the tact of a true lady of fashion, albeit very passé, she saved the situation by explaining to them that it was the greeting of a padre to his daughter. The yarn is based on the evidence of the younger Skinner, who was then in her service. This Skinner, in after years, having reason to suspect the fidelity of his lady wife, or rather of one of them, proceeded to slay her and them himself.

The question of holding the conquered territory now arose. With the weak force at Lake's disposal it was obviously impossible to detach regulars in any numbers, and the resources of the Company were already strained to such an extent that the Body

Guard even had been called upon to proceed on service away from the Governor-General.

It is quite probable that Lake's mind was made up after consultation with sundry adventurers, Lucan, the Irish hero of Aligarh, in particular, "to whose advice I have been at all times much indebted." Lucan was a man who, had fate spared him, would have become famous, for he possessed not merely a stout heart, but great brains and ability.

Numbers of adventurer officers had lost their employment. Many were patriotic Englishmen—and most of the half-castes called themselves English—who had merely sold their swords as the Company's Service did not offer sufficient prospect of attaining wealth. A proportion were of the category known as "good war soldiers," which, to the cynical, has often been interpreted as meaning that as officers in peace, their presence in a regiment is impossible. In war, we must remember it is possible to tolerate the individual whose financial code, whose roystering habit, and whose social manners make his company in time of peace the subject of discord, provided he is possessed of a stout heart. Most of the adventurers, in a social sense, would have been quite impossible, particularly with the very strong caste notions existing at that period, if taken in to the Company's regular service. On the other hand, they knew the country, and were well acquainted with Perron's soldiery, who, like themselves, were now out of employment. Lake, not unnaturally, was at first highly suspicious of these adventurers, most of whom wore semi-native clothes and had acquired native habits. The half-castes, indeed, were but little removed from natives as a general whole. His despatch says "I believe those that I have engaged (Skinner being the principal one alluded to) are as much to be depended on, if not more than any others I can get." Both officers and men being available, Lake determined to recruit from the enemy prisoners, and officer them with their own officers. In other words, Perron's corps were to be taken over *en bloc*.

The first requirement was a body of horse to keep the Aligarh-Delhi road quiet, and the second, infantry to keep the

Delhi district in order. Lake interviewed the prisoners of what had been Fleury's Hindustani Horse, "regular cavalry" of Perron's service, by which is meant a body in permanent existence, paid with regularity, rather than the normal variety of scallywag raised only for a war. These, having their swords for market, at once volunteered, and, on Lake asking them if they would like any particular officer, shouted out, with once voice, "*burra Sikander sahib*," in other words, James Skinner, then back at Aligarh. Skinner arrived, and agreed to take service on the distinct understanding that he should not be called upon to fight his old master, Scindhia, and this was agreed to.

Two corps of infantry were also raised, under Birch and Woodville, with a Scotch half-caste, Carnegie as a second-in-command to Birch. Carnegie was the son of a Major-General and had been the first adventurer to refuse to fight the British. His refusal, made before the receipt of the Governor-General's proclamation, had thrown Perron into a fury, with the result that he summarily dismissed the whole of the officers in his service in any way connected with the British, including men like Skinner, who regarded themselves as free-lances pure and simple, owing allegiance to no one as being men of no race in particular.

In this connection, Skinner was unable to appreciate the tie of nationality, for, with regard to Lucan he observed, "I am sorry to say the gate of Aligarh was pointed out by him, and he received Rs. 12,000 for the job and a commission in H.M.'s 74th Regiment."

The career of these adventurers is interwoven to a most extraordinary degree. At one time they might be serving together, British, French, pure bred and half-caste, and shortly after, having changed their service, fighting each other. All described themselves as European, though the greater number would appear to have been half-castes. Where the pure white ended and the half-caste began is difficult to define. Although British and French officers might be serving the same chief, there was no inconsiderable racial antagonism, and, when fighting was over they would tend to herd with their own countrymen, regard-

less of their masters. There was but little hate in such war, it was a matter of business. The best example is the campaign of Georgegarh, between Perron and George Thomas in 1801.

The latter, an utterly illiterate tarpaulin, had carved out a principality for himself in Hariana, on the Sikh border, and had formed a rival state to that of Perron, who, though he pretended to be the servant of Scindhia, was, in strict fact, an independent prince ruling a territory larger than Wales. War breaking out between the two, Perron sent a strong force against Thomas. On Perron's side were sundry French officers, including Bourquien, with the two Skinners, two Smiths and two other British officers. Under Thomas were Birch, Hopkins, Hearsay and two English sergeants. Birch and Hearsay had been in Perron's service, but had quitted it as they disliked the ultra-French policy of Perron, and had entered that of “Jowruj Jung” or George the Conqueror, as the natives described Thomas.

One of the most bloody battles fought between adventurers then took place at Georgegarh, Hearsay, a lad of nineteen not being actually present but coming up later. Bourquien's force had two British officers killed, one being the younger Smith, who had fought under Abercrombie in the 36th Foot in Egypt, and two wounded, out of a total of seven Europeans present, while on Thomas's side Hopkins was killed. Skinner tells us “he got a cut at Thomas, who was saved by his armour,” while Birch fired at and only just missed Skinner. The advantage, at the end of the day, remained with Thomas, a man of astounding courage and physique. Unfortunately, he went on a drinking bout and failed to profit. Perron sending up strong reinforcements, commanded by Hessing, the Dutchman, allied to a number of Sikhs, then compelled Thomas to surrender to Bourquien, who had kept well out of the danger zone throughout, being run by a fine French officer. The elder Smith carried out the negotiations, having induced this low Frenchman to proffer honorable terms. After the surrender the whole of the officers of both armies assembled in Bourquien's mess, and it was here that the herding together of British, French and half-castes

according to their race was most evident, the British all endeavouring to prevent an open fight between Thomas and his conqueror. The low Bourquien, after many toasts, proposed "Success to the arms of Perron," whereat Thomas sprang up, shouting "One Irish sword is worth one hundred damned Frenchman," and a most serious fracas was barely averted.

Thomas's soldiery were offered service under Perron, but a great number refused with contempt. Skinner, who witnessed the surrender, tells us "the men appeared greatly attached to him, and several native officers rent their clothes, saying they would turn beggars, and never soldier again." So much for the magic of a common sailor before the mast. Thomas proceeded down country on his way back to Tipperary, and was interviewed by the Marquis Wellesley *en route*. The latter, greatly impressed with this extraordinary man, who could neither read nor write, suggested that his memoirs should be written by one of his staff officers, a Captain Francklyn, and Thomas agreed, dying shortly after their completion at Berhampore, on the Ganges. An observation made to the great Governor-General by Thomas is worthy of note, pointing to a large map of India, he observed, "All this should become red"—and Ranjit Singh of the Sikhs, in a drunken ebullition of confidence, said to another Governor-General, "*Sab lal hojaega*"—and it was so.

The story of James Skinner is too lengthy to give in detail. Like so many adventurers, his father was a British officer and his mother a native, though, contrary to the accepted custom, his father did little or nothing for him. His sisters all married British officers, having been, it would appear, educated at the "orphanage" at Kidderpore, whither those in search of wives and unable to afford white ladies, were in the habit of resorting when they wished to settle down to regular married life. Many officers and officials now in the service are the outcome of such marriages, and included in the number are many very fine men, for their great grandmothers were good class natives, usually of martial stock. The Company's service being debarred to half-castes, "lest they become politically powerful," the only form of livelihood open to such in the Company's dominions was that of

minor clerkships, and the unfortunate Skinner was set to copy out papers in a Calcutta office. Hating such employ he ran away and actually worked as a cooly, dragging a cart and pulling the strings of a carpenter's lathe. Just at this time he was recognized by his aunt, who sent him up country to his uncle, who was, like so many British officers, a friend of the Savoyard, de Boigne, then starting on his career to fame in the service of Scindhia. James Skinner served under this great man throughout the latter's rise to the Viceroyalty of Hindustan and mastery of Agra, Delhi and control of the Moghul, seeing an enormous amount of fighting.

On de Boigne quitting India, having attained, by the sharpness of his sword, the stoutness of his heart and the wisdom of his conduct, a position tantamount to a great and independent prince, Skinner remained on in the service of his successor, Perron, the Frenchman, under whom he again saw much fighting. At the battle of Oniara, his battalion having been hired out by Perron to a certain raja for the purpose of fighting another raja, Skinner was badly wounded and remained on the field for dead. The horror of his night on the battlefield so impressed him that he vowed, if ever he recovered, he would build a church to the god of his father, and St. Mary's church at Delhi is the outcome. Skinner's corps did valuable work throughout the whole Mahratta War, but especially during the second phase, against Holkar, but was reduced to a form of police after it. Skinner took part subsequently, with a re-raised body, in the Pindari War of 1817, and the Second Siege of Bhurtpore in 1825, his advice to Lord Combermere, to mine rather than bombard being taken to heart. He was the most modest of men, and, to the day of his death he always had an old spoon placed on his breakfast table, to remind him, he said, of his humble origin. He was affectionately alluded to as Sikander by many famous men who knew him, including Malcolm, Minto and Combermere and was a brave, lovable character who thoroughly deserved the high honour he obtained.

His funeral in St. Mary's Church attained the magnitude of a State function, the whole of the British officers turning

out, sixty-three minute guns being fired and a great multitude from the city witnessing it. "None of the Emperors were brought into Delhi in greater state than Sikander Sahib."

The possession of the person of the Moghul, puppet though he was, being a matter of vast political importance throughout the length and breadth of India, it was at first wished to shift him to a less exposed situation than Delhi, but the old man's prayers to remain in the seat of his ancestors prevailed, and Ochterlony, with one and a half regular battalions, was appointed Acting Resident. Affairs being thus settled, the army marched on Agra on September 24th, the heavy stores being floated down the Jumna.

The information showed that the enemy Fourth Brigade was approaching Hindustan, being, presumably about one hundred miles south of Agra. More regular troops were known to be at Agra, but the attitude of the adventurer commanders was not known. Lake's communications would now be shortened. He could pick up the troops detached to cope with Fleury's raid against his communications, and the enemy Fourth Brigade, instead of marching on Delhi, might be attracted to Agra, where a battle might be fought. Muttra was reached on October 2nd, and Vandeleur, with the 8th and 29th Dragoons, one regiment of native cavalry, and Clarke's infantry brigade joined the army, which was now at almost its maximum strength. At Bindraband, close to Muttra there is a shrine, from the visiting of which the pilgrim becomes capable, whether male or female, of producing offspring in such numbers as to make him or her the envy of every other human being. The whole of the Hindus of the army and officers' servants, at once availed themselves of this ineffable opportunity to obtain distinction. The British officers, unable to appreciate such fame, were highly incensed. It was at Muttra the news was received that the Peace of Amiens had come to an end.

While marching south from Delhi the Gujars had taken heavy toll on the baggage, and a number of officers lost their kits. The broken ground and numberless ravines afforded abundant shelter for thieves, particularly when the column strung out for

miles—on one march, a very rainy one, the Rear Guard did not turn up for thirty-six hours and a great number of camels split in two. When we hear of wine figuring so largely in officers' kits one is disposed to smile, but the loss, indeed, was no light matter. Fatehgarh, the nearest place where “ Europe shops,” as the establishments like Haji Dossul and the like were to be found, was some two hundred miles off, and to get stores up was not merely extremely expensive, but very uncertain. Fatehgarh was ten weeks by boat from Calcutta, and dacoities en route were very common, with the result that insurance premiums were very high. By the time stores reached the army they cost probably treble the price at Calcutta. There was no system of regular daily convoys, and such as did come, came at irregular and often distant intervals. Enterprising “saudawgers” or merchants, often British, came up with them, and, being past masters in the noble art of profiteering, made vast fortunes.

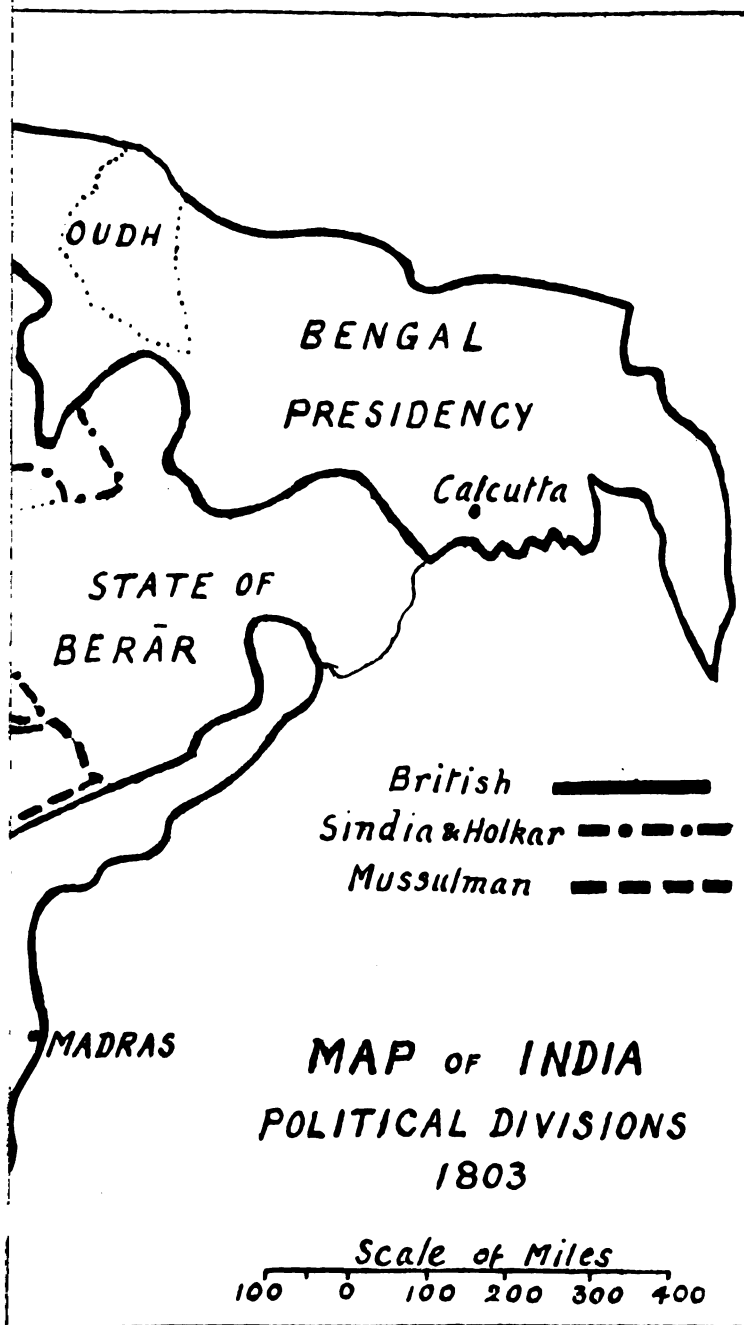
Two days before the army had arrived at Muttra, three adventurers had surrendered to Vandeleur, who was awaiting Lake. These were Dudrenec, Smith and Lapenet, and their advent was most important, for they came from the enemy Fourth Brigade, then marching north, and seemingly somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gwalior. Dudrenec was the Brigade Commander, and Smith was an individual of no little influence in it. The effect on the troops, therefore, would be serious. Had Dudrenec stayed at his post and retained the confidence of the troops it is hardly conceivable that he would have failed to profit from Lake being engaged in the siege of Agra, either by attempting to raise the siege, or by marching on Delhi, which, with only a battalion and a half of regular troops, could not have held out long against him. As it was, however, the Brigade was left leaderless for some time. Then, according to Skinner, Sarwar Khan whom we last met at Delhi, arrived with three battalions of the Second and Third Brigades, took over command, and was present at Laswari.

Dudrenec, being a Frenchman, would appear to have played the traitor both to the Scindhia and to France. On the other hand, he may have deemed himself a loyal man, being a

Royalist and describing himself as a chevalier. He had come out to India in 1773 as a midshipman, under the great Suffren. He was, in point of fact, an adventurer of adventurers and had, in his career as such, served under no fewer than seven masters. While in Holkar's service he had fought both de Boigne and Perron, and had been very severely wounded. Dudrenec had, while in the same service, fought alongside Perron against the Nizam in the comic opera battle of Kurdla, in which the Nizam's lady had so influenced her lord and master that he would fain withdraw from the contest, our friend Perron making him pay an enormous indemnity in consequence. Eventually, on quitting Holkar's service, he had entered that of Perron. Holkar had been greatly disgusted with this officer, and it was largely due to his experience of Dudrenec that he conceived an intense dislike of all Frenchmen, though this must not be interpreted into a love for the English.

Smith was a gentleman, whose brother had fought under Abercrombie in Egypt, but who had turned adventurer and had been killed at Georgegarh, in the battle against George Thomas. It was largely due to Smith's tact and influence that Bourquien was induced to give the unfortunate Thomas terms which that adventurer could accept with honour, and Smith accompanied the fallen man to Anupshahr, on the Ganges, whence Thomas proceeded down country. He was, extraordinary to relate, a literary man, contributed much to the Calcutta newspapers, and it is from him we learn so much of the adventurers in general. It is evident that Smith was regarded as a man of importance in the Mahratta service, for he was given the extraordinarily good pension of Rs. 1,200 per mensem as compensation for loss of employment. Most other adventurers received Rs. 300 only. Colonel Sutherland, at Agra, who had no small share in inducing the garrison to surrender, received Rs. 800, but he had quitted Perron's service some time before the war broke out.

(To be continued.)



B.C. LEGENDARIES.

By SIEGFRIED P.

4.—*James Comrade.*

Spartan Games.

THE brown hills were turning a rich shade of purple in the afternoon sun. A Punjabi military band was rendering the "Merry Widow" waltz. The grass was very green before the empty tea tents, where a tense crowd gazed eagerly at the game in progress. The 50th Frontier Force Cavalry were playing the Staff College in the final of the Senior Cup. It was near the end of the last chukker and the score stood at two goals all.

James Comrade took the pass hit up by his Number Three and ran down to the grand stand corner where he centred beautifully. Colonel Mason, the staff back, was in the right place as usual and cleared with a tremendous loft to the half-way line. There Pemberton of the 35th Hussars, the College star turn, took possession of the ball and went straight down the field. "Go it Pem!" "Buck up, Piffers!" The excitement grew intense. Hats and parasols were waving.

Little Lexington, the Cavalry back, was galloping hard on a Waler mare which had only passed the measurement rod after a twelve hour walk and pared hoofs. Little screwed his eyelid more securely over the inevitable eyeglass. A bump on his off-side from the College number one annoyed but did not move him. Pembridge would shoot in a second. Lexington gave his mare a cut. She had a mouth like iron, and despite his strength

he lost control of her. She bounded forward at an angle, caught Pembridge amidships and down he crashed.

"Foul! Foul!" Pandemonium was let loose. "Infernally dangerous! That's not the first time, Lexington. I order you off the field," shouted the umpire.

"I am most frightfully sorry, everyone," said Lexington penitently shaking his head. Pembridge was on the side line being attended to. He was unconscious.

"I'm dashed sorry that this has happened, Colonel Mason, Little does get a bit wild," excused Comrade.

"Wild? Dangerous brute!" was the Colonel's only comment, turning furiously away.

James Comrade was Little Lexington's friend. This roused him. The whistle blew for the restart. He crushed out his opposite number as the ball came in, and hitting it squarely was away like a flash. There was no passing this time. The back tried to get alongside of him, but Comrade's legs went into Spottyface's sides and before anyone could shout, the ball was flying between the posts and the bugler blew "Time."

"Do, please, have a drink with me, you fellows, and forgive," begged Lexington in the bar of the North West Club, an hour later. "Pem is much better. I've just been to see him. I am d—d sorry." "We'll play the match again if you like," seconded James Comrade. "All very well, you great lout. Attempted manslaughter deserves a punishment. I won't drink with you," answered a spokesman of the offended party turning his back.

"You'll have to go through the mill, Lex," said Comrade in mess that night. "Blood is the only atonement. I'll help train you. We'll offer the Staff College a fight to wash out this unpleasantness. Jefferson is supposed to be the greatest officer boxer in India. He is particularly annoyed about to-day. He's about two stone heavier than you; but you're very quick. He would have a run for his money. He's really a fine sportsman, and if he accepts we can take it as a compliment."

A challenge was sent next morning suggesting that Little Lexington was prepared to fight any officer at the Staff College

during the forthcoming Assault-at-arms, as an atonement for the previous day's foul. Jefferson was, of course, matched against him. Little Lexington at once went into serious training. James Comrade was his trainer, and backed him to win so heavily that the odds came down from 20-1 against Lexington to threes.

The whole station knew about the betting. The great hall was packed with soldiery, and even the Army belt Championships were forgotten as three weeks later Lexington climbed into the ring, covered in an old camel-hair dressing-gown. He smiled lazily, but his jaw was firm. The crowd had come to see him drubbed. He watched Jefferson heave up through the ropes in a bright yellow poshteen.

"Now remember, he's a bit muscle-bound and takes time to settle down. You must give him a few hot and strong right off. All out at the start is your only chance," whispered Comrade encouragingly.

The bell went and the two officers rose. Little Lex was six feet one inch of athletic sinew, weighing twelve stone and two ounces. Jefferson stood six feet and half inch, and weighed fourteen stone six ounces. His enormous chest and muscles bulged under a gym-vest. They shook hands and Jefferson started to spar round, but in a second Lex's laziness had departed. Like a whirlwind he attacked Jefferson, catching him a lucky blow on the nose which made him see stars. Two jabs on the body followed in quick succession. Jefferson grunted and came on again to black Little's eye. But his arms always took time to unloosen, and Little Lex flashed in. A left to the jaw rocked Jefferson. He uncovered for the fraction of a second, when with all his strength Lex swung his right in an uppercut. Jefferson swayed and crumpled up. He had taken the count within a minute and a quarter.

"You jolly well deserve it, Lex," he murmured a few minutes later in the dressing room.

"You, Piffers, will dine with us regimentally, Lexington, I hope, on Tuesday next," said Colonel Mason coming in and shaking him warmly by the hand

Armageddon.

Dawn was breaking as the General and the Sirdar Bahadur descended from their Ford car at the river's edge. "This is where the ford should be. We must try it, even if it is dangerous as the guide says. There's no time to be wasted. In you go."

The Sirdar was a strong swimmer, but the Tigris had been swelled by rain in the hills and the current ran swiftly. He had a ten minutes' tussle to cross the twenty yards in the centre where he was out of his depth, and was carried some way down stream. The desert behind him became suffused with a rosy glow and was already turning yellow as he dragged himself ashore under the frowning sandstone cliff on the far side.

"Where he can go, the horses can follow. Save your horse-flesh unnecessary fatigue, but push them to the last gasp when it is necessary. To my mind the principle has not been properly grasped that horses are meant for surprise. Mobility stands for surprise. Yes, I know, John, there have been some exceptions. It has not been all husbanding for horse-shows," the General continued to his A.D.C., "and I hope that this exception of ours will point the lesson thoroughly. They ought to be up soon."

Within a quarter of an hour the first squadrons arrived with a horse battery. The plain was quite light now.

"Horses tired out, Colonel? Well the water will cool them down. You will go straight across and form a bridge head on those heights. Hullo! That's a tent, isn't it, on that distant slope across the river"? Field glasses showed it to be a field hospital.

"They are sure to have spotted us. Merton, take up a position with your guns on this side to cover the crossing, and get an O.P. over with the 50th Cavalry."

The horses were already streaming into the water; their riders Sikhs, Dogras and Mohammedans slipping off on the upstream side as they reached deep water. A pack horse slipped, lost its footing and went swirling down stream. A man's arms splashed wildly as he, too, was carried away. He disappeared in the current.

A Hussar regiment followed the 50th across. A squadron of the latter had already disappeared over the top of the cliff, leaving their horses below.

'Prrp! Prrp! Some bullets hit the water. "Ah! They've found us," murmured the General, "Tell Merton to get busy." A salvo from the 13-pounders silenced the feeble opposition. Besides, the leading squadron had got round it. A way was found for the horses up the cliff, and within two hours the Brigade was in position on a flank of the Mosul road.

The Brigade had ridden hard the day before and through the night, right round the left of the Turkish army, to get astride of their L. of C. and only line of retreat. The Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force was attacking the Turks furiously further South, and the Brigade field wireless set soon told the Brigadier that the enemy was being driven relentlessly into his arms.

James Comrade's squadron was in the first line on the extreme right. He had posted his Hotchkiss guns and was returning to report to his C.O. A burst of firing in front took him hurriedly back. He saw an extended line of Turks advancing by rushes towards him. "Choose your men carefully," he ordered in Hindustani. "What? Hardit Singh badly wounded. Well, get him back to the Doctor Sahib as soon as you can." All right, if the second Hotchkiss won't work, let the whole team use their rifles, Jemadar Sahib. Range 350. Change your sights there!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! The thirteen pounder shells began to burst amongst the enemy. Their advance was stopped and they shortly afterwards withdrew. An hour or so of silence followed. It was broken by enemy shelling, and soon a section of Turk machine guns opened fire from hillocky ground five hundred yards away. Large numbers of enemy infantry appeared in extended order across the road. The Turkish army was trying to retreat before the M.E.F.

Hussars suddenly galloped out from reserve on the right flank in extended column of troops. They charged down upon the advancing infantry. James watched them through his

glasses. It was extraordinary how few casualties they were having. "They are into them now. Foul! Those fellows colliding reminds me of Little Lex. I wonder how he is getting on in his Turkish prison. I hope to goodness that this show will make up for Kut."

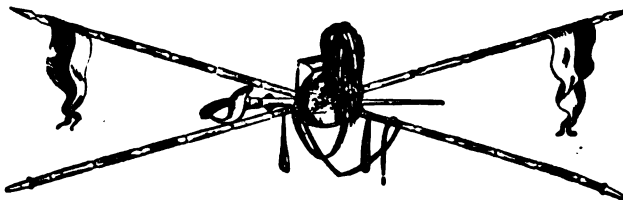
The Hussars wheeled round, and came trotting back, having routed the enemy successfully. A few riderless horses accompanied them.

Half an hour later the Turks came on again. The R.H.A. guns were firing as fast as they could. The barrels of James Comrade's squadron were hot. "Not much ammunition left!" Two Vickers guns which had been lent to him kept peppering away. Two squadrons of Hussars again galloped forward to disperse a body of Turks on the right.

The Brigade was very extended. They could not afford to have their flank turned and also "We must impress the enemy with our strength to keep them off as long as possible," the General had told his regiments. The Turks were impressed. They imagined that they had a whole cavalry division to deal with. But the effort was great and not until many hours later did the relieving cavalry brigade come up.

James Comrade was hard pressed. He was losing men fast. Some Turkish Infantry had captured one of his front posts. He collected his little reserve and they dashed forward. "Hot and strong with the bayonet, now!" "Sat Sri Akar"! yelled his Sikhs. There was a sharp fight. James gasped as the Turks fell back. He smiled and whispering "Shabash Jawanlog, Shabash," (well done, lads) he spun round and fell.

Not long afterwards the "Cease Fire" went, as the tired Turks raised the White Flag, and the relieving brigade got to horse again and swung North to Mosul.





OLD CAVALRY STATIONS—YORK

By LIEUT.-COL. B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

THE ancient Brigantes, subjects of Venusius, agreed that something ought to be done. They had put up with the ways of Cartimandua simply because she was the daughter of Volisius their late king. She had not only seduced young Velacatus the armour-bearer from the paths of virtue and induced him to eject her husband from the throne, but took money from the Romans and had betrayed Caratacus to them. Therefore the Brigantes decided on drastic measures; they raised an army, "a potent army" it was described, and that attribute of any British Army remains unimpaired to this day. This army the Brigantes raised to defend their sovereign from "wicked combinations." We have the authority of a poet who wrote about these doings at considerable length and with much righteous indignation, some sixteen centuries or so after their occurrence. He described this army raised in Yorkshire as the first

militia in the Realm. Perhaps it was, it certainly started York as a focus of military enterprise, an aspect of that city's life which does not meet with adequate recognition in these days of peace delusions.

Like all other ancient Britons the Brigantes had no taste for fighting on foot, they preferred to meet their foe in chariots or on horseback and so in a sense they became the forerunners of all the good horsemanship which Yorkshire has given to the service of our country. The light chariotry and cavalry of the Brigantes blended with the habit of the Saxon who whatever his rank, fought on foot and shoulder to shoulder with his fellows, and eventually the polish applied by Norman chivalry, produced the Readiest Cavalry and the Steadiest Infantry that this world has ever seen. This stands recorded in York Minster and in the hearts and minds of men throughout the length and breadth of Yorkshire.

No doubt there was a stronghold here where the confluence of Ouse and Foss invite it. The roads that converge on this triangular spit of land guarded on one side by a wide swamp, must have been familiar to the Iberians who were pressed out of their homes by the oncoming Goidols with their knowledge of metal. Then Yoroc, Aberach, Ebrauc, became a British settlement. Of those three versions now contracted into York the last, Ebrauc, is perhaps the most interesting. Perhaps the legendary Ebrauc king and founder of the city still retailed to his queen Bederic strange stories of a distant sunny country which his fathers were forced to leave because others came who brought more cunning into warfare. There still seems to be some strange, unaccountable relation between York, Ebor, and Evora, lying in the plains of Alemtejo, sheltered by the Serra d'Ossa and the heights of Monfurado. Evora with its graceful ruins of Roman temples, its olive groves and tapering cypress trees. Evora which entirely failed to impress the survivors of Cromwell's Ironsides who finding themselves no longer welcome at home, took service against the Spaniard as Englishmen had done before. Those troopers gained a peculiar reputation, they refused to obey any orders but those given by

an Englishman, they were unruly in quarters and most obstinate in battle, arrogant indeed, expecting as a right the foremost place. If they were not given the place they wanted they simply took it, which must have upset the temper of the staff. Moreover, these old Parliamentarians in Portugal would break into hymns and pious psalmody on the least or no provocation, and this practice was not appreciated by their music-loving fellow-warriors, though it is not enough to account for the latter's sudden disappearance from the battlefield when things became too hot.

Let us return for a moment to the mounted militia of the Brigantes. Their first encounter with the Romans must have brought them into collision with the Dalmatian Horse, the advanced Guard of the IXth Legion "Hispana." The fortune of war went against the Brigantes, who were probably not very amenable to discipline, and the IXth Legion thus wiped out the disgrace of defeat suffered at the hands of Boudicca and her Icenii in A.D. 60. By A.D. 71 the Romans had established themselves firmly in Eborac's city, had renamed it Eboracum, and here they remained until auxiliary horsemen covered the withdrawal of Rome's legions in 410. Whether the horsemen were Dalmatian all the time is not known, it is not probable either, as the IXth Legion vanished suddenly from ken about the year 119 or 120. No one quite knows what happened. It was probably some sudden catastrophe, a massacre carried out by the British tribes who at that time were seething with discontent.

Before its disappearance the IXth Legion set about building those lasting memorials to the greatness of Rome of which you may see traces to-day. They also fixed upon York a duty which it performed for many centuries, that of base in all warlike operations against the Scots. The IXth was a crack Legion raised in 75-70 B.C. It had marched with Cæsar to the conquest of Gaul and had won its battle honour "Hispana" by adding North West Spain to the Empire, its first appearance in Britain must have been in 54 A.D. All its service had been against the Gauls, and after some successes won against that tricky enemy, all the experience gained was wiped out in one

debacle, which shows amongst other things how resilient, how irrepressible, is the Celt. In the meantime the Legionaries, like good soldiers, set about making roads which converged on York from the South and led away to N.E. and W. to the outlying stations that guarded the marches; York therefore became a place of Imperial importance. Emperors came here and laid their plans for further conquest, some succumbed to the hardships of campaigning in Caledonia, as for instance Septimus Severus and Constantius Chlorus. The son of Chlorus was proclaimed Emperor, and later generations called him Constantine the Great and acclaimed him as first Christian ruler of the Roman world. Some find much significance in this story of Constantine and in the fact that on the site of the Prætorium where he was proclaimed, now rises the Minster in pure Gothic loveliness. Memorials of the legionaries of old have been recovered from the ground about these sacred precincts, within there are memorials to their spiritual successors, also Empire-builders among them; Colonel Willoughby of the 6th Dragoons and those who perished with him when the transport "Europa" was burnt at sea in 1854. There is a striking and impressive monument to Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock, a Yorkshireman, and his comrades who went down at the Battle of Coronel on All Saints' Day, 1914, and pathetic in its simplicity is the reminder that H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence died at York in 1891 while doing duty with his regiment, the Xth Hussars. There is also a memorial to the XVIIth Hussars killed in the South African campaign; York Minster seems to feel a particular parental tenderness for this regiment. Fine old county regiments, West Yorkshires, Green Howards, West Ridings and "Koylis," have hung their tattered colours within this shrine.

Although the home of cavalry for so many centuries no permanent quarters in barracks were provided until 1795, about the time when similar provision for their garrisons was being made by other cities, Canterbury and Norwich for instance. There appears to have been no objection raised to the concentration of troops in barracks as there was in Norwich.

York had become used to this form of concentration since 1720 when military quarters were established on Fulford Road on the site of the present barracks. This must have relieved the congestion in the narrow streets of a town that was growing and prospering in spite of evil times, of wars and rumours of wars. The streets of York must have offered a picturesque view to the leisured observer when troops were billeted in every quarter, but to the business man this side would make no appeal. He wanted to go about his affairs in peace and quietness, and how could you do that in streets thronged with a rude and licentious soldiery? Early Anglo-Saxon militia, brimming with mead and rough good humour, resting a while before continuing their pursuit of Ancient Britons; Danish invaders, a horrible nuisance, and their flight with all they could lay hands on, after Athelstan had beaten them at Brunanburgh. Harold the King after defeating his Norsemen kinsfolk at Stamford Bridge, passed through York on his hurried way to disaster at Hastings, and three years later William the Conqueror had to recapture York from the Atheling. The city was thoroughly destroyed on this occasion and then immediately resurrected with keep and castle, walls and turrets after the Norman pattern, but resting as before on ancient foundations laid in the days before tradition was shaped into history. York as a strongly fortified base against the Scots had again become a necessity. Indeed, it never ceased to serve that purpose from the era of legend down to the 18th Century, and the Northern Command of to-day is a lineal but happily peaceful, descendant of the military organization that has kept its eye on the north since Septimus Severus launched his expedition against the Caledonians. The effort overtaxed his powers and as result of his experience he gave his sons this dying advice: "Cherish the soldiery." Constantius Chlorus and his son Constantine also had to attend to the Caledonians, and in course of time their responsibilities devolved on Saxon kings and their earls. Siward, Earl of Northumbria, who resided at York, tried "peaceful penetration" on the Scots by marrying his daughter to Duncan their King, but Macbeth spoilt this as we all know,

and therefore the peaceloving Confessor had to gather a host and drive the usurper from the throne. Siward was entrusted with this operation and a tough one it proved too, for Macbeth had decided to die "with harness on his back." So Siward set out from York to war against the Scots, he lost a son, a nephew and all his housecarls, his bodyguard. However, he balanced the account by placing his nephew Malcolm on the throne. Malcolm having married the Atheling's sister kept up the feud with Norman William and some of his descendants, Bruce, Balliol and others, kept successive garrisons and supply depots of York in a state of tension throughout many years. This provided for the ancient city a constant progress of pageantry, of fluttering pennants and waving banners, from the standard which Lucius Duccius Rufinus carried before the IXth Legion to the colours that adorn the transepts and chapels of the Minster; Lucius the standard bearer died at York aged 28, and a monument to him stands there still.

The strife between Scots and English continued with varying fortunes. In 1319, the levies hastily raised by York city, were badly beaten at Myton-on-Swale, the Mayor of York, Nicholas le Fleming, was killed, and with him a number of ecclesiastics who took part and gave the name of "The White Battle" to this action; followers of the York and Ainsty will know the ground on which this battle was fought. Forty-five years later a King of Scots was brought prisoner to York. Two centuries later Queen Elizabeth found it necessary to prepare for any unfriendly action on the part of her northern neighbour, and a York and Ainsty regiment was raised in the city. Amongst articles of clothing issued to these levies there is a first mention of the "cassock" of grey frieze. This was a long garment buttoned all the way down to the ankles; in course of successive economies it became so pared down that by the end of the 18th Century there was little to show of it but an inordinately high collar and very abbreviated tails, the rest was hidden under lace and buff straps. Then it became absolutely necessary to supply the soldier with a great coat. The Cavalry, however, had been in better case, for a cloak had been issued to them soon

after the formation of the first regular units. As far as York is concerned this must have been during the reign of Charles I, though the units raised during that troublous period and the dictatorship that followed, were liable to be disbanded from time to time. The Trained Bands, which consisted of all arms, turned out in buff coats, scarlet breeches with silver lace, russet boots, black caps and feathers. A brave sight surely and impressive was the volley that greeted the King, the more so as guns were given a full charge of ball and powder on such joyous occasions. Those who have read the diary of Phineas Pett will remember with what difficulty he dissuaded Prince Henry, elder brother to Charles I, from getting into the line of fire when a volley was let off in his honour. That gallant young prince, who might have shaped the destinies of England so differently had he lived long enough, wanted to feel what it was like to be one of the crowd on a festive occasion.

To followers of the York and Ainsty, Marston Moor speaks most plainly of the conflict of ideas which was fought out on the broad plains about the city. According to Fortescue, the battle of Marston Moor may be termed the first great day of English cavalry. Three different schools of cavalry training met on that field. Fairfax brought with him the old school of heavy cavalry, such as had been raised against the Tudors' enemies, horsemen armed with spear and coat of armour, arquebus or other firearm. It is strange that the idea of light cavalry which Henry VIII had drawn from the mosstroopers of the border, had not met with encouragement by Queen Elizabeth. And the Swedish school which mixed horsemen and musketeers together was still less calculated to bring out the true fighting value of man and horse. Prince Rupert and Cromwell who represented the modern school approached most nearly to the cavalry ideal and of these two the latter only seems to have had complete control of his command.

There was little of importance for York as a garrison until after the Civil War, the difference of opinion between James II and his people became painfully marked. York then held a large garrison for the better control of the North, and it appears

that both Life Guards and Horse Guards formed part of it in 1686. Two years later 700 horse and dragoons came with some 5,000 other troops from Scotland to York in order to meet a disembarkation on the Yorkshire coast of troops dispatched by William of Orange. A little later, after the surrender to the Earl of Danby of that small part of York garrison which had remained loyal to James II, a large force of Danish troops, including 1,000 Cavalry, were brought in under the Duke of Würtemberg, on their way to reinforce William of Orange in Ireland. After this a period of comparative peace descended upon York city, for a spell. It was disturbed by occasional Jacobite troubles, and York raised contingents to aid the military in meeting them. Stands of arms are still preserved in the Guildhall, muskets, bayonets, belts and cartouch-boxes which were served out to "able-bodied men, well affected to his present Majesty King George I." Considering this readiness to raise troops in times of national emergency it was obvious that the city would rise to arms as one man when this country was threatened by Napoleon's plans of invasion. Among the levies of 1745 were bodies of horse, called the "Blues," on account of the cockades on their hats; it is recorded that the ribbon thereto cost 8d., a price showing that no expense was spared. These troops re-rose as Volunteer Cavalry after a meeting held at the White Horse in Copper Gate in 1803. They became known as the Yorkshire Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry and in 1869 with the XIXth Hussars and the Green Howards, the old 19th Foot, were privileged to become the Princess of Wales' Own.

All these accounts of readiness to help their country in times of stress are proof of good sportsmanship, and Yorkshire claims above all others, the title to pre-eminence in every branch of national pastime. Entering York along the way the Romans came from Tadcaster, you run up the Mount and see Knavesmire spread out neatly before you, while row upon row of little houses look out over the race-course with an interested, not to say expectant air. According to Camden who went all over XVI Century England collecting material for his

"Britannia," York was already famous for its yearly "Horse-race wherein the prize for the horse that wins is a little golden bell." One wonders whether Camden, that man of enormous industry, found time for a little "flutter" now and then. The races were run near the forest of Galtres, and on one occasion in the winter of 1607-8 on the frozen Ouse from Marygate Tower under the great arch of the old Ouse bridge to the Crane at Skeldergate Postern. The move to Knavesmire seems to have taken place in 1711 when a four-days' meeting opened with a new race called "His Majesty's 100 Guinea Gold Cup," and this was continued yearly until near the end of Queen Victoria's reign, as "Her Majesty's Plate." Dr. Syntax on his famous tour, dropped in for the race meeting quite by chance he would have you know; "I'll just take a look, T'll give a subject to my book." He was nearly duped by his escort who offered to teach him how to bet, but a friendly squire came up in time to thrash the rascal and dip him in a pond. No race meeting of those days was complete without those lesser social amenities.

Where the horse has held its own since the days of the Brigantes and is still counted among the things that matter, there you will find proper appreciation of man's friend the hound. You may justly apply to Yorkshire these lines:—

"Come I'll show you a country that none can surpass,

For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing,

We have acres of woodland and oceans of grass,

We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring."

Of all the four packs within reach of York city the Simmington claims to be the oldest, not only in the county but the Kingdom. It is said to have been called into being to while away the Duke of Buckingham's time of retirement from the Court. He assiduously hunted his Kirby-moorside and Helmsley estates. But there is an earlier record yet, of how in 1495 Squire Hastings of Kingsthorpe when ostensibly hunting the fox, slew one of the King's deer in the Royal Forest of Pickering. This happened quite by accident of course, but was not easy to explain away, and the squire got into a sea of

trouble. Then the Braham Moor is a hunt of respectable antiquity as a Lane Fox hunted his uncle Lord Bingley's pack in Queen Anne's time. W. Scarth Dixon quotes from the "Kilruddery Fox Chase" in his history of the Braham Moor Hunt, lines that will sound appropriate to those that know the country.

"A pack of such hounds and a set of such men,
T'is a shrewd chance if ever you meet them again;
Had Nimrod the mighti'st of hunters been there,
Foregad! He had shook like an aspen for fear."

Among the supporters of the Braham Moor were William and James Cooper of Gledhow, hard goers both. Charles Dickens is said to have taken them as his models for the Cheeryble Brothers, and yet another supporter well known in his time, was Mr. Thomas Dayrell, Rector of Marston, a very hard man. He rode a roarer, but a clever and good-looking horse. Archbishop Harcourt spotted this horse at a meet at Bishopsthorpe and walked up to the rector to talk about it. Thomas Dayrell told His Grace that this was a roarer. Asked by His Grace: "What is the shortest time it has taken you to stop him?" The rector replied: "Ten minutes, Your Grace." "Well I've stopped them in seven."

The Middleton, too, goes well back into the sporting life of Yorkshire, having been hunted by Sir Thomas Gascoigne in 1764, but of all these the York and Ainsty is best known to those who have soldiered in that ancient city and ridden over the broad country spread out around it. A varied country too, and rather ragged in places when you get beyond Knaresboro'. In 1833 hounds had met at Scriven and run a fox into Knaresboro', where it went to ground in a cellar; it broke cover and was eventually killed at Crimble Bridge. That must have been a year or so after Charles James Apperley, alias "Nimrod," had been making his tour of the different hunts about the country. When Naylor the huntsman was warned that "Nimrod was out," he remarked: "I have forgotten more about foxhunting than that gentleman ever knew."

Then there was a famous white fox that gave a topping run. Sir Charles Slingsby tried to save him as a curiosity, but he was eventually killed. There are probably few left who remember that tragic day in 1879 when the York and Ainsty lost its master at Newby Ferry on the Ure. A restive horse, men and their mounts struggling in the water, and among those drowned the Master himself. He had few equals and no superior was the general opinion of those who knew Sir Charles Slingsby. His end came as a terrible shock to those that hunted with the York and Ainsty, indeed to all Yorkshire, and a shadow seems yet to hang over Scriven. Yet on reflection it was perhaps the very end any horseman, sportsman, soldier, might desire for himself.



TROUT FISHING IN THE BLACK FOREST
(*RIVER ENZ*)

By "VIVE LE SPORT."

THE River Enz rises in the northern part of the Black Forest and flows in a northerly direction through Wildbad and Pforzheim and joins the Neckar, which in turn is a tributary of the Rhine. The best centre for fishing this river is at Wildbad, which lies some ten miles south-west of Pforzheim.

The Enz is a small stream in the centre of a narrow valley with the closely wooded hills of the Black Forest towering up on either side. It is as attractive a river as one can find, so far as public fishing goes. There are stretches of broken water, where the wet fly angler can fish to his heart's content, alternated by smooth running pools, where the dry fly man can practise his art. The banks for the most part are clear of trees so that one can fish in comfort. Waders are not necessary, but it stands to reason that the man with waders will have an advantage when it comes to trying for a fish rising in an awkward place.

To reach Wildbad, one can either go by train from Calais direct, which entails a night journey, or go to Paris and then on in a through train; in this case the journey from Paris takes nine hours.

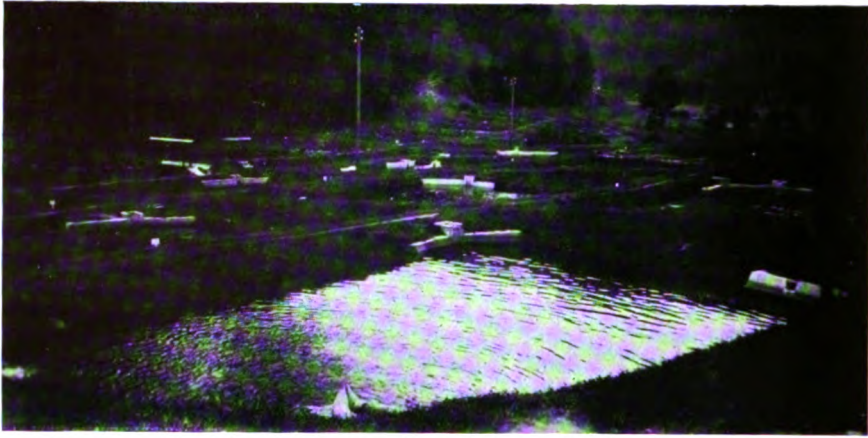
Personally we went by car, and the drive all along the battle front is both interesting and easy. One need only spend two nights en route—the first at Arras and the second at Verdun. By crossing the frontier at Strassbourg one can easily reach Wildbad the third day. If one happens to be a glutton for long distance driving there is no reason why the journey should not be done in two days.



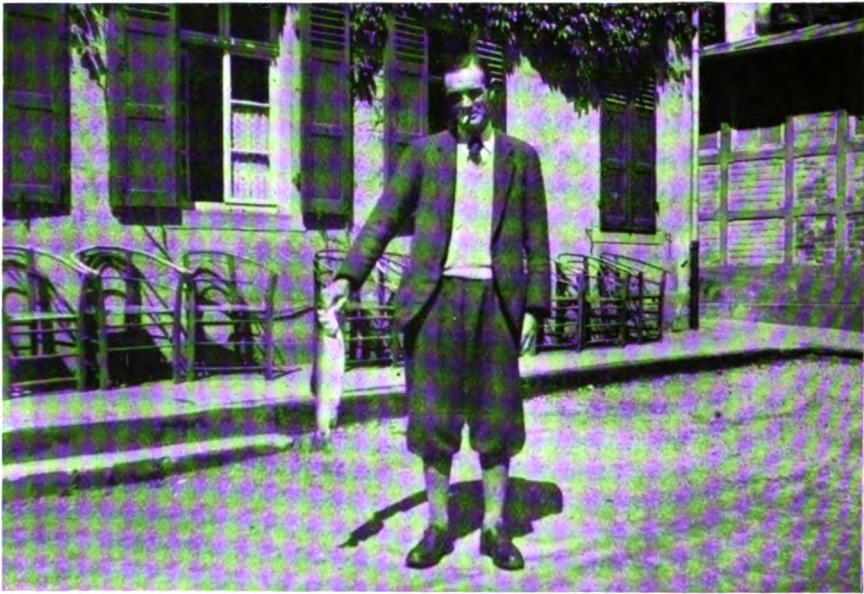
The Enz near Hofen.



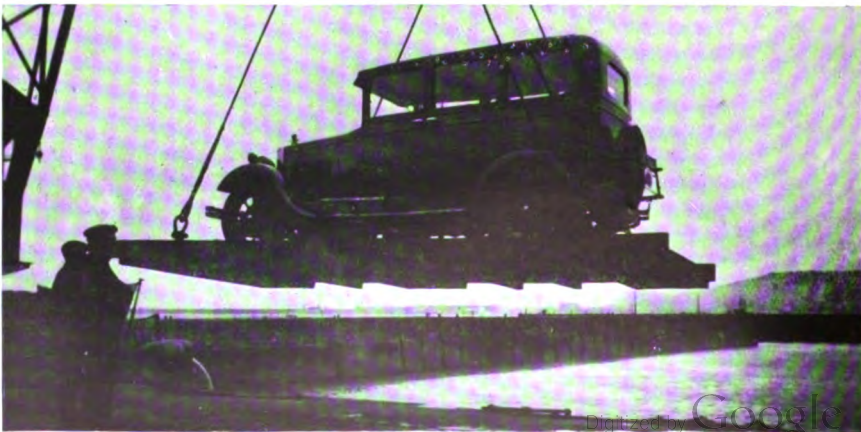
**Col. and Mrs. Wood with the 3½ lb. Trout
taken near Hofen**



The Trout Hatchery near Wildbad



Mr. F. E. B. de Uphaugh with his 3½ lb. Rainbow Trout taken near Calmbach.



If one takes a Car, travel is easy, no porters required for luggage.

From all accounts May and September are the two best months; the former being early in the season the trout are not so clever at knowing the artificial fly, whilst in September the big fish are moving up from the lower reaches to spawn.

My wife and I happened to be on the river during the latter half of July and early August and were only fishing for a few hours each day. During the three weeks we took one hundred and two trout over nine and a-half inches, of which about fifty were returned to the water. The two best fish were a rainbow of one and three-quarters of a pound and a brown trout of one-and-a-half pounds weight. During the same period two rainbows of three-and-a-half-pounds weight were taken; one by Colonel Wood and the other by Mr. de Uphauigh. The former always fishes with a wet fly whilst the latter is a dry fly purist.

The river is full of fish and rainbows and brown trout are about equally divided. The fish are fit and hard and fight like fury, especially the rainbows, who jump out of the water frequently when hooked in exactly the same manner as a sea trout.

During the period we were fishing we were very lucky in that there was heavy rain nearly every night, which kept the water in perfect fishing order. Being a small mountain stream it runs low very quickly in the absence of rain and becomes crystal clear. We found that on sunny days it was quite hopeless to fish except in the early morning and late afternoon and evening.

It is a pity that fish so fit should be bad eating; those caught above Wildbad were good, but in the rest of the water the flesh has a peculiar taste due to discharge from the saw mills. In spite of this however the local inhabitants appreciated them.

All along the river banks and close into the edge there are a number of very black coloured brown trout—they have a dull unhealthy looking eye and yet they rise freely to fly. When hooked they did not fight so well as the other trout. These dark fish seem difficult to account for, but in all probability it is due to some of the fish being put into the river too big from the

trout hatchery. These fish having had easy living in the hatchery probably find it hard work to get enough to eat when having to struggle for their own keep. On numerous occasions we watched them being chased away from the best feeding patches by other fish. If this theory is right it is quite possible that they pick up condition when they have been in the river for a year or so.

Fishing dry fly we found the March brown, olive quill, alder and blue upright to be the most successful flies, whilst when fishing with a wet fly we did best with the butcher, hare's ear, large red spinner, black gnat, blue black and teal and red. We also found that when using a dry fly only the smallest flies were any good, whilst the larger sizes seemed to be necessary when fishing wet.

Angling on any stream every day over a period of time frequently leaves memories of certain fish either in point of size or due, perhaps, to incidents connected with their capture, which are pleasing afterwards when looking back on a fishing holiday. My wife's effort with a one and a-quarter pound trout on light tackle without a landing net is one such. She struggled with the fish until she thought she had played him out; he, however, managed to get round a rock, so without waders she had to go in after him and somehow managed to land him in her hand.

We had an amusing duel with a trout of over a pound in weight, who was feeding close in under the bank in a little bay overhung by a large weed. It was nearly dark and two casts got caught up and had to be broken, as at this point the river was too deep to wade. The next day we had the good fortune to recover the two broken casts complete with flies—and later that second evening we tried for the fish again and hooked him. He put up a good fight and after a couple of minutes got off. The third night he came again and this time found his way into the net.

Fishing demands meals at odd hours, and Herr Kieser, of the Deutsches Hof Hotel, never wearied of arranging dinner whenever it was wanted.

arte über die Ausdehnung
Fischwassers in
Badverwaltung Wildbad.

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If one has a car it is easy to reach the water, but without transport one is dependent on the train or walking long distances.

A word about licences. The fishing rights are owned by the State and the river is re-stocked every year. A ticket for three weeks costs sixty marks, and in addition a small Kurtax has to be paid.

Wildbad itself is quite an attractive little place, and in the event of one not fishing all the time one has the usual facilities of entertainment offered by all Spas, and of course the music is quite excellent.

During our stay we witnessed the function of the illuminated gardens. The river flows through these gardens and the stream, its banks and the slopes on either side with all the trees were lit up by tens of thousands of Chinese lanterns and candles in coloured glasses.

Various incidents in the history of the place are portrayed, perhaps the most interesting being the one which is supposed to have led to the discovery of Wildbad as a natural watering place. A hunter is following up a wounded boar, which leads him for miles through the forest. At last the boar can go no further and the hunter comes up with him. He finds however that the animal has struggled to a natural spring bubbling out of the ground. The boar is slain; the hunter marks the spot and goes back with the news of his discovery, and so Wildbad becomes a watering place for invalids and a very good trout fishing centre for the healthy.



PHILOPÆMEN**THE LAST OF THE GREEK GENERALS**

By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER

PART I. THE GENERALSHIP OF PHILOPÆMEN*The Achæan League*

To the classical student, Philopœmen needs no introduction, yet I imagine that few soldiers even know his name, in spite of the fact that of all the generals of antiquity he was in many ways the most modern in his outlook on war; for the age in which he lived was modern in the sense that it was the culminating point of a great period, the handing over of supremacy from Greece to Rome. To understand Philopœmen and his generalship, it is necessary, I think, to have some idea of the Achæan League* (not altogether unlike the existing League of Nations), in which he played so great a part.

In 454 B.C., this league submitted to Athens, but was restored to freedom on signing a truce with Sparta.† Between 359 B.C. and 285 B.C., with the rest of Greece, it fell under the dominion of Macedonia. Then, in 284 B.C., when Macedonia was in the throes of disorder, and Pyrrhus was occupied in Italy, we find four of the Achæan towns re-uniting, thence, onwards to 255 B.C., other cities joined the league, and Margos was made sole Strategos; before his day there had been two. When the city of Sicyon joined the league, under Aratus,‡ who was a citizen of this town, a definite policy was established, which aimed at spreading the influence of the league over the whole of the Peloponnesus.

*For a full account of the Achæan League see "History of Greece," Thirlwall, Vol. VIII, and "History of Federal Government," Freeman.

†Thucydides I, iii, 115.

‡See Plutarch's "Aratus."

Corinth now joined it and so did Megara.

In 239 B.C., Antigonos Gonatas, King of Macedonia, was succeeded by Demetrius who came into conflict with the league. On his death, in 229 B.C., many of the Peloponnesian towns joined it, and this, rousing the jealousy of the Aetolians and the Spartans, led to the Cleomenic War* of 227-221 B.C. Aratus, worsted by Cleomenes, sought aid of Antigonos Doson of Macedonia, but, in 221 B.C., he was defeated at the battle of Sellasia and fled to Alexandria. The result was that Sparta fell under the dominion of the tyrants Lycurgus (220-210 B.C.), Machanidas (B.C. 210-207), and Nabis (207-192 B.C.). In 213 B.C. Aratus died.

At the battle of Sellasia, a young Achæan soldier—one Philopœmen, greatly distinguished himself; in 210 B.C. he was made Hipparch, in 209 B.C. Strategos, and in 207 B.C. he decisively defeated the tyrant Machanidas at Mantinea. Ten years later the Macedonians were defeated by Flaminius at the battle of Cynoscephalæ, and Nabis, the new tyrant of Sparta, consolidated his rule by a treaty with Rome. In 192 B.C. further warfare took place between the Achæans and Spartans, which, in the following year, led to Sparta becoming a member of the league.

In 183 B.C. Philopœmen was poisoned, with the result that the league rapidly fell under Roman rule and, after the battle of Mummius, in 146 B.C., it was finally dissolved.

The Education and Character of Philopœmen.

Polybius, who was a contemporary of Philopœmen, and who at his funeral had carried the urn containing the ashes of this great soldier, tells us that Philopœmen was descended from one of the noblest families in Arcadia, and that he was educated by Cleander, a distinguished Mantinean.† From Plutarch we further learn that: "He made Epaminondas his great example, and came not far behind him in activity, sagacity and incorruptible integrity. . . . He was strongly inclined to the life of a

*See Plutarch's "Cleomenes."

†Polybius, x, 22.

soldier even from his early childhood, and he studied and practised all that belonged to it, taking great delight in managing of horses and handling of weapons. . . . He spent much time on eloquence and philosophy, but selected his authors . . . he was most devoted to the commentaries of Evangelus on military tactics, and also took delight, at leisure hours, in the histories of Alexander. . . . Even in speculations on military subjects it was his habit to neglect maps and diagrams, and to put the theorems to practical proof on the ground itself."* In short, he was a studious and common-sense soldier rather than a genius, who took "an immoderate pleasure in military operations and in warfare, to which he devoted himself, as the special means of exercising all sorts of virtue, and utterly condemned those who were not soldiers, as drones and useless to the commonwealth."†

"The good and the expedient," writes Polybius, "are seldom compatible, and rare indeed are those who can combine and reconcile them."‡ Such ability Philopœmen possessed, and to a high patriotism, he added an integrity which is phenomenal considering the age in which he lived. Shortly after Sparta had joined the Achæan league, the nobility of that country having raised 120 silver talents from the sale of the property of Nabis, offered it to Philopœmen. He, however, refused it, advising them "not to bribe good men and their friends, of whose virtue they might be sure without charge to themselves, but to buy off and silence ill citizens, who disquieted the city with their seditious speeches in the public assemblies; for it was better to bar liberty of speech in enemies than friends."§

Military Reforms of Philopœmen.

The Achæan army, under Aratus, was far from efficient. In examining it, Polybius says: "There are three methods followed by those who wish to arrive at an intelligent knowledge of tactics. The first is by a study of history, the second by the use

*Plutarch's "Philopœmen."

†Ibid.

‡Polybius, xxi, 41.

§Plutarch's "Philopœmen."

of scientific treaties composed by specialists, the third by actual experience on the field. But of all three of these methods the Achæan commanders were equally ignorant."

Rivalry existed between the officers, not to exceed each other in skill but in "a show of splendour" kept up beyond their means, "to their arms they paid no attention whatever."

"Most people, indeed, do not so much as attempt to imitate the real achievements of those who obtain success, but, while trying to reproduce their unimportant peculiarities succeed only in displaying their own frivolity."*

Such was the condition of the Achæan army eight months before the battle of Mantinea, when Philopœmen became Strategos of the league. Already in 210 B.C., when appointed Hipparch, finding the cavalry "in a state of utter demoralization" he had rapidly brought them to a state of efficiency "by bringing them all to adopt habits of real training and genuine emulation."†

The first step he took in reforming the army was to establish a military outlook. Having gathered his officers together he said :

"Brightness in the armour contributes much to inspire dismay in the enemy; and care bestowed on having it made to fit properly is of great service in actual use. This will best be secured if you give to your arms the attention which you now bestow on your dress, and transfer to your dress the neglect which you now show to your arms. By thus acting, you will at once save your money, and be undoubtedly able to maintain the interests of your country. Therefore the man who is going to take part in manœuvres or a campaign ought, when putting on his grieves, to see that they are bright and well-fitting, much more than that his shoes and boots are; and when he takes up his shield and helmet, to take care that they are cleaner and more costly than his cloak and shirt : for when men take greater care of what is for show, than of what is for use, there can be no doubt of what will happen to them on the field. I beg you to

*Polybius, xi, 8.

†Ibid: x, 22.

consider that elaboration in dress is a woman's weakness, and a woman of no very high character either; but costliness and splendour in armour are the characteristics of brave men who are resolved on saving themselves and their country with glory."*

I have quoted this speech in full as it is a remarkable one. Philopoemen does not only appeal to the reason, virility and national pride of his listeners, but turns their weakness to his advantage by suggesting that their desire for outward display, will become much more marked if for fine clothes they substitute costly armour. He realizes that the energy he requires is there, and so he turns it into another channel, he does not destroy it, he uses it.†

He converts his listeners, not only because his words are true and wise, but because his own life is "in harmony with his words," consequently "his exhortation carries a weight which nothing can exceed."‡

The Training of the Achæan Cavalry.

His system of training the Achæan cavalry is of great interest, not only because it was a very thorough system, but because so few of the classical writers tell us anything about military training. To quote Polybius:

"In the first place each separate horse was to be practised in wheeling first to the left and then to the right, and also to face right-about; and in the next place they were to be taught to wheel in squadrons, face-about, and by a treble movement to face-about right-turn. Next they were to learn to throw out flying columns of single or double companies at full speed from both wings or from the centre; and then to pull up and fall in again into troops, or squadrons or regiments; next to deploy into line on both wings, either by filling up the intervals in the line or by a lateral movement on the rear. Simply to form an oblique line, he said, required no practice, for it was exactly the same

*Ibid, xi, 9.

†Plutarch says: "He diverted the passion, and brought them, instead of these superfluities, to love useful and more manly display. . ."

‡Polybius, xi, 10.

order as that taken up on the march. After this they were to practise charging the enemy and retreating by every kind of movement, until they were able to advance at an alarming pace; provided only that they kept together, both line and column, and preserved the proper intervals between the squadrons; for nothing is more dangerous and unserviceable than cavalry that have broken up their squadrons, and attempt to engage in this state.”*

This training we see began with the instruction of the individual trooper, then it progressed through a variety of collective parade movements and culminated in a battle drill.

Having issued these instructions, Philopœmen set out on a tour of inspection to see “whether the men obeyed the words of command” and “whether the officers . . . knew how to give them clearly and properly; for he held that the first requisite was technical knowledge on the part of the commanders of each company.” Once he was satisfied that preliminary training had been satisfactorily carried out, he mustered the whole of the cavalry and trained them collectively under his own command.

The Equipping and Training of the Achæan Infantry.

As regards the training of the infantry, the problem was more difficult as their existing equipment in no way satisfied him. Plutarch tells us that:

“First he altered what he found amiss in their arms and form of battle. Hitherto they had used light, thin bucklers, too narrow to cover the body, and javelins much shorter than pikes. By which means they were skilful in skirmishing at a distance, but in a close fight had much the disadvantage. Then in drawing their forces up for battle, they were never accustomed to form in regular divisions; and their line being unprotected either by the thick array or projecting spears or by their shields, as in the Macedonian phalanx, where the soldiers close and their shields touch, they were easily opened and broken. Philopœmen reformed all this, persuading them to change the narrow target and short javelin into a large shield and long

*Ibid: x, 23.

pike; to arm their heads, bodies, thighs, and legs; and instead of loose skirmishing, fight firmly and foot to foot. After he had brought them all to wear full armour, and by that means into the confidence of thinking themselves more invincible, he turned what before had been idle profusion and luxury into an honourable expense.”*

Like Xenophons’ Cyrus, here we find Philopœmen basing his tactics on offensive weapons and armour. He began at the “business end” of the military machine and worked upwards. Once the men were equipped offensively and protectively, he endowed them with mobility. He visited the various cities, formed the men into companies and drilled them, “and at last after eight months of this preparation and training he mustered his forces at Mantinea, prepared to fight the tyrant Machanidas.”

The Generalship of Philopœmen.

During the wars of the Diadochi (Alexander the Great’s successors), leadership began to develop into command as we conceive it to-day, that is the issue of orders from the rear replaced the display of example in front. This development was slow, yet in spite of many halts on the way it crept forward until in recent years, the introduction of the telegraph, and later on the telephone, have separated command from leadership by miles, sometimes reckoned in scores and even in hundreds.

In this early evolution of command Philopœmen played a prominent part. Polybius writes :

“He did not ride in front of the army, as generals now-a-days do, from the notion that this is the proper position for a commander. For what can be less scientific or more dangerous than for a commander to be seen by all his men and yet not to see one of them? In such manœuvres a Hipparch should not make a display of mere military dignity but of the skill and ability of an officer, appearing at one time in the front, at another on the rear, and at another in the centre.”†

*Plutarch’s “Philopœmen.”

†Polybius: x, 24.

Then Polybius tells us that this is how Philopœmen acted. He commanded his men more by orders than by example, and to do so he had as often as not to be in rear in place of in front of his army. Though he was not a genius like Alexander, of whom we can say he did things right because he was so built that he could not do things wrong, he attained to a high order of generalship through sheer hard work, and to show how he did work, I cannot do better than quote from Livy :

“Philopœmen was possessed,” he writes, “of an admirable degree of skill and experience, in conducting a march, and choosing his station; having made these points his principal study, not only in times of war, but likewise during peace. Whenever he was making a journey to any place and came to a defile where the passage was difficult, it was his practise, first, to examine the nature of the ground on every side. When journeying alone, he meditated within himself, if he had company, he asked them, ‘If an enemy should appear in that place, what course ought he to adopt, if they should attack him in front; what, if on this flank, or on that; what, if on his rear; for he might happen to meet them while his men were formed with a regular front, or when they were in the loose order of march, fit only for the road.’ He would proceed to examine, either in his own mind, or by asking questions, ‘What ground he himself would choose; what number of soldiers, or what kind of arms (which was a very material point) he ought to employ; where he should deposit the baggage, where the soldier’s necessities, where the unarmed multitude; with what number and what kind of troops he should guard them, and whether it would be better to prosecute his march as intended, or to return back by the way he came; what spot, also, he should choose for his camp, how large a space he should enclose within the lines; where he could conveniently be supplied with water, where a sufficiency of forage and wood could be had; which would be the safest road on decamping next day, and in what form the army should march.’ In such studies and inquiries he had, from his early years, so frequently exercised his thoughts, that, on anything

of the kind occurring, no expedient that could be devised was new to him."*

It is scarcely necessary for me to point out the moral of this self-training. What nature had not given him he replaced by sheer will to work, and by thinking out innumerable problems he prepared himself for war.

He also possessed a happy knack of turning conditions to his advantage. Plutarch tells us: that "while he stayed in Crete, in the service of the Gortynians, he made war not like a Peloponnesian and Arcadian, fairly in the open field, but fought with them at their own weapons, and turning their stratagems and tricks against themselves, showed them they played craft against skill, and were but children to an experienced soldier."† Here we see the common sense of this man, for though he was highly trained and educated he was no pedant; he did not make up his mind during peace time what he would do in war, rather, he learnt all he could of war, and then, in battle, applied some old lesson not by rule of thumb but according to circumstances.

Further, he understood the human element—man. When as Livy writes "he was prætor of Achæa . . . he first observed, that 'it was a wise rule, established among the Achæans, that their prætor, when he proposed a question concerning war, should not himself declare an opinion'"; and then he desired them to "fix their determination among themselves as soon as possible"; assuring them, that "their prætor would faithfully and carefully carry their decrees into execution; and would use his best endeavours, that, as far as depended on human prudence, they should not repent either of peace or war. These words had more influence in inciting them to war, than if, by openly arguing in favour of it, he had betrayed an eager desire for the management of it."‡

Like most great generals before and since his day, he economized his man-power to the utmost. In the last battle he fought, it is recorded that "to save every single man, he left

*Livy, "The History of Rome," xxxv, 28.

†Ibid.

‡Livy, "The History of Rome," xxxv, 25.

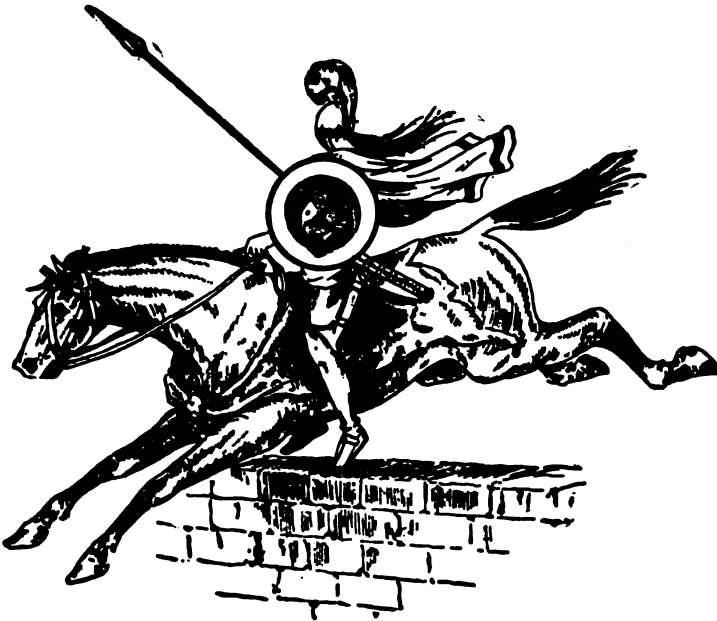
his main-body so often, that at last he found himself alone among the thickest of his enemies."* Thus this valiant old general, sick, weary and seventy years of age, was captured, because he placed the security of his men before his own personal safety. When offered a cup of poison he struggled to sit up; "and taking the cup, asked the man if he had heard anything of the horsemen, particularly Lycortas."† The fellow answering, that the most part had got off safe, he said, "that we have not been everyway unfortunate"; and without a word more, drank it off, and laid him down again. His weakness offering but little resistance to the poison, it despatched him presently."‡ Thus, in 183 B.C., died one of the world's great generals, and in this same year died Hannibal and Scipio Africanus.

*Plutarch's "Philopœmen."

†The father of Polybius, the historian, the close friend of Philopœmen.

‡Plutarch's "Philopœmen."

(To be continued.)



THE CAVALRYMAN OF ROMANCE

BRIGADIER GERARD IN REAL LIFE

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

PART IV

AFTER the fall of Ratisbon the Austrians and French raced for Vienna, the former down the northern bank and the latter down the southern bank of the Danube. Napoleon, however, was very much in the dark regarding the movements of his foe and "still knowing nothing for certain," writes Marbot, "we reached, on May 7th the pretty town of Mlk, standing on the bank of the Danube." Here the Emperor, his marshals and their staffs took up their quarters in a monastery, from which "a wide view is obtained over both banks of the Danube." Marbot and the younger members of the staffs were delighted at being so comfortably lodged and were just preparing to sit down to an excellent meal when a messenger came to him saying the marshal wanted him at once. Off he went in a huff, not willing to leave a good meal and good company at this moment. "I was shown into a vast and handsome gallery, with a balcony looking over the Danube; there I found the Emperor at dinner with several marshals and the abbot of the convent, who had the title of bishop. On seeing me," writes Marbot, "The Emperor left the table, and went towards the balcony, followed by Lannes. I heard him say in a low tone, 'The execution of this plan is almost impossible; it would be sending a brave officer for no

purpose to almost certain death.' 'He will go, sir,' said the marshal; 'I am certain he will go, at any rate we can but propose it to him.' Then, taking me by the hand, the marshal opened the window of the balcony over the Danube. The river at this moment, trebled in volume by the strong flood, was nearly a league wide; it was lashed by a fierce wind and we could hear the waves roaring. It was pitch dark and the rain fell in torrents, but we could see on the other side a long line of bivouac fires. Napoleon, Lannes and I being alone on the balcony, the marshal said, 'On the other side of the river you see the Austrian Camp. Now the Emperor is keenly desirous to know whether General Hillier's corps (of Austrians) is there or still on this bank. In order to make sure he wants a stout hearted man, bold enough to cross the Danube, and bring away some soldier of the enemy's, and I have assured him that you will go.' Then Napoleon said to me, 'Take notice that I am not giving you an order; I am only expressing a wish. I am aware that the enterprise is as dangerous as it can be, and you can decline it without any fear of displeasing me. Go, and think it over for a few minutes in the next room; come back and tell us frankly your decision.'*

"I admit that when I heard Marshal Lannes' proposal I had broken out all over in a cold sweat; but at the same moment, a feeling, which I cannot define, but in which a love of glory and of my country was mingled, perhaps, with a noble pride, and I said to myself, 'The Emperor has here an army of 150,000 devoted warriors, besides 25,000 men of his guard, all selected from the bravest. He is surrounded by aides-de-camp and orderly officers, and yet when an expedition is on foot, requiring intelligence no less than boldness, it is I that the Emperor and Marshal Lannes choose,' 'I will go, sir!' I cried without hesitation. 'I will go, and if I perish, I leave my mother in your Majesty's care.' The Emperor pulled my ear to mark his satisfaction; the Marshal shook my hand exclaiming 'I was quite

*Had a Briton been in Marbot's place it is doubtful whether he would have recorded this episode in such terms. It is when reading such glowing accounts that one is inclined to agree with Sir Charles Oman's description of our hero, viz.: "the autolatrous Marbot." The next portion of the account is in the same strain.

right to tell your Majesty that he would go. There's what you may call a brave soldier.'”*

Marbot was given a free hand in carrying out his mission and selected a corporal and five grenadiers of the old guard to accompany him. A difficulty arose, however, with the boatmen who were to ferry them across. The local syndic chose five of his best men but owing to the state of the river they were sure that to attempt to cross would mean certain death. Napoleon promised each man 6,000 francs, but this did not change their minds. “But,” says Marbot, “Some lives must be sacrificed to save those of the greater number, and the knowledge of this makes commanders sometimes pitiless. The Emperor was inflexible and the grenadiers received orders to take the poor men, whether they would or not, and we went down to the town.”

After an adventurous crossing, in which the boat was nearly capsized several times by being struck heavily by floating pine trees, Marbot and his escort reached a point near the Austrian Camp about midnight and the boat was made fast near a place where the men got water for their horses. Fifty yards away on the top of the bank, sentries could be seen pacing to and fro, so it was necessary that any prisoner taken should be prevented from raising a cry which should render the mission abortive. It was decided to rush and gag the nearest sentry and Marbot and three grenadiers were approaching their victim to carry out this plan when the ring of metal and the sound of singing in a low voice was heard. From their cover they saw an Austrian approaching and they at once decided to capture him instead of the sentry. As he stooped to get the water he was seized and gagged and taken to the boat. As this man turned out to be an officer's servant Marbot decided to try to capture one who was a combatant. They had not long to wait for two Austrian artillerymen carrying a huge cauldron on a pole between them soon approached the water. These were also captured and gagged and placed in the boat.

When they came to cast off it was found that the rope had been drawn very tight by the water and it was necessary to saw

*This mixture of “sob-stuff” and braggadacio rather spoils a fine scene which deserves a more dignified record.

it through. This process agitated the branches and undergrowth and drew the attention of the sentry to the spot. He challenged but Marbot did not reply. Soon the rope was cut; at the same time the sentry shouted, "To arms," and a volley was fired at the boat but no one was hit, and they soon gained the main stream and encountered more pine trees. Eventually the boat touched the opposite bank about two leagues below Mölk. Here Marbot borrowed a horse for himself and some wagons for his grenadiers, the boatmen and his Austrian prisoners and set out for the Emperor's headquarters, the arrival at which place he describes as follows:—

"When I reached the gate of the monastery it was broad day. I found the approach blocked by the whole population of the little town of Mölk, and heard among the crowd the cries of the wives, children and friends of the sailors whom I had carried off. In a moment I was surrounded by them, and was able to calm their anxiety by saying, in shocking bad German, 'Your friends are all alive, and you will see them in a few moments.' A great cry of joy went up from the crowd bringing out the officer in command of the guard at the gate. On seeing me he ran off in pursuance of orders to warn the aides-de-camp to let the Emperor know of my return. In an instant the whole palace was up. The good Marshal Lannes came to me and embraced me cordially, and carried me straight off to the Emperor, crying out 'Here he is, sir; I knew he would come back. He has brought three prisoners from General Hillier's division! Napoleon received me warmly and though I was wet and muddy all over, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and did not forget to give his greatest sign of satisfaction by pinching my ear. I leave you to imagine how I was questioned! The Emperor wanted to know every incident of the adventure in detail, and when I finished my story, said, 'I am very well pleased with you, "Major" Marbot.' These words were equivalent to a commission and my joy was full."

Soon after this the French moved from Mölk towards St. Polten. Here, says Marbot, Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned, and adds, "While studying these ruins, and mediating

on the fate of the royal warrior who was so long shut up there,* Napoleon fell into a deep reverie. Had he a presentiment that his enemies would shut him up, and that he would end his life as a captive?"

During the siege of Vienna a little known incident occurred to Napoleon which has an interest for cavalymen: Marbot records it as follows:—"Our shells continued to pour upon the town till midnight, when Napoleon, leaving the task of directing the fire to the artillery generals, started with Marshal Lannes to return to Schonbrunn. It was bright moonlight, and, the road being good, the Emperor set off as usual at a gallop. He was riding for the first time a handsome horse presented to him by the King of Bavaria. His equerry, M. de Canisy, among whose duties was that of trying the Emperor's horses, had doubtless neglected this precaution, but affirmed that the horse was perfect. After a few paces the horse fell; the Emperor rolled off and lay at full length without giving a sign of life. We thought he was dead, but he had only fainted. He was quickly picked up and in spite of anything that Marshal Lannes could say, insisted on riding the rest of the way. He took another mount and started again at a gallop. On reaching the great court of the palace, he made all the staff and the squadron of his guard who had witnessed the incident, draw up in a circle round him, and forbade anyone to speak of it. The secret, though entrusted to more than two hundred persons, half of whom were common troopers, was so religiously kept that the army and Europe never knew that Napoleon had nearly lost his life.† The equerry expected a severe reprimand, but Napoleon only punished him by ordering him to ride the Bavarian horse every day, and after the next day, when he had been off several times owing to the weakness of the animal's legs, the Emperor pardoned him, bidding him only examine better in future horses which he gave him to ride."

*Richard I was confined in the castle of Durenstein (Durnstein) from December, 1192, to early in 1193. Napoleon was on St. Helena from 17th Oct., 1815, until his death on 5th May, 1821.

†This incident is not mentioned by Bourrienne (at one time Napoleon's secretary) in his "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte."

Another incident with similar interest occurred at the battle of Essling and relates to one of Marbot's brother aides-de-camp. "A ball passed between La Bourdonnaye's saddle and the spine of his horse without touching either horse or rider, a really miraculous shot. But the front of the saddle-tree was so violently smashed between La Bourdonnaye's thighs, that the wood and the iron were forced into his flesh, and he suffered a long time from this extraordinary wound."

It has been recorded by military historians that one of the contributory causes of the failure of French arms on several occasions was the entire absence of co-operation and co-ordination among the leaders, arising either from jealousy, hatred of each other or some other cause. Marbot has recorded an incident which supports this view. Referring to the battle of Essling, he says :—"The last order that Marshal Lannes had given me to carry was addressed to Marshal Bessieres, and gave rise to a brisk altercation between the two marshals who hated each other cordially." According to Marbot this mutual hatred arose from the fact that when Murat and Lannes were Napoleon's favourites, and each was seeking the hand of the First Consul's sister in marriage, Bessieres, then a captain in Napoleon's guard, carried "tales" to Murat regarding Lannes, who passed them on to Napoleon, suitably "touched up." One such tale was that Lannes had exceeded the allowance for his regiment. Murat cunningly mentioned this to Napoleon, who immediately dismissed Lannes from his command. With Lannes out of the way Murat had the field to himself and soon married Caroline Bonaparte. Lannes never forgave Bessieres for his tale bearing.

During the battle of Essling Bessieres had been placed under Lannes, and when the Austrians began to make a retrograde movement, Lannes sent an A.D.C. to Bessieres with the message "Go and tell Marshal Bessieres that I *order* him to *charge home*." "Off went De Viry," says Marbot, "fulfilled his instructions and returned to Lannes, who asked, 'What did you say to Marshal Bessieres?' 'I informed him that your Excellency begged him to order a general charge of the cavalry.' Lannes shrugged his shoulders and cried, 'You are a baby; send

another officer!' This time it was Labedoyere. The marshal knew he was of firmer character than De Viry, and gave him the same message, emphasizing the expression 'I order' and 'charge home.' Labedoyere did not see Lannes intention, and did not like to repeat the words *verbatim* to Bessieres, so he employed a circumlocution. Accordingly when he came back and reported the words he had used, Lannes turned his back on him. At that moment I galloped up to the staff.* It was not my turn for duty, but the marshal called me and said, 'Marbot, Marshal Augereau assured me that you were a man I could count on. So far I have found his words justified by your conduct. I should like a further proof. Go and tell Marshal Bessieres that I order him to charge home. You understand, sir, home!' As he spoke he poked me in the ribs with his fingers. I perfectly understood that Lannes wished to mortify Bessieres, first by taking a harsh way of reminding him that the Emperor had put him in a subordinate post to himself, and further by finding fault with his management of the cavalry. I was perturbed at being obliged to transmit offensive expressions to the other marshal. It was easy to see that they might have awkward results, but my immediate chief must be obeyed. So I galloped off. 'Marshal Lannes directs me to tell your Excellency that he orders you to charge home.' Bessieres angrily exclaimed, 'Is that the way you speak to a Marshal, sir? *Orders! Charge home!* You shall be severely punished for this rudeness.' I answered, 'Marshal, the more offensive the terms I have used seem to your Excellency, the more sure you may be that in using them I have only obeyed my orders!' I saluted and returned to Lannes." This incident had an unpleasant sequel.

During the night, hearing firing at Aspern, Lannes proceeded in that direction. Not being able to go far mounted he and his staff dismounted and continued on foot. Marbot was walking with Lannes discussing the day's events, but the Marshal wishing to speak to Massena, through whose lines they

*Which seems to indicate that the incident up to this point was obtained by Marbot at second-hand.

happened to be passing, told Marbot to go forward and ascertain his position. As he approached Massena's headquarters Bessieres saw him but did not observe Lannes, who was a few yards behind. "Ah! it is you, sir," exclaimed Bessieres, "if what you said recently came from you alone, I will teach you to choose your expressions better when speaking to your superiors; if you were only obeying your marshal he shall give me satisfaction and I bid you tell him so." Then Marshal Lannes leaping forward like a lion, passed in front of me, and seizing my arm, cried, 'Marbot, I owe you an apology; for though I believed I could be certain of your attachment, I had some doubts remaining as to the manner in which you had transmitted my orders to this gentleman; but I see I was unfair to you.' Then addressing Bessieres, 'I wonder you dare to find fault with one of my aides-de-camp. He was the first to mount the walls of Ratisbon, he crossed the Danube at the risk of almost certain death, he has just been twice wounded in Spain, while there are some so-called soldiers who haven't had a scratch in their lives, and have got their promotion by playing the spy and informer to their comrades. What fault have you to find with this officer?' 'Sir,' said Bessieres, 'Your aide-de-camp came and told me that you ordered me to charge home; it appears to me that such expressions are unseemly!' 'They are quite, sir, and it was I who dictated them; did not the Emperor tell you that you were under my orders?' Bessieres replied with hesitation, 'the Emperor warned me that I must comply with your opinion.' 'Know, sir,' cried the Marshal, 'that in military matters people do not comply, they obey orders. As for charging home, I gave you the order because you did not do it, and because all the morning you were parading before the enemy without approaching him boldly.' 'But that's an insult,' said Bessieres angrily, 'you shall give me satisfaction!' 'This very moment if you like!' cried Lannes, laying his hand on his sword.

During this discussion, old Massena, interposing between the adversaries, sought to calm them, and not succeeding, he took the high tone in his turn. 'I am your senior, gentlemen; you are in my camp, and I shall not permit you to give my troops

the scandalous spectacle of seeing two marshals draw on each other and in the presence of the enemy. I summon you, therefore, in the name of the Emperor, to separate at once.' The marshals thereupon separated, and the soldiery were robbed of a little high-class entertainment.

Marbot was wounded again at Essling but was able to "carry on." Lannes was also wounded and died a few days later from the effects of it. Thus being without a master Marbot went into a hospital at Vienna for treatment and whilst there was visited by Massena who invited him to serve on his staff as an aide-de-camp. Marbot accepted and Massena received Napoleon's approval to the appointment and took to Marbot his commission as major and the official notification of his appointment.

Major Marbot, A.D.C. to Massena.

Soon after taking up his new appointment Napoleon distributed awards to Lannes' staff in which Marbot was appointed a Knight of the Empire with an annuity of 2,000 francs. As soon as he was fit for duty he joined Massena's headquarters on the island of Lobau and here saw Napoleon and Massena don sergeants' great-coats and go close to the water's edge in order to make a better reconnaissance than would have been possible in their own uniforms.

On the second day of the battle of Wagram (5th and 6th July, 1809) Marbot had a disagreeable personal experience with his chief. It occurred at the moment when Boudet's division, which had been routed by the Austrians, was falling back upon the troops in line and were likely to carry them away also in a general rout. Massena saw what was happening and in order to avert a catastrophe wished a message to be taken to the generals concerned to direct the torrent of flying Frenchmen towards the Island of Lobau where they would get shelter behind the artillery. For an officer to carry out this mission, to pick his way among thousands of routed French infantry who were being sabred by the victorious Austrian cavalry, was to court certain death. Massena was in a dilemma because the only A.D.C. at hand at the moment was his own son, Prosper, who had not carried a message all day.

As soon as Marbot returned from taking his last message Massena ordered him to go to the generals of Boudet's division, upon which Marbot appears to have shown some surprise at being sent on duty out of his turn. "Thus," says he, "although Prosper had not carried a single message all day, and it was his turn to go, I made no remark. I will even say that my self-esteem hindered me from divining the marshal's real motive in sending me on a duty both difficult and dangerous when it ought to have fallen to another, and I was proud of his confidence in me. But Massena soon destroyed my illusion by saying, 'You understand my friend, why I do not send my son, although it is his turn; I am afraid of getting him killed, you understand? You understand?' I should have held my tongue but, disgusted with such ill-disguised selfishness, I could not refrain from answering, and that in the presence of several generals: 'Marshal, I was going under the impression that I was about to fulfil a duty; I am sorry that you have corrected my mistake, for now I understand perfectly that, being obliged to send one of your aides-de-camp to almost certain death, you would rather it should be I than your own son, but I think you may have spared me this cruel plain speaking.' And without waiting for a reply I went off at full gallop towards Boudet's division which the enemy's troopers were pitilessly slaughtering."

Marbot had not been gone very long before he was surprised to find Prosper Massena by his side. "The brave lad, indignant at the way his father had sent me into danger and wished to reduce him to inactivity, had escaped unawares to follow me. 'I wish,' said he, 'at least to share the danger from which I ought to have saved you if my father's blind affection had not made him unjust to you when it was my turn to go.'" Both aides-de-camp had some adventures in carrying out Massena's order but returned unwounded. On seeing them, the marshal, who was surrounded by his staff, gave vent to his anger. "He scolded his son roundly, and ended his lecture with the words, 'Who ordered you to go and stick your head into that row, you young idiot?' Prosper's answer was really sublime, 'Who ordered me? My honour! This is my first campaign. I am

already lieutenant and member of the Legion of Honour; I have received several foreign decorations, and so far I have done nothing for them, I wish to show my comrades, the Army and France that if I am not destined to have the military talent of my illustrious father, I am at least worthy by my courage to bear the name of Massena.’” This speech silenced the old marshal.

After Wagram Austria sued for peace, which was concluded on 4th October, 1809, and Massena and his staff returned to France to prepare for a campaign in Spain with the object of “driving the English into the sea.” Marbot, unfortunately, developed a fever almost as soon as he entered Spain and was unable to take any part in the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida by the French in July, 1810. In September Massena set his army in motion against the British, moving in the direction of Coimbra. The arrangements for this advance were so badly made that Ney, Junot, Reynier and Montbrun, the four Corps Commanders, called upon Massena and vigorously protested against them. Massena, however, was able to calm them all and “unanimity seemed to be restored, but it was not for long,” for the simple reason that there was a woman in the case.

“All the army knew that Massena had brought Mme. N—— to Portugal with him,” writes Marbot and after the interview just mentioned Massena invited his four corps commanders to stay to lunch. All accepted the invitation. “So far all went well; but just before sitting down Massena sent for Mme. N——. On seeing the generals she drew back, but he said to Ney, ‘My dear marshal, kindly take madame.’ Ney turned pale and nearly burst out; but, restraining himself he led the lady by the fingertips up to the table, and placed her, by Massena’s direction, on his right. During the whole meal, Ney said not a word to her” and when the four left they had another bitter scene with their chief. “This quarrel among the chiefs could not fail to aggravate the causes making for the ill-success of the campaign.”

In his advance against the British Massena was much blamed by his own countrymen for remaining at Viseu for six days, thereby losing much valuable time. “No military writer

of any country has been able to account for Massena's inactivity," says Marbot, "but the Marshal's staff can testify that Mme. N——'s fatigue had much to do with delaying Massena." This lady had an evil influence on the fate of French arms, for by paying her so much personal attention, Massena neglected his duties as commander of the French forces in Spain, thus giving Wellington ample time to make his dispositions, a fact which largely contributed to the French defeat at Busaco (27th September, 1810).

Marbot is very bitter against his own people for their defeat on this occasion. He says that Massena was lazy and careless and spent too much time with Mme. N——; the generals too quarrelsome, the plan of attack ill-conceived (*i.e.*, the position was too difficult to attack frontally) and the corps did not attack simultaneously. He has, however, great praise for the British. They were "the best marksmen in Europe. Up to this time the English were the only troops who were perfectly practised in the use of small arms, whence their firing was more accurate than that of any other infantry." He also relates an incident which illustrates the chivalry of the British. The French General Simon was wounded and taken prisoner by the British. When Simon's valet approached the British lines to attend to his master he was fired upon because he did not make known his intentions. "As he was lamenting his inability to aid his master, the cantiniere of the 26th, belonging to the brigade, took the things from the valet's hands, loaded them on her donkey and went forward saying, 'We will see if the English will kill a woman'; the English skirmishers ceased firing. She saw the English Colonel and explained what she had brought. He received her kindly, and had her taken to General Simon." Later she "rejoined her regiment, without having received an insult of any kind, though she was young and very pretty. On the contrary, the English made a point of treating her with every respect."

Massena followed Wellington to the Lines of Torres Vedras, but which he did not attack because his corps commanders were of opinion that they were impregnable. Marbot says that they

were still feeling the effects of their awful defeat at Busaco and made mountains out of molehills. In any case in the following November the French withdrew ten leagues to just behind the Rio Major, followed by the British who faced them across the river from the southern side. Owing to the destitute state of the country the French suffered a great deal, particularly from infuriated bands of Portuguese who attacked their foraging parties. It was from these circumstances that the famous "Marshal Stockpot" appeared.

"A French sergeant, wearied of the misery in which the army was living, resolved to decamp and live in comfort. To this end he persuaded about a hundred of the worst characters in the army, and going with them to the rear, took up his quarters in a convent deserted by the monks, but still full of furniture and provisions. The scoundrel also carried off numbers; and being joined before long by the scum of the three armies, attracted by the unrestrained debauchery, he formed a band of some 300 English, French and Portuguese deserters, who lived as one happy family in one unbroken orgy. The leader received the expressive if contemptuous name of 'Marshal Stockpot.'" This state of affairs existed for some months until Massena sent a force against the convent which captured it. Stockpot was shot with several French deserters, and Massena sent the English and Portuguese to Wellington "who did prompt justice on them."*

In June Massena was superseded by Marmont and the Staff of the former was dispersed, Marbot returning to Paris. On 11th November, 1811, he was married to Mlle. Desbrieres.

Early in 1812 he was appointed Second in Command of the 23rd Mounted Chasseurs, then stationed in Swedish Pomerania, and left Paris on 15th March to join his new regiment, which he eventually found at Stralsund on the shores of the Baltic. The Colonel of the regiment was M. de la Nougarede, "who suffered much from gout and could scarcely ride. 'But,' said Napoleon, 'he is an excellent officer. However, I understand

*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story, "How the Brigadier took the field against the Marshal Millefleurs," has some close resemblances to "Stockpot's" history.

that fine regiment is in a somewhat ticklish state, so I am sending you as his coadjutor. You will be working in your own interest, for if the Colonel's health improves, I shall make him a general. Otherwise I shall put him in the gendarmerie, and in either case you will be Colonel." Marbot was in the curious position of being a kind of joint Commanding Officer, but so far from being hurt by this, the Colonel regarded it as an additional kindness on the Emperor's part, "therefore, to associate me in the Command more than my position as senior major would naturally imply, he assembled the officers, and in their presence delegated his powers provisionally to me, bidding each obey me without reference to him, since his weak health often made it impossible for him to keep sufficiently near to the regiment for him to command it in person. A general order was drawn up to this effect, and from that day I became, in everything but rank, a regimental Commander, and the regiment soon became accustomed to regard me as the actual Commander." It was in this quality that Marbot went through the ill-fated Russian Campaign.

(To be continued.)



HUNTING ON CUMBRIAN FELS

By HUGH MACHELL.

“ ‘HILL of Devils,’ did you say?”

Those words came from a panting Cavalry Major, whom I had inveigled to come fox-hunting on Blencathra, sometimes called Saddleback from its shape.

“That is the English of Blencathra,” said I. “This hill is supposed to be haunted.”

“Well,” replied he, “I should call it a devil of a hill!”

This is practically the centre of about the best country for fell-hunting, being near Keswick, so well-known to tourists and “Conventionists” in the summer. If one was asked what is the most unusual characteristic of the land, I should say that the wonderful stone walls, running up steep fells for miles, built without any mortar, always strike a stranger.

Of course, there is abundance of rock climbing, and loose crumbling stones, locally called “scree,” but during a hunt one frequently covers beautifully soft slopes of turf, intergrown with fern-moss and stagshorn, which is a comforting change after the boulders that try one’s boots and stamina simultaneously.

Foxes occasionally are driven into the lakes and killed; so also are hares and deer. One gets variety.

October is the best month, but I have had some splendid runs during the snowy times of January. Two things that are troublesome are the fog and wind. The former frequently cuts the hounds off from the followers all day, and the result of a hunt is only known, when hounds come straggling back, often alone, or a few only, miles away from the meet.



By kind permission of Miss Mary C. Fair.

Photo "Sitierpoint."

ESKDALE AND ENNERDALE FOXHOUNDS. SEASON 1930/31

Mr. WILLIAM PORTER, M.F.H., with Mr. JOHN PORTER (brother), and JOCK PORTER (son) whip of the pack. The hound with foot raised "Trueman of Eskdale," show well the "hare-foot" of the mountain type of foxhound for which the Lake District Packs are famous.



By kind permission of Miss Mary C. Fair.

ESKDALE AND ENNERDALE FOXHOUNDS. SEASON 1930/31

"The Sound of His Horn."

A Hunting Study of Mr. WILLIAM PORTER, M.F.H., at Sunrise.

Photo "Silverpoint."

Wind is very powerful on the tops above 2,000 feet. What presents no difficulty to a running fox, often forces followers to lie flat down for safety, especially near the numerous precipices that demonstrate the volcanic history of the hills.

Those, who have never been out, are puzzled to know how it is possible to keep up with the pack, and see so much of the sport. Running is necessary often, but the best method is to attach oneself to an old local veteran of the chase, or some sportsman who knows the short cuts. If alone, perhaps the wisest course is to go off just before hounds, on to some fairly high crag, where you can see hounds take up the scent and then move to the top of another fell, which gives you a better view, and so on. The man who ventures down into the bottom, when hounds are running there, will nearly always have to climb out again, though he certainly might see a great hunt for the time being. Once a fox "binks," as we say, amongst the rocks, everyone gathers round and the terriers are put in. Foxy may be thus killed in the bowels of the earth. If the "bield" is one which has one or more "bolt holes," of course everyone stands back, and foxy has a chance for his life. Foxes meet their death sometimes by falling over high crags—hounds often doing likewise. Terriers also are killed in mortal combat with Reynard underground. There is digging to be done, and where this is impossible, all one can do is to wait. In olden days, fox "tongs" were used to get carcasses out of a hole, as also a long flexible hook stick with a hook at the end. I have also used a strong long thorn branch effectively where the "earth" has not been too large or winding.

Drawing a fox by hand is practised by some sturdy cragsmen and thrilling stories are told of both man and fox having both "gitten hod," in the local vernacular. Of great honour are the wounds received in these sanguinary encounters.

The costume worn should be of good tweed, that will stand a shower or two. A light mackintosh slung over the shoulder by a strap, or tied round the waist is a necessity, unless very sure of fine weather. As it may be hours before an inn is reached, a few sandwiches, a chunk of cheese, an apple, or even

an onion (!) are most acceptable about midday. No one travels well on a full stomach, so an occasional bite at these, and a nip from a whisky flask, keep one going without diminishing one's pace. What is ever before the tiring huntsman is the cheering certainty of a warm fire and meal, at a local hostelry later on, followed by the impromptu concert usually provided on these occasions. Good hunting men can generally sing lustily from their purified lungs. Cumbrian oxygen is marvellous as a tonic, and you are sure to hear "John Peel," "The Mardale Hunt," "Joe Bowman," and many other ditties, with innumerable verses, one with quite 20 of them being before me as I write. Local allusions have to be explained to strangers, but the humour of these is readily apparent and rarely misses its mark.

Joe Bowman, George Tickell, Anthony Chapman, Tommy Dobson, W. C. Skelton, and Dr. Eaton, are only a few whose sporting musical contributions to the end of a day's hunt have left no unmistakable footprints on the sands of sporting time. Take field glasses and a stout walking-stick, not alpen-stock, and do not wear the atrocities known as "plus fours." Not only will they make you too hot, but they will get caught and torn in the undergrowth you go through, and impede you in the gorse, heather, and bracken (often a great height up here). Out otter-hunting, I have gone through some of the latter nearly six feet high in August. The best breeches are those not tight at the knee and not loose, something betwixt and between, rather after the style of those called knickerbocker breeches in Victorian days. Leather leggings are too heavy, especially when rain-sodden and too hot for dry days. Canvas ones are good, but experience tells me that strong wool stockings and anklets over stout boots are best. The latter should be well nailed, not with the edge nail of the mountaineer, which catches in heather, but groups of threes, some square, some round. If you are strong in the ankles, highland spats are most comfortable, over brogues.

Talking of plus fours, my friend Hugh Walpole, the novelist, who lives near Keswick, told me a good story of some men on some golf links. A sociable stranger wanted a partner

and saw a masculine figure, with short hair, and these "abominations" on, and they agreed to play a round. The sociable stranger took his opponent for at least a Colonel from his military manner and costume. Soon the former was in trouble, and used language quite usual on links, but not within earshot of ladies, two of whom suddenly appeared close to them unexpectedly. They also wore "atrocities," so the language needed no apology, till their sex was discovered. They were the "Colonel's" daughters!

"I had no idea you were their father," said the culprit.

"I am not," said the "Colonel." "I'm their mother!"

The fells have for their apex the pinnacle of Scafell (generally spelt wrongly Scafell), and foxes abound all round that pre-eminent pinnacle that marks the centre of the old volcanic system, from which irradiate the "becks" and "shining rivers" that "flow somewhere safe to sea." Small wonder is it that the folk in these altitudes take their manners and their aspect from the highlands they inhabit. Rugged in face and habits, rugged in laws and living, rugged too, it may be thought by some sycophantic southerner in their immemorial attitude and apathy to strangers, these sturdy dalesmen cannot help reflecting their surroundings and progenerating their Scandinavian ancestry and their Norse proclivities, which centuries ago, established their status as "statesmen" (*i.e.*, "estatesmen") in these crag-bound homesteads.

The fox we hunt is rather different to those of the Shires. There is more grey about his fur and curious black marks occur on the ears and pads. The end of the brush is white. Light coloured ones are killed occasionally, but not the old greyhound type, or ones like the specimen at the White Lion Hotel at Guildford. There is a light one at the top hotel at Buttermere.

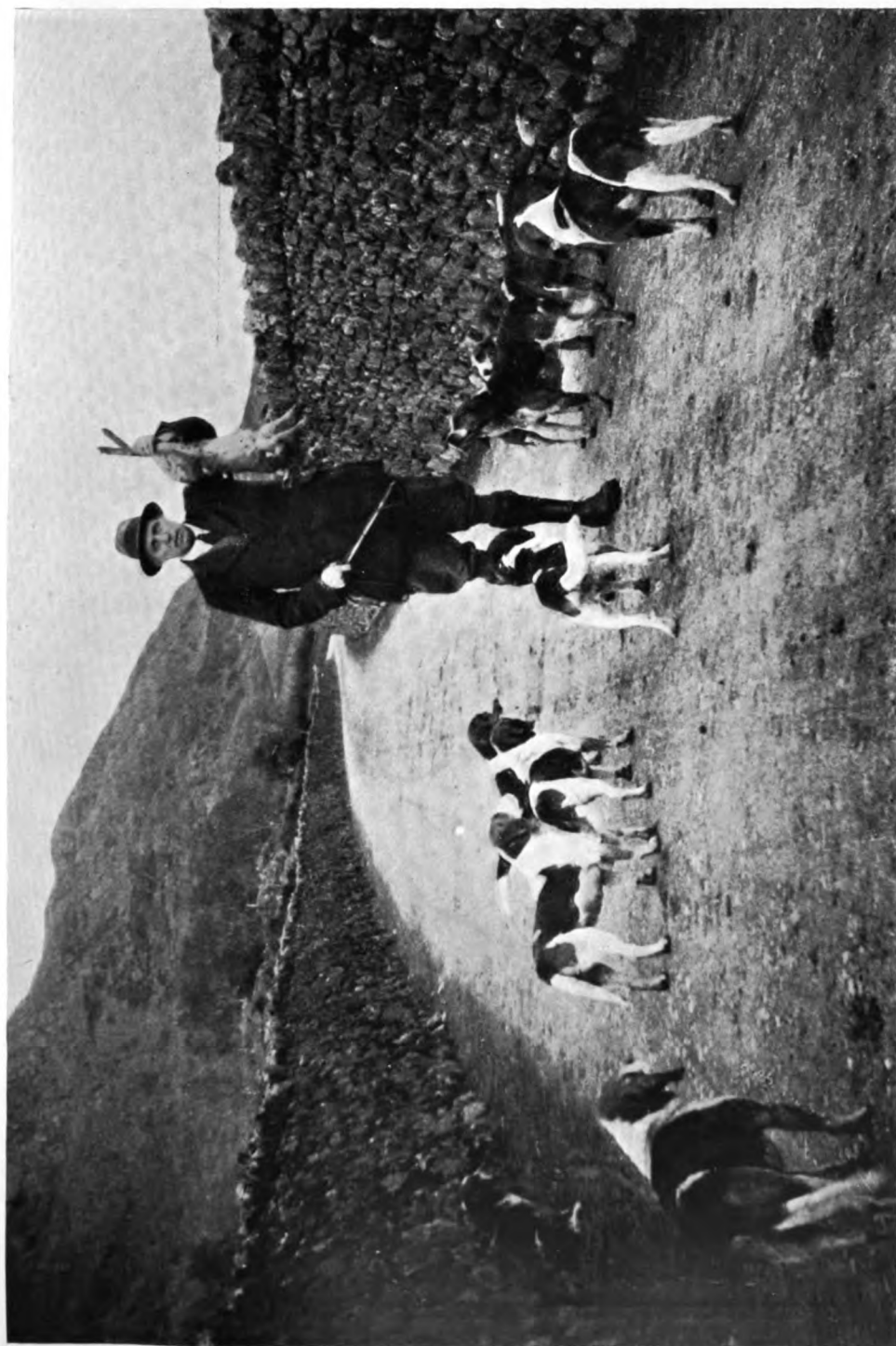
The weight is not large, about 16 lbs. 19 lbs. is not unknown, but rarely do we touch the 27 or 30 lbs. recorded elsewhere, nor get so low as 11 lbs. for a vixen. Joe Bowman killed a 23 lbs. fox once, a great event. A curious fact is that our hounds do not break up their fox. This sounds incredible, especially when perhaps no follower is present at the death. Trophies of the

chase are therefore obtainable and enviously besought, especially after a long hunt.

It is certain that terriers, after killing a vixen and cubs in an earth, and finding they could not be extricated, have lived on their victims for days, eventually being dug out none the worse for their change of diet.

Before I leave the weight question, I must narrate an amusing yarn of the late George Tickell, the most practical and enthusiastic Deputy-Master of the Blencathra F.H. (under Viscount Ullswater) that ever breathed. He and the writer used to cycle to meets in the roughest of weather, throw their bikes under the cover of a wall or "dyke," and hunt for hours in snow and frost. Most unpleasant, you will say, but George knew every stick and stone that foxy followed, and we were in at many a death together.

He had just got back from a specially good hunt and a kill, but was very cold and "broke" on arriving at the village inn, and had to devise some means of "raising the wind" for his refreshment. The house was full, and all were getting jovial and elated after the success of the day. George put the fox into a sack (not alone), and on entering the room was expected in his official capacity to "do the honours." It was awkward for him, but he waited until the drinks were brought in, and then with a cunning nearly equal to that of the fox we had killed, he brought in the sack and invited everyone to guess the weight of the fox, for wagers. No one was to touch the sack, except by holding it up at the top and register their estimates. It was not a big fox, but the guesses were abnormal, nothing under 20 lbs. and some larger. After George had totted up his probable winnings till they seemed sufficient, he produced the fox weighing about 14 lbs. on the scale! He had put two or three turnips in the sack! Meeting with remonstrance, he won the day and the good-natured laughter of the losers by saying he asked them to weigh the fox, not the whole sack. Many were the songs that finished that day. Poor old George! May the earth of the Cumberland mountains, over which he trod so long



By kind permission of Miss Mary C. Fair.

Photo "Silverpoint."

A Sporting Pack: The West Cumberland Beagles.
"The End of the Run."

Mr. HARRY BOYS (Master) comes up in the nick of time after a run which lasted 2½ hours, up and down crags, and through the river Esk, West Lakeland.



By kind permission of Miss Mary C. Fair.

Photo "Silverpoint."

TOMMY DOBSON'S JUBILEE HUNT, 1907. A MEMORY.

"The Death Holloa."

A gallant Fox meets his end in the crags.

Mr. WM. PORTER, M.F.H., Eskdale and Ennerdale Foxhounds, who was huntsman with the famous Tommy Dobson, first master of the pack which he hunted for 53 years.

and lustily and under which he now lies buried, lie lightly on his bones! Truly he deserves the Sportsman's Nirvana.

Hounds often kill more than one fox in a day. As I write, a picture of three full-grown ones, hanging up outside an Ullswater hotel, bears evidence of this. Some of the followers had seen all three killed, and nearly all had seen one. What a day!

The fell-hound is specially bred and is mostly white in colour, as being easier to see in the distance. Of course, lemon, black, and tan, occur a lot. Perhaps the most distinctive feature is the "hare" foot, which all good hounds must have. The "cat" foot of the Shires is no use up here. About 23 inches in height, it has been found that the fell-hound owes its pace and activity to its small size, and its hare feet, as opposed to the powerful-looking cat-footed aristocrat from Leicestershire. The dew-claw is most useful also in steep and hilly places.

Big raking hounds often come up from the South as presents, but rarely please their Northern Masters, and disappear from view. Sheep-worrying occurs, and only death can cure it. However, a good deal of it is due to hounds not having enough work, and if they are in really good condition and training good hounds will not take to mutton. A yearly exhibition is now held centrally and wonderful interest is taken in it. The growing tendencies of the judges to give their awards according to tested and certified superiority *in work*, which does not always go hand in hand with the special breeding points insisted upon in the Midlands, are giving universal satisfaction to every practical hunting man. Puddings are not judged without eating, nor cigars by the label on the box.

Talking of appearances, I once knew a little black and tan terrier which had quite two inches bitten clean out of its cheek (by an otter). It hunted for years after the occurrence and was about the gamest one of the pack till its death.

Turning to the illustrations, for which I have to thank the never-failing courtesy and practical interest in fell-hunting (and every other honourable thing) of Miss Mary C. Fair, of Eskdale, near Holmrook, "The Sound of his Horn" shows the

Master of the Eskdale and Ennerdale Pack at early dawn. Note the type of terrier used.

Mr. William Porter is again seen with hounds, of which a clear picture shows their points, in a setting of rough country.

In the portrait of Tommy Dobson, who preceded Porter in this mastership, we perhaps visualize a little short peculiar featured old man, whom no one would suspect of being able to walk or hunt anything. Never let it be said! There was never a more crafty huntsman, nor indefatigable follower than Tommy. Originally a bobbin-turner from Lancashire, he came to Cumberland to work, and was not long in starting the pack of which the nucleus was existing, but needed Tommy's introspective brain to convert it into an organization soon to become famous for its utility and the general betterment of the farmer who lost his lambs, and the shooter who lost his game.

The stories of Tommy are legion. He had a rough and ready wit all his own, and usually said everything twice, as if to emphasize what might not be lucid to a lazy listener. His reputation reverberated many miles further than the confines of the mountain ranges that he traversed and, as his epitaph testifies, in the little churchyard at Boot, Eskdale, he died in 1910, aged 83, having held his mastership 53 years. On this tombstone are to be seen carved in the stone a fox mask, a hound's head, a brush, horn, and whip, all symbolical of his honourable calling and the respect these emblems ever evoke. No swagger uniform was his; his sartorial outfit was his least consideration, but a stout heart and wonderful physique for his size made him the man he was, and aroused envy from his inferiors and emulation from his equals, of which, however, he had none in his later years.

One word more about Tommy and I have done. Where is his hunting-horn, did somebody ask? I will tell you. It is in the possession of Mr. Joe Porter, at The Freemasons' Arms Hotel, Boot. It is no horn at all, but simply a small metal dog-whistle!

In "The Death Holloa," we have the typical end of a fell hunt. Porter is informing the field, many of whom perhaps tired and miles distant, that Reynard has been killed, and one

less "thief of the world" exists to slay the sleeping ewe-lamb and to steal the sinless cockerel.

Note the proof that hounds are not anxious to break up their fox; note also the relentless rocks to which these vigorous vulpicides have tracked their artful quarry and despatched him.

Space does not permit me to dilate on Otter-Hunting as yet, but mention must be made of the celebrated pack of Beagles known as the West Cumberland, so ably and energetically mastered by my friend Mr. Harry Hanson Boys, of Seascale, where their kennels are. In former times these were known as The Cockermouth Beagles, and many a joyful mile has the writer travelled after them recently, as well as under the late Mr. Harry Peacock of that town. He is with us, alas, no more, but was universally regarded as the *doyen* of Beagle Masters, and his mastership is celebrated wherever hare hunting is known. The Beagle is a merry little fellow, with a wondrous cheery note, that positively makes you listen to him, whatever you may be doing. Musical in the extreme, its tones re-echo through the rocky fastnesses with an irresistible appeal for you to come and follow him and see what splendid sport he will show you. Do it, and you will be amply rewarded. You will find it less strenuous than with the foxhounds. If you know the country you will probably see two hares killed by Mr. Boys, and certainly one good hunt in a day. Sometimes our hares, instead of taking the traditional circuitous route, go off at a tremendous pace as straight as an arrow over some distant fell-top, more like a fox, really. Hounds keep on, however, and follow splendidly, but it is the lucky ones only that will see the kill in cases of this sort. Very often it will be only someone who happens to be on the spot and has had nothing whatever to do with the hunt. Even a member of The Anti-Blood Sports League might desecrate the scene with his or her obnoxious presence, and witness a glorious finale, denied to the five pound subscriber! Such is the irony of fate.

This pack used to finish up their season at Buttermere every year with a two days' meeting. The local hotels were glad to accommodate the hunting men and women, and genial were the

gatherings and sociability that eventuated annually on these days. A large photo was taken, at which all the hunting personalities and followers were registered for life as comrades in a little circle where all were equal and all equally enthusiastic about the sport they loved so well. Nowadays we have to deplore the desuetude of this old custom. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, but one still may see in certain places in West Cumberland, these groups, the underlying spirit of which (I take it to be the fraternity of sport, as opposed to the controversial matters of religion and politics) places men and women on an eminence from which they will progenerate what is in effect Imperial propaganda towards cohesion and fair play in any sphere of their personal influence.

Our portrait of Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B., shows him to us in his most popular representation as a typical English squire. No plush peaked cap or buckskin is wanted to remind his followers with the Blencathra of his able leadership in the field and his courtesy and humour at their meetings. He used to tell us how he regretted that his duties over his "pack at Westminster" (during his Speakership) prevented his being amongst his Cumbrian comrades as often as he wished. When at an annual meeting once, some complaints were anticipated, his deputy was Tickell, whom I have mentioned before. His Lordship (if I recollect rightly) said they should not listen to "tittle-tattle outside, but come and "tackle Tickell" inside! We were put in such good humour that I don't believe any complaints were made. The foundation of this Pack is attributed to one Joshua Fearon, and John Crozier held the record Mastership from 1839 to 1903. His father Martin was Master in 1825.

Whether in London or Norfolk or Cumberland, Lord Ullswater stands super-eminent as a sportsman and gentleman. His absences were once excused by his witty adaptation: "Man proposes, but gout disposes!" We trust this does not worry him now so much.

Of Sir Wilfrid Lawson we must speak with wonderful admiration of his Mastership of the West Cumberland F.H. His quiet humour (quite different to Lord Ullswater's), and his



By kind permission of Miss Mary C. Fair.

Photo "Silverpoint."

ESKDALE AND ENNERDALE FOXHOUNDS

TOMMY DOBSON, M.F.H., AND HIS PET FOX

A study of Tommy Dobson, the John Peel of the Dales, who founded the pack of which he was Master for 53 years, until his death in 1910 at the age of 83, while hunting in Eskdale.



THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, P.C., G.C.B.
late Speaker House of Commons,
Master of the Blencathra Foxhounds, 1903-1919



COL. RIDEHALGH J.P.,
Master Windermere Harriers



ANTHONY CHAPMAN,
Huntsman Windermere Harriers

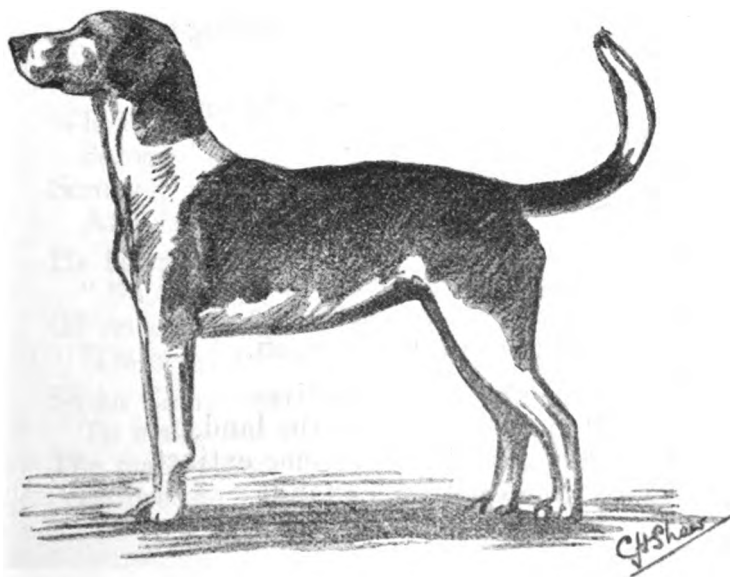


SIR WILFRID LAWSON,
M.F.H., Cumberland Foxhounds, 1909

dashing prowess in the field endear him to followers and friends alike. We were sorry when he had a serious smash some time ago, but at the John Peel Centenary Banquet in 1929, he made the speech of the evening, with only ginger beer as a help, which, as he observed, is "all right taken in the proper spirit." I rather think there were few that night who did not quaff the "proper spirit" as well!

Colonel Ridehalgh had a huge tract of fell country to hunt round Windermere, and was universally beloved in the Lakes. Anthony Chapman, his huntsman, set up a record by producing two brawny sons, one of whom followed him in his office, and the other hunted the Coniston Foxhounds for many years.

In conclusion, perhaps I may be forgiven for saying how pleasurable it must be to hunting men all the world over to know that their interests are now being protected practically, and augmented by the recently formed British Field Sports Society, to which the writer belongs. To give only one example of the ignorance of our opponents, we recall the long speech of a bitter antagonist of hunting. When tackled at close quarters, he was found to be wearing the fur of a trapped rabbit, that had probably suffered untold agonies, as compared to those upon which he had endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of an all too patient audience.



THE EARTH STOPPER

EXTRACTS FROM HIS DOGGEREL.

PART II.

SCROGGS, M.P.

Albert Edward Scroggs, M.P.

Introduced a Bill
Inside the House of Commons
Fox-hunting for to kill.

For said he 'tis very cruel
To hunt this pretty creature;
Besides, I told constituents
T'was my great social feature.

That evening Scroggs retired to bed
Well fed and quite self satisfied;
He dreamed his dream was realized,
His Bill had now been ratified.

He thought no doubt this clever move's
Enhanced my reputation
When through the night a warning came
Of a Foxes' deputation!

In marched the Foxes brace by brace
All in good condition,
An old grey dog of serious mask
Presented their petition.

Poison, traps and lingering deaths
They gave as their main reason,
For, said they, t'were better to
Extend the Hunting Season.

Next came the representatives
Of Hounds throughout the land,
Why they should now become extinct
They could not understand.

But Albert Edward looked aghast
And turned an ashen grey
When the Farmers said to him "Look here!
You'll buy our Oats and Hay."

"Furthermore we say to you
You'll compensate of course,
As no encouragement there'll be
To breed this type of horse."

Then came the Huntsmen, Whips and all
And men from every stable,
Saddlers, farriers, tailors too
Who truly raised a babel.

Scroggs, M.P., then said "Perhaps
This Bill may be a pity:
I'll place the matter now before
A most select Committee."

To appoint the said Committee
To attend at certain Meets
Was a matter very difficult
Through fear of losing seats.

But Scroggs, M.P., determined was
To make investigation,
So purchased all the latest books
On the art of equitation.

And down from Town one Saturday
Came Scroggs in semi state
To make his first enquiries
At a place called Something Gate.

When Hounds were moving off to draw
Scroggs' hunter gave a bound,
Scroggs, M.P., then left the plate
And landed on a hound.

He later wrote in his report
"No evidence I find
Of cruelty to any fox
'Tis cruel to mankind.

So no Committee need be formed
To make investigations—
The matter must be quickly placed
Before the "League of Nations."

A RANGOON PAPER-CHASE

By C. LESTOCK REID, F.R.G.S., F.R.E.S., Major, Royal
Wiltshire Yeomanry.

THIS does not profess to be a description of Rangoon paper-chasing as a whole, written by an expert on that gentle art; but merely an account of one, I believe, quite typical chase and the impressions it left on a man who has hunted a good deal at home and was anxious to compare the tropical substitute with the real thing.

There are, of course, many points of contrast. The longest-suffering Master of the most provincial pack in England might reasonably object to a man turning up to the Meet in a tennis shirt open at the neck, coatless, and wearing a Cawnpore pig-sticker; though the latter makes a very useful crash-helmet. Yet such is the correct costume in Rangoon for all save the Master, who pays the penalty of his high office by having to wear a green hunting-coat and a stock, the most uncomfortable thing in the world on a hot morning.

But he has his compensations. No poultry claims: the most hardened small-holder would hesitate to affirm that his "pedigree pullets just beginning to lay" had been taken by—torn-up bits of paper. No upkeep of kennels or expensive feeding of hounds; for the "hounds" are three couples of men (or sometimes ladies) distinguished from the field by branches thrust into the bands of their topees, and one can imagine, if one cannot print, what the Master would say if they asked him to feed them in between whiles—though they may and generally do ask for a drink after the run. No bills for clothing hunt-servants who are amateurs and, above all, no trouble with socialistic farmers or misguided shooting-men who will not have

hounds on their land: if such exist among the Burmese peasantry, well—the trail is laid the day before and their “estates” can easily be avoided.

The horses, too, are different. The average Rangoon hunter is a cross between a Waler and a Burmese pony and the result, often very nearly perfect in confirmation and with plenty of bone, cannot be called large; fourteen hands is a really big horse. But they appear to be up to an amazing amount of weight, and as many of them in their off-times race and play polo they are obviously versatile little animals. My mount, lent me by an old friend most unexpectedly rediscovered in Rangoon, was said to be a wonderful performer and it was with feelings of pleasurable anticipation that I arose at five (shades of cubbing!) and motored out sixteen miles along the Prome Road, through the cloudless freshness of a Rangoon October morning, to the meet at Handley Cross: a name which, if not strictly Burmese, was a pleasant omen of sport to come. There was a fair-sized field, about thirty men and half-a-dozen women, plenty of cars, a smattering of spectators on foot mostly native, saises (grooms) holding horses, a cheerful bustle and confusion in the air, in fact, barring the absence of four-footed hounds, all the ingredients of an English hunting morning placed in a very exotic setting.

I found my pony, mounted with some misgiving, discovered rather to my surprise that I could not, after all, touch the ground with my feet and felt happier. The trail led away, clear for all eyes to see, to a biggish brush fence and sharp at six “Hounds” were “laid on” in the approved fashion and (naturally) found the line at once. I cannot honestly say I thought much of their music, but at least there was plenty of it and they meant well.

The Master held the Field up for a bit—like any other Master he was unwilling to have his hounds over-ridden—and then—“Forrard away!” We all surged forward in a bunch, curiously reminiscent of the start of a Point-to-Point, galloping for the first fence, and I began to hope rather earnestly that my mount was as good a performer as he was reputed to be.

I need not have worried. He sailed over it beautifully, though the awful crash of his hoofs landing on the iron-hard ground made me wonder what his owner was thinking of it. If you jumped a borrowed horse on ground half as hard in England your chances of being mounted again would be negligible. But the owner, and everybody else, were doing it quite happily too and, remembering old days in India, I took heart; we are, I am inclined to think, rather over-careful of our horses' legs at home.

The next fence was a mud wall, not high but baked solid, not an obstacle with which to take chances. My pony did not. He cleared it beautifully and, as a matter of fact, I think he knew every fence by heart; certainly he never put a foot wrong. The field had already strung out considerably, which was as well, because there was some delay at the next fence, a post-and-rails, through one of the "hounds" refusing several times. It is a little startling, not to say amusing, to hear a hound being "rated" not only by himself and the Master, but by several of the first-flighters as well, for refusing a fence. "Ger-r-r-away on to him, hark!" He got over at last and we had a fast quarter of an hour over a variety of fences.

Then came a check in the shape of a false trail. Hounds were at fault but the Master cast well (I have a secret suspicion that he knew the right one the whole time), and they hit off the line again with a fresh burst of "music." But the check had been useful in giving the ponies a breather which they needed. Indeed, I believe that is the reason why false trails are laid, and I doubt whether otherwise they could stand what is more a racing- than a hunting-pace for long.

Also, it gives the stragglers a chance to come up. The Rangoon Country Club, which runs the Hunt, is kind to the faint-hearted; precautions are taken so that they shall not be left too far behind; there is generally a way round every jump; and once when we crossed the tarred main-road, lo! the crossing was carefully sanded, an innovation which, in common with most hunting people, I should like to see introduced into England; if only the fox could be persuaded to be as thoughtful as the trail-layer and cross by it.

But my pony was not faint-hearted and he certainly did not need anyone to wait for him to catch up. He took me to the top of the hunt and stayed there, jumping magnificently over an astonishing number and variety of fences, gates, rails, walls, brush-fences, a bank or two, a double, practically everything except water. The nearest approach to this was a steep descent into an occasional nullah, which did hold water during the rains, followed by an equally steep scramble up the other side.

These are the only natural obstacles in the course. The fences are all artificial, built across the jungle tracks along which the trail is laid and, after the first fence, at the most only wide enough for two people to jump abreast. There is generally a narrow gap between wing and jungle to one side where the faint-hearted may pass, but occasionally the track is too narrow for that, and here, presumably, you must jump: it is perhaps significant that such fences were the lowest of the lot. Generally the fences are biggish, fair hunting fences without any doubt, and some of them would have stopped quite a proportion of an average English field; for what they lacked in naturalness they made up for in solidity. Or seemed to; fortunately, I did not have to put my theories on the subject to the test.

Thus there is no question of spreading out across a field, finding your own place and going for it, and no amount of eye for a country will help you to take short cuts. The jungle itself is unrideable and you must stick to the track and the trail. This, in process of time, when, as an old hand is bound to do, you get to know every run by heart, is admittedly apt to make paper-chasing monotonous; but for the casual visitor like myself it was enormous fun, a sort of cross between a Drag and a Point-to-Point, with a dash of the Devon and Somerset thrown in at the nullahs.

The run ended—by an odd coincidence!—where it began at Handley Cross, so that cars were handy and drinks too, much-needed on that blazing hot morning: having lasted just about an hour, during which time I jumped a greater number and variety of fences than I have ever done in a similar space of time

in England, and was not a little pleased with myself for finishing in the first three—though credit for that should really be given to the pony.

It may not be hunting proper, and to those who love watching hounds work, it would appear a poor amusement; but for those who hunt to ride, it is not at all a bad substitute, some compensation for missing a season at home. In a big city like Rangoon it ought to be better supported than it is, and it is a sad and significant fact that, barring soldiers, there were practically no young men out; they apparently prefer motor-bicycles. But there are enough horse-lovers left to make the Country Club a flourishing and prosperous concern and, speaking personally, I hope it may long continue so; for it gave me the pleasantest morning I had during a by no means unpleasant nine months in the East.



THE NAPOLEONIC CAVALRY AND ITS LEADERS

By CAPTAIN E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

PART IV.

THE MARSHALS.—MURAT.

THIS series of brief sketches of the careers of Napoleon's cavalry leaders would be incomplete without some reference to the most prominent and distinguished of the whole galaxy—the marshals. Here again we are faced with a preliminary difficulty of classification. Of the twenty-six men who attained that highest of all military ranks under the First Empire, no less than eight saw service at one time or another in the mounted arm. Of these, however, the elder Kellermann, who never commanded troops in the field as marshal, may be left out of the reckoning; while Augereau and Moncey held no high command of mounted troops. Ney and Davout also, though they first achieved distinction as cavalry leaders—a fact of which even those moderately well acquainted with the history of the Napoleonic wars are not always aware—won their principal fame as army corps commanders, and it would be misleading to include them among the marshals of cavalry proper. We are therefore left with three only—Murat, Bessières, and Grouchy, and of these, Joachim Murat, brother-in-law of Napoleon, Grand Duke of Berg, and King of Naples has of course first claim on our attention.

Murat's personal and political career must be well-known to most readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL, and for those to whom it is not, there are several good biographies available. It is in his rôle as a cavalry leader that he primarily interests

us here; but it is impossible not to touch briefly on his romantic rise to dizzy heights and his sudden fall from them, for in his career we can find much that explains the man and the soldier. Born in the south of France at La Bastide, Fortunière (Lot) in March, 1767, the son of an innkeeper, he had at first been destined for the church and sent to a Catholic seminary at Toulouse to undergo his training. But one fine morning he slipped away and enlisted as a trooper in the Chasseurs of the Ardennes, then billeted in the city, and entered upon a career of arms, the first stage of which terminated in his discharge for an act of insubordination. He returned home crestfallen, was shown the door, and spent an unhappy year as assistant in a draper's shop at St. Céré. But the Revolution had meantime broken out; he re-enlisted in his old unit, now the 12th Chasseurs, and in 1791 was elected one of the three representatives of the Department of Lot in the Constitutional Guard then being formed at Paris, Bessières, another future marshal, being another. The selection board of the Department had made a lucky choice; two marshals out of its three soldiers! But his undisciplined spirit once more cut short his stay in this crack corps; he rejoined his former unit for the third time, rising to sergeant by May, 1792, and then gaining a commission on transfer to the 21st Chasseurs. He was now an ardent revolutionary, going so far as to change his name temporarily to Marat—a form of protective mimicry, which did not save him from suspicion, first as a *ci-devant* noble under the Terror, and then apparently again during the Thermidorian reaction as an extreme republican. He survived both these opposite perils, and first breaks into his country's history on the day of the rising of 13th Vendémiaire in Paris, when at the head of his squadron he hurried to the artillery park at Sablons, brought back to Bonaparte the guns, with a whiff of grapeshot from which the insurrection was crushed, and attracted to himself the favourable notice of his future sovereign and brother-in-law.

Murat lost no time in exploiting to his own advantage this new opportunity, for when Bonaparte was appointed to the command of the Army of Italy he presented himself with the

words, "You have no aide de camp of colonel's rank; I propose to attach myself to your staff in that capacity!" The suggestion was agreed to, and Murat found opening before him a wide and varied field of employment in his new post. We find him leading cavalry charges, bringing back to Paris the treaty of peace with Piedmont, fulfilling diplomatic missions at Genoa, in charge of the advanced guard of the army, commanding an infantry brigade at Rivoli and the Tagliamento, and finally rising high in the favour of his general's wife during her stay in Italy after the armistice of Leoben. Perhaps it was as a result of this latter achievement that he was sent off at short notice to the Valtelline, on another diplomatic mission, and that his relations with Bonaparte became somewhat strained, so that he was left behind in Italy with his brigade while his chief returned to Paris. His favoured position with the latter really became established only during the Egyptian Campaign, where there was no Josephine to arouse her husband's suspicions of his aide, and where Murat's fine military qualities showed themselves perhaps at their best. At the head of a dragoon brigade, he took part in the advance up the Nile to Cairo, and at the entry into the city had the opportunity of rescuing from the unwelcome attentions of a band of disorderly soldiers an attractive Egyptian slave girl, who later became his temporary mistress. The news of the fatal naval battle of the Nile roused much discontent in the ranks of the army, which saw itself thus cut off from home and relief; Murat was prominent among the malcontents, but was wise enough to take heed of Napoleon's hint that it was as easy to shoot generals as soldiers, and set himself by zeal and good service to atone for his error of judgment. Appointed general of the area north of Cairo, he was engaged in keeping order in this new area with the very small forces which alone could be allotted him for the purpose, until the invasion of Syria and the battle of Aboukir gave him the opportunity of proving once for all his possession of the qualities of a great cavalry leader. His swift and skilful manœuvres at this last named action enabled him to pass round and outflank the Turkish first line, breach their second, and drive their whole army into the sea with

annihilating loss; he was at once promoted general of division, and received in the bulletin the lion's share of credit for the victory, and also a severe wound in the face which laid him aside for some weeks. "I shall not be in the least disfigured," he wrote happily to his father, "so tell all the young ladies that if Murat has lost some of his good looks they won't find he has lost any of his bravery in the war of love!"

At the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire, after his return to France, he played a prominent part, leading the troops in to the hall of the Council of the Five Hundred and dispersing the deputies who formed the last obstacle to Napoleon's seizure of power. His reward was the hand of Caroline, the youngest Bonaparte sister, a pretty roses-and-cream creature, whose plump white shoulders were crowned, it was said, with the head of a Cromwell, and whose ambition and intrigue were first to raise him to a throne, and then bring him to treachery, dishonour and death. There followed Marengo, where he played a creditable but undistinguished part, and the Empire; and new honours, empty and otherwise, were showered upon him—the marshal's baton, the military governorship of Paris, the rank of Grand Admiral, and finally, on the outbreak of war with Austria and Russia in 1805, the command of all the reserve cavalry of the Grand Army.

All Murat's great qualities, and all his weaknesses, appear in this campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz. On the credit side were the skilful operations in the Black Forest, by which he screened the true direction of the French advance further to the northwards against Mack's right rear; the whirlwind pursuit of the flying fugitives from Ulm, which consummated the utter destruction of the whole of the hapless Austrian army; the successful if somewhat dubious ruse by which, under the pretext that an armistice had been signed, he got possession of the vital Danube bridges at Vienna; and his magnificent leadership of the left of the Grand Army on the decisive field of Austerlitz. The other side of the picture is shown in his rash conduct before Ulm itself in withdrawing all his forces from the north of the Danube, and leaving a free way of escape for

the enemy—an error which only a combination of chances enabled the French to retrieve; the recklessness of his dash on Vienna, which exposed his detachment north of the Danube to grave peril at Dürrenstein, and brought on him the bitter reproaches of the Emperor; the singular ineptness with which he allowed the Russians at Hollabrunn to play on him the same trick as he had played at Vienna; and his failure to keep touch with the beaten Allies after Austerlitz. With him, it was clear, gallantry too often degenerated into foolhardiness, assurance into vanity, and vigour into recklessness and lack of precaution. But whatever his faults as a strategist or a commander, none could deny his magnificent qualities as a leader on the battlefield or in a pursuit, as shown at Wertingen, Nordlingen, and Austerlitz.

The campaign against Prussia and Russia in 1806-7 was to afford Murat, now promoted Grand Duke of Berg, further chances to display these priceless qualities, as well as a personal courage remarkable even in the Grand Army. At Jena he led the decisive charges which completed the wreck of the Prussian army with nothing but a riding switch in his hand and his sabre still in its scabbard. At the head of his reserve cavalry he covered 300 miles in 14 days in the chase of Hohenlohe, and after forcing him to lay down his arms at Prenzlau, swung round westwards to bring Blücher to bay, after another stern chase of 200 miles in 10 days, on the Baltic shore at Lubeck, and, as he epigrammatically put it, "to finish the campaign for want of enemies." From this, the classical example of pursuit in modern military history, he was commissioned to head the van of the army into Poland. At Warsaw he received a deliriously enthusiastic welcome from the populace, who saw in the arrival of the French the promise of a resurrection of their enslaved and dismembered country, and reported to the Emperor that "the Poles desired only to become once more a nation under a foreign king, to be given them by your Majesty from his own family." This very broad hint was not taken by Napoleon, who replied, "I have no need to beg for a throne for my family, there will be no lack of thrones for them," and

Murat had to wait eighteen months more for his royal crown. In the first period of the operations against the Russians he took no part owing to sickness, but he had plenty of opportunities for distinguishing himself in the fierce campaign of Eylau. The action of Hof was a brilliant feat of arms, the French cavalry forcing its way over a narrow bridge under heavy fire, and hurling itself in rapid succession of squadrons, under the fiery impulse of their leader, on the serried Russian masses beyond, which were eventually compelled to retreat. A few days later came Eylau, and the thunderous rush of seventy French squadrons which saved the centre of the Grand Army from being overwhelmed; Murat, as ever, was at their head, an inspiring and worthy leader. The campaign proved indecisive and the final French victory was postponed till June. At Heilsberg we find Murat once more putting his cavalry into battle, fighting hand to hand in the melee, and in turn rescued by and rescuing Lassalle from a horde of encircling foes; from Friedland however, he was absent, leading the left wing of the army on Königsberg. Shortly afterwards peace was signed at Tilsit, and Napoleon had made himself master of Western Europe.

Our hero's next sphere of service was as Lieutenant of the Emperor in Spain, of which he hoped on the dethronement of the Bourbons to become king. But the Spanish people unexpectedly rose against his French garrison in Madrid and had to be bloodily repressed; and Joseph, King of Naples, was preferred to him for the vacant throne. He himself had to be content with the crown of the promoted monarch—no bad promotion, one would think, for the son of an innkeeper, even though married to a sister of the suzerain of Europe! To be sure, his dominion over half his new kingdom was nominal only, for Sicily was, and remained despite all his efforts, in the hands of the English. The cares of his realm forbade Murat to take part in the war of 1809 against Austria; the relations between him and the Emperor were from the first uneasy, and became more and more strained as the months passed; but the imminence of the Russian war in 1812 saw the King once more called to

take the field as commander of the cavalry of the Grand Army—a mighty mass of 36,000 horsemen and 132 guns.

The campaign was not a happy one for him or his imposing command. The climate, the lack of forage, the immense distances took heavy toll of it; the Russian policy of steady withdrawal afforded it no chance of attaining any real success, and increased its wastage to so appalling an extent that in the first few weeks of the campaign a third of the cavalry melted away. But Murat's vain and fiery soul was deaf to the voice of prudence and the demands of exhausted nature; he pressed on, calling for yet greater and more prolonged exertions, and ran his head time after time against the solid wall of the Russian rearguards for no result. At Borodino he found at last his opportunity to display his fine battlefield qualities; but after a day of terrible carnage, in which the French cavalry fought and paid with unsurpassed valour, the Russians drew off battered but unbroken, and left to the victors an empty capital and an empty future. There followed an unofficial truce, during which Murat's vanity was prodigiously gratified by the open-mouthed admiration of the simple Cossacks at the splendour of his person and attire, and then came the surprise of Winkowo, the evacuation of Moscow, and the dolorous retreat. Napoleon's departure from the pitiful remnant of his once splendid host left Murat in charge of the final stages of the flight; but he was not of the heroic stuff required for the time and the task, and on the first occasion that offered itself hastened to follow his brother-in-law's example, passing the command to Eugène, who, as Napoleon announced bitterly when he heard the news, "is more accustomed to important duties, and has my full confidence." "Murat's conduct is such," he observed in private, "that I almost had him arrested as an example. He is brave enough on a battlefield but has no moral sense at all."

Meanwhile the subject of these severe remarks had returned to Naples and his Caroline, who was already envisaging the possibility of betraying her brother to save her throne. From this safe yet perilous refuge he returned at the pressing invitation of his brother-in-law, still loth to deprive himself of his

best leader of horse in battle, to the Grand Army, now about to enter on the fatal autumn campaign of 1813—and that, to his honour be it said, despite the unanimous appeal of his Councillors of State to remain in Naples. Nor was this, his last essay in arms for France, unworthy of his reputation. His leadership at Dresden was magnificent, and did much to win this, the last of Napoleon's great victories; he fought a masterly delaying action at Wachau just before the decisive battle of Leipsic, in which his cavalry, raw, ill-mounted and untrained as they were, all but snatched a victory on the first critical day. Then he left the Grand Army for ever, and his end came quickly. Back at Naples he yielded to his wife's suggestions, declared for the Allies and against the Emperor, and thus purchased at the price of honour and gratitude a brief further tenure of his throne. But he himself knew it to be uneasy, and that the Allies were only awaiting a decent pretext to send him packing. On the return of Napoleon from Elba he madly declared war against Austria, got himself at once hopelessly beaten, and fled, a homeless exile, to France. The Emperor refused to see him or offer him a command—to his own subsequent bitter regret; he spent the Hundred Days in miserable retirement at Toulon; and then, misconceiving his own popularity among his former subjects, sought to emulate his master, landed in Naples, and recover his throne. The attempt was a fiasco, and Murat, tried by court martial and condemned to death, was shot at Pizzo, crying to the firing party "Spare my face; aim at my heart"—and the words were not theatrical.

Such was Joachim Murat. We confess to a personal liking for him, vain, spoilt child as he was. There was about him much to admire and much that was really heroic. With his handsome face, black curly hair, and great size and strength, he was the ideal cavalryman of romance; he was a superb horseman and a magnificent man of his hands; and his taste in dress, if theatrical in its flamboyance and absurd in its extravagance—Napoleon once rudely told him that he looked like a circus rider—was on a par with the general splendour of his person and style. Innkeeper's son though he was, he was a gentleman

by nature and training; an enemy who dined at his table said of him that "not even Lord Chesterfield could have done the honours better, and even the first gentleman in Europe might feel a little jealous of his kingly courtesies." As a king it may be said of him that he compared favourably with his predecessor on the throne of Naples, and still more favourably with those who supplanted him. As a leader of cavalry he had very great faults; he had no idea of horsemanship, never the strongest side of the French mounted arm; he was prone to waste, endanger and sacrifice his command with little justification and for little result. He was impatient of counsel or remonstrance, a jealous and quarrelsome colleague, not always a loyal superior or a trustworthy subordinate. But in reconnaissance on the battlefield, and in pursuit he had few equals and probably no superior in history; none could get better value from his horsemen or use them to inflict more damage on the enemy. Even after all the wrongs and treacheries he had suffered at Murat's hands, Napoleon could still regret that he had refused his services for the Waterloo campaign. "He was just the man I wanted at the head of my cavalry; there was never anyone more determined, or more brilliant. No one knew better how to seize an opportunity, attempt incredibly bold things, and take fortune by force." He could have had no higher or truer testimonial.

(To be continued.)



THE SWISS ARMY AND ITS CAVALRY

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

THE Swiss Army system, which is constituted on a militia basis, is typical of the systematic and methodical country of the Alps. Patriotic, industrious, and thrifty, she maintains her army entirely for home defence, possessing no colonies and, barring trade, no interests beyond her formidable frontiers. Without a seaboard, Switzerland has no maritime dangers, and therefore concentrates her efforts on her army, and, the small but highly-efficient air force which she maintains merely as an anti-aircraft measure for preserving her neutrality in the event of hostilities breaking out between adjacent countries.

Conscription for the national militia is compulsory, and all fit men between the ages of 18 and 38 have to carry out their "service militaire" annually.

Although she has provided the League of Nations with their headquarters at Geneva, where universal disarmament is held up as the main objective, Switzerland has no intention of giving the lead by any retrenchment in her military establishment.

On the other hand, the Swiss Army has been completely reorganized on modern lines since the war. The Swiss, being a practical race, have taken full advantage of the lessons and experiences of the belligerent nations during the Great War, and the Swiss staff, although lacking in experience of actual warfare, is very efficient and highly trained. Quite a number of Swiss staff officers were attached to the French and German armies as spectators during the years of conflict.

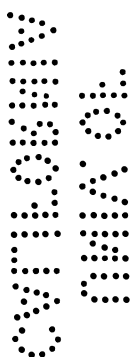
A corps of instructors is permanently maintained all the year round at the various dépôts for the purpose of training the recruits, and the militia force, which is embodied annually.



**The Swiss Army Representatives at Leopardstown Races during Horse Show Week.
Dublin, August, 1929**

*Names left to right—***Capitaine de Muralt. Major Kuhn. Lieut. Soutter.**

The Swiss Team won the Aga Khan's Gold Cup outright at Dublin this year by winning it for the third time.
All their successes have been achieved with Irish-bred horses.



With the exception of this permanent establishment all the officers up to, and including, the rank of Brigadier-General, are civilians, who pursue their own private occupations—one of the most able artillery brigade-commanders is a celebrated surgeon at Lucerne, whilst the leading aviation pilot is actually a dentist at Zurich.

In a country like Switzerland, where there is no universal language, the army naturally suffers from the difficulty of cohesion. The statistics to-day show that sixty per cent. of the Swiss population speak a dialect of German extraction called *Schweitzer-Deutsch*; thirty per cent. speak French, and ten per cent. Italian.

There is considerable rivalry existing between the French and German speaking cantons, and this rivalry was particularly manifest throughout the years of the Great War, which was undoubtedly due to sympathies being extended with racial instinct to the respective belligerents at war. For in looks, speech, and temperament the Northern Swiss is as akin to the German, as the Southern is as closely allied to the Gallic and Latin races. During the war the Swiss Army was mobilized at full strength, which guarded her frontiers with a bull-dog tenacity; there was never any infringement of her neutrality, but she had her own internal difficulties to contend with. The culminating point was reached in 1918 by serious rioting at Basle and Zurich, there was bloodshed and many acts of sabotage were committed. The behaviour of the troops which were called out to quell the disturbances, being recruited in the district, was not above suspicion, and they were accordingly dispatched to French speaking cantons, being replaced by regiments recruited in *La Suisse Romande*.

The Swiss Army manoeuvres which were held in German Switzerland in 1926 were decidedly Germanic in character, intensified by the presence of General von Kluck, the celebrated opponent of the "Old Contemptibles" in August, 1914. During the operations he greeted the British Military Attaché with the following words: "Mons, Le Cateau, and now we are friends."

The Swiss are a military nation both by inclination and tradition. They are justly proud of the distinguished records of their famous regiments which fought as mercenaries in the service of the Vatican and monarchical France.

The great rôle which the Swiss Guards and the Cent Suisse fulfilled in the redoubts, which that intriguing character and great exponent of the art of war, Marshal Maurice de Saxe, had placed before his French troops, in order to break up the attack of the indomitable English battalions at Fontenoy, is justly cherished to this day.

Likewise, the behaviour of the Swiss Guards on that fateful day when the unfortunate Louis XVI, in order to avoid bloodshed, commanded them to return to their barracks, when they were preparing to meet the *sans culottes* with utter disregard to the overwhelming numbers is a glorious record in the annals of Swiss military history. In the Musée Carnavalet, Paris, is preserved a small piece of paper bearing the monarch's order in his own handwriting, which being translated is as follows: "The King commands the Swiss Guards to lay down their arms and retire in order to their barracks." Discipline prevailed, the Swiss Guards laid down their arms, and were butchered to a man.

Every village in Switzerland boasts a rifle-range, and the standard of musketry in the army is particularly high. Much difficulty is experienced in siting these ranges in the Alps, where economy in land is practised to a nicety.

The Swiss Army is, as one would expect from the geographical features of her country, highly proficient in mountain-warfare. In the infantry as much attention is paid to ski-craft as to musketry, and every battalion has its own picked skiers. In the winter platoons are dispatched to the mountains to carry out the necessary ski-ing tests.

Annually a *Concours de Ski Militaire* is held in one of the principal Alpine resorts. There are ski-jumping competitions and an obstacle race on skis, but the principle feature is the patrol race. Every regiment enters a team of four men to compete for this highly-coveted honour.

A decidedly intricate course of ten miles is laid out over selected country, which includes such difficult physical features as ravines, woods and ice-bound slopes, which will test the prowess of the most expert skier. Patrols are judged on time over this course, which is marked with flags, the rules are that the patrols must leave together and finish together. Rifle and full equipment including packs are carried by each man. An interesting fact is that it is admissible for one of the members of the teams to be assisted should he break down from fatigue by one of his companions, and the writer has seen a member of a winning team, who had sprained his ankle, being assisted by two of his companions whilst the fourth man carried his rifle and equipment. Undoubtedly this ruling tends to foster team work, and the greatest of all soldierly qualities—camaraderie.

When a Swiss soldier has completed his military service his rifle and accoutrements automatically become his own personal property. The result is that the Swiss are a most heavily armed nation. The Swiss artillery is well trained, particularly the mountain batteries, in which branch they naturally specialize.

The colour of the Swiss uniform is field-grey, the officers' uniform, particularly in the cavalry, is very smart and cut on the lines of our pre-war service jacket with stand-up collar. The officers' head-dress is of the Italian type. There are no distinctive regimental badges, the facings on the cuffs, and a band round the cap, denotes by its colour the various branches of the service; and like the British and German armies, yellow is the distinguishing colour for cavalry.

The crest embossed on the gun-metalled buttons is universal throughout the army, that of the cross of Helvetia.

All officers wear the accommodating Sam Browne belt, and badges of rank in stars are borne on the collar. Numerals indicating the number of the regiment are worn on the shoulder straps. The head-dress for N.C.O.s and men is the "fore and aft" cap, similar to that worn by the French and Belgian armies, and our original Royal Flying Corps in the war. The steel helmet is after the style of the German one of coal-scuttle design,

and, there is a greater tendency to wear this cumbersome head-dress than in any other army.

Puttees are universally worn by all troops, and all ranks, except in the cavalry and in ski-ing battalions; the latter adopt the loose trouser leg tucked into ski-ing socks, which are guaranteed not to hamper any knee movement. The cavalry wear black riding boots, and those worn by officers are particularly well cut.

However, it is the mounted branch of the Swiss Army which is of such particular interest to us, owing to the excellent displays of horsemanship and equitation which the Swiss Army representatives have invariably given since the war at the International Horse Show, Olympia, and at the Royal Dublin Horse Show. On the Continent, too, they have established a very formidable reputation in the show rings, and jumping enclosures, and are pastmasters in the "haute école" and "dressage."

Their successes are no doubt due to a great extent to the fact that they are extremely well mounted. Recently the writer was shown over the remount dépôt at Berne by the Commandant, Colonel Haccius, which proved to be of absorbing interest.

This is the "Weedon" of the Swiss Cavalry, and through this equitation school pass the remounts for the cavalry regiments which are called Dragoons (spelt and pronounced Dragons) or Guides.

Eight hundred horses go through Berne each year, bought as four-year-olds they are broken and dispatched to the units as the fully-trained product, either as officers' chargers or for the ranks as troop horses. Those which show a special aptitude for jumping are often retained and schooled for the purpose of competing in international jumping contests. The Swiss pay big prices for their horses, and may be said to almost entirely concentrate on Irish horseflesh, for statistics show that 88 per cent. are Irish, bought at the Cahirmee, or Banagher fairs, or indiscriminately by agents throughout Ireland.

Equitation courses are held for officers and men of the cavalry regiments, and there are special courses for those



“ Skijoring.”



Concours Hippique. Taking the stone wall (made of wooden blocks) in the snow.



Paperchasing in Swiss Alps after snow has melted in April.

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selected to be trained as instructors to their respective regiments, or for the permanent staff of the Establishment.

At Thune, there is also a remount dépôt which is responsible for supplying horses to the artillery and transport train, but it is run on decidedly miniature lines to those at Berne. As it has already been shown, the Swiss Army is run on decidedly modern lines; being so, it is mechanized, therefore the heavy batteries are not horsed, but are tractor drawn.

The Swiss employ the same system as that which was in vogue throughout the Indian Cavalry up till recent years, known as the Sillidar system—that is the horse is, or becomes, the personal property of the trooper.

On enlistment, the cavalry recruit either brings his horse with him or purchases his mount from the Government. This method undoubtedly tends to make the trooper take better care of his horse than he would otherwise do.

The Remount Dépôt, or the *Kavallerie Remountendépôt* as it is called in that strange language of German character, is ideally situated in most picturesque surroundings on the outskirts of Berne.

It is a vast but compact establishment. From ranges of well-ventilated horse-boxes the equine inmates gaze out lazily over half-doors on to well-kept gardens, and hedges of rhododendrons which surround the blocks which comprise spacious riding schools, offices, forges and saddlers' departments. There is also a veterinary section with sick lines somewhat detached from the main buildings.

The Swiss farrier is an expert at his work, snow conditions demand special shoeing, particularly for racing and jumping purposes, for it should be stated that snow forms no eliminating feature for the Swiss horseman and that the majority of horse shows, or *Concours hippique*, take place on a snow-covered course. Every kind of obstacle is encountered from level-crossing gates to a replica of an Irish double in snow. To make "the going" possible for riding on, the snow is chain-harrowed for some days prior to the races. At St. Moritz the races are

held on the snow-covered frozen lake. Here the most popular event is the *course de haies* (hurdle race).

Naturally owing to the physical features of his country the Swiss horseman is decidedly handicapped, there is no fox or stag-hunting, so he has therefore to confine his activities to the *manège*, jumping enclosures, and race course.

Paper chasing provides an outlet for his desire to ride across country, but this can only take place in the mountains in October before the snow falls, for a few weeks after the snow has melted in April, and on the plains for a brief period after the harvest.

The heaviest penalties are inflicted on the horseman who rides indiscriminately over cultivated land or pastures during the "close" season. The *Commune* of each district, which consists of several *notaires*, in whose hands the jurisdiction on all things appertaining to law and order rests, usually decides the period during which time the horseman can ride over the fields, and the period allowed amounts approximately to about four weeks in the year! The country one rides over on these paper chases in the mountainous regions is typical of the country one encounters when hunting with the Devon and Somerset or Quantock staghounds. But an abundance of barbed wire greatly hampers any cross-country work in Switzerland. Taken all round the Swiss horseman is a good one, he adopts a pronounced "forward seat" when jumping, and the Military School sets the standard for equitation throughout the country. The only criticism is that he is inclined to be rather heavy handed.

The majority of Swiss towns have their horse shows, which are organized by the Cavalry Societies in order to foster the art of horsemanship and camaraderie amongst horseman. They take the form of a gymkhana, and besides the jumping competitions, steeplechases, and "V.C." races, ski-jöring, that thrilling sport characteristic of the Alps, is always included on the programme. There is also a competition for the best turned out draught horse open to shopkeepers; this is ever a very picturesque event and the various bakers and butchers turn out gaily-decked sleighs, the decorations more often taking the form of an elaborately decorated Christmas tree. The horse's

harness is festooned in bunting with his mane plaited with all the colours of the rainbow.

Prizes for the troops ever take the form of harness or stable accessories.

As a pair of boots, or a pair of skis, usually are the awards in military ski events, so a bridle, a set of girths or a horse rug, may be the prizes for the troopers in the mounted events.

At Berne the Swiss Army jumping team is trained for international horse shows over a course which is almost identical with the jumping enclosure at Dublin, and the equine performers are all stabled together. You will find Notas, who carried Capitaine de Muralt to victory in the open military jumping competition at Dublin last year, leaning out over his stable door to fraternize with Loucelette, who scored with Lieutenant Gemuseus in the saddle in the chief event at Nice in the previous year. They are both Irish horses, and above their doors are recorded their achievements, the words "Olympia" and "Dublin" being particularly prominent.

The Swiss military system might well be exploited by the other small nations desirous of maintaining an efficient defence force on an economical basis.

Since the writing of this article the Swiss Army Teams have won the Aga Khan's Gold Cup at the Dublin Horse Show outright by winning it for the third time. The Aga Khan has, however, generously presented another trophy to take its place as the prize for this ever thrilling event—the International Military Jumping Competition—under the same conditions.



IN STRANGE GUISE.

By JOHN AYE.

AN outstanding feature of our recent wars is that they have fully proved that the British soldier, no less than his *confrère* the sailor, deserves the title of handyman, since they have witnessed the transfer, among others, of cavalry into gunners, infantry, and mechanics, artillery into mounted infantry, and R.A.S.C. drivers into artillery, but even more striking changes than these are to be found in the pages of our army history.

Dealing first with regiments which have changed from the purpose for which they were originally raised we find that no less than nine of our present infantry battalions came into being as marine regiments, and most of the Line have at some time or other in their career contributed men to the Sea Regiment. Apparently, however, there was only one occasion on which cavalry have been so employed, this occurring in 1795 when two troops of the 17th Lancers were sent on board the "Hermione" frigate on the West Indian station. There is further one recorded instance of British cavalry capturing a foreign ship of war—the ship having been stranded—but I regret that having mislaid the account I am unable to give fuller particulars.

On the other hand we have several examples of Foot being turned into Horse, an outstanding one being that of the 13th Foot (1st Batt. Somerset L.I.), who in 1706 furnished 27 officers and 660 men to form a regiment of Dragoons, which unit did good service at the battle of Almanza in 1707, and was finally disbanded in 1713. The 76th Foot (2nd Batt. Duke of Wellington's, West Riding Regt.) also when serving in the American

campaign, prior to the surrender of York Town, horsed 400 men in rough and ready fashion, bridles and saddles being scarcer than steeds, and sent them into action as a mounted unit, while several companies of the 63rd Foot (1st Batt. Manchester Regt.) served in the same campaign as Dragoons. Tradition also, and probably with truth, says that the 39th Foot (1st Batt. Dorset Regt.) were mounted on mules in order to enable them to get up in time for the battle of Almanza, 1707, from which circumstance they were afterwards known as Sankey's Horse, Sankey being the name of the colonel in command.

The creation of a standing army in the reign of Charles II was quickly followed by its employment under the orders of the Crown in the discharge of police duties, a course that was naturally looked upon with grave suspicion by the nation. Accordingly we find among our statutes certain ones which expressly sanction the employment of the military in the discharge of civil duties, as, for example, 22 Cap. 2 C.1, a law to suppress conventicles. This act authorised their suppression and dissolution by the troops, and the capture of all persons found so assembled. That the Guards were so used is confirmed by an entry in the War Office records which gives a list of "the arms broken at several times in dispersing of conventicles and at the fire in Southwark." Readers of "Old Mortality" will also remember the use of the Life Guards in the same capacity.

Other entries in the War Office records show the employment of troops under Royal Warrant in many forms of police duties such as "apprehending highway robbers, thieves and other malefactors, taking up straggling seamen running away from ships or impress masters, plucking up and destroying all tobacco planted, patrolling the road from Bedford to Dunstable for thieves, excise duties," and lastly by order of 27th February, 1673, "to send a careful officer with such a number of soldiers as (upon Mr. Betterton's request) you shall think reasonable out of the Coldstream Guards to the theatre in Dorset Gardens to keep the peace there at and about the times of public representations, so that no affront may be given to

the spectators nor to the actors." Another form of police duty is given in an order dated 3rd September, 1720, and issued under the Sign Manual of the Deputy Secretary at War to the commanding officer of the troops at Lancaster, directing him "to aid and assist the Civil magistrates in preventing boats with persons coming over from the Isle of Man to land upon any part of the coast of Lancashire, in regard there is advice that the plague is in that island, and to follow such orders and directions as you shall receive from the Civil magistrates for the purposes above mentioned, and to repel force with force in case the Civil magistrates shall at any time think it necessary." Disagreeable as these duties must have been they were pleasant compared to that imposed on the 21st Foot (Royal Scots Fusiliers), who in 1832-3 were sent out by detachments in charge of convicts to the Australian colonies, and remained there and in Tasmania practically as warders until 1839, a task also imposed on the 99th (2nd Batt. Wiltshire Regt.) in 1842.

Among duties other than police which have fallen on the army in times past have been the making of roads in Scotland and the Cape, the building of Martello towers on the South Coast, and the repairing of the defences of the ancient city of Bruges. This last task, which was undertaken in 1696 by the 3rd Foot (the Buffs), must, however, have been popular in view of the fact that to show their gratitude the burghers of the city voted the regiment 600 barrels of beer.

As already pointed out there have been several examples of regiments starting in one capacity and changing to another, but the honour of having undergone a double change is confined to one, the Royal Fusiliers, who starting life as an Ordnance regiment, with the duty of guarding the train of artillery, became in due course marines, before finally appearing in their present guise as infantry of the Line.

Though infantry have on numerous occasions acted as marines there is apparently only one recorded instance of their having taken over the duties and functions of the senior service. This occurred in 1810, when Lieutenant Nangle of the

62nd Foot (1st Batt. Wiltshire Regt.), with a company of that regiment, furnished the personnel for a flotilla of gunboats equipped for the defence of Messina against Murat's army, and with four gunboats carrying 18-pounders and six light boats chased and captured a large French privateer mounting twelve guns.



TIGER SHOOTING

By WEGH.

It really was a delightful jungle 2,000 feet up in the Ghats, where a sufficient monsoon brought forward a luxurious and varied vegetation. Sitting down in an open glade in the forest one could almost certainly count ten different kinds of trees without moving one's position; in most places the feathery, light coloured, and graceful bamboo strove with the heavy, dark foliage of the saga for first place amongst the many kinds of trees and luxuriant creepers.

A beautiful jungle is all very pleasant, but when a body has travelled 500 miles in the hopes of shooting a tiger, it is not everything. Fourteen days had already passed and only once had signs of tiger been noticed; a tigress had on that occasion passed within three yards of one of my choicest young buffaloes, without apparently even stopping to investigate. So said the dust on the track, and it cannot lie.

Came one evening to my camp the ugliest hunchback human, whose face was just wrinkles and a few teeth. He proclaimed that he knew tigers, and if I would but engage him, the luck would quickly change. He was certainly grotesque enough to be interesting, and, as I wanted another man to look after the buffaloes, he would probably do as well as another.

Next morning no kills were reported, and I upbraided my wrinkled friend who quickly replied that his "Poojah" had not had time to work.

The following morning I loafed late in bed, and at 8 a.m., whilst I was shaving, my first boda-man returned to say his boda had been killed by a tiger, who had not, as is usual, broken

the neck, but had smashed both hind legs. I thought perhaps the wrinkled one had dared to fake a kill ; if so, this would be the way to do it, for man could hardly fake the tiger's teeth marks on the neck. So wondering, I was soon afterwards astonished on the return of the remainder of my boda-men to hear that yet another tiger had killed. Another fake—well hardly.

The first tiger had killed where there was no suitable cover for a beat, and the second tiger at a place where the necessary preparations for a beat had already been made in anticipation. The two places were sufficiently far apart for it to be most unlikely that both kills could be the work of one animal.

Quickly I sent my shikari to gather beaters from villages six miles distant, whilst myself, after a hurried breakfast, set off to the scene of the first kill, accompanied by men bearing a charpoy, rope, and a few poles cut en route.

I stalked the scene of the kill, but neither saw nor heard any signs indicating its now rightful owner. No mark on throat, both hind legs smashed, and a little of the buttock eaten, were sufficient to tell the whole tale, even if the pug marks of a fine tigress had not been visible in the dust nearby. Now I remembered the story of a tigress who had killed in a similar manner at a place ten miles away. She was supposed to have had her eye teeth knocked out by a rifle bullet when returning to a kill, and so, alas, she could not follow her natural way of taking life, nor could she drag her prey to a place of quiet security. May the shikari who fired that unlucky shot never realize the suffering he indirectly caused to deer and cattle.

We tied up the machan in a tree fifteen yards from the kill. Knowing the wariness of my adversary I took special care that the job should be done in absolute quietness, and that the concealment of the charpoy should be as effective as I could devise. I anchored the kill with a heavy rope just in case it was not the work of the non-dragging tigress, and I covered all traces of man with the greatest care.

By noon we were back at camp and found the coolies for the beat just beginning to arrive.

They were a queer crowd, hardly any clothing, no shoes; all were armed with axes, a weapon without which the forest Indian never moves in the jungle.

By the time I had eaten a hurried lunch about 60 coolies had arrived; this was sufficient for the beat which was a short and easy one.

The coolies were each given a cigarette, whilst my shikari explained to them their duties, and divided them up into "stops" and "beaters." It is an honour to be a "stop," and the best men are chosen.

We then had a trial beat with myself as tiger. It was the duty of each "stop" when I approached him to clap his hands until he turned me in the required direction towards the imaginary "gun." One man failed in his duty completely, so, when I got quite close, with a roar, I sprang towards him. In his surprise he collapsed backwards into a thorn bush amidst hoots of joy from his companions. When he extricated himself he was delegated to the rôle of "beater." There were chuckles of laughter amongst the rest of the coolies for quite ten minutes after the episode.

By 1.30 p.m. all was ready and we set off towards the second kill, some two miles away. The beaters were told to sit down and keep quiet at a spot half a mile before we reached the kill, whilst I took with me the twenty men who were to act as "stops."

With my shikari I investigated the scene of the kill, and noted with much satisfaction that a fine male tiger was responsible for the loss of the buffalo, and that he had dragged in the direction intended, which was towards heavy cover and a pool of water.

We now went as silently as possible towards the tree where my machan had been prepared in anticipation a fortnight ago. On our way we put eight "stops" into the trees which they were to occupy, and which had previously been marked. I personally also saw the first four "stops" on the further side of my machan into position; I let the shikari see to the remainder on his way back to rejoin the beaters.

I was busy with my orderly for the next fifteen minutes clearing away a few small bushes and high grass where I thought the tiger would come.

The beat was of the copy-book type, only about 500 yards long and away from the kill; my machan was on the side of a hill which gave a natural lead to country to which we thought the tiger would wish to go. I sent my orderly to a tree 200 yards behind, with instructions to watch which way the tiger went if wounded, and then took my seat on the machan, which was just a few poles laid crosswise, tied with rope made of creepers, at a sufficient height to give command over the ground in the vicinity. The few remaining minutes before the beat started were spent in contemplating where the tiger might show himself, and in practising getting on to those places with the rifle, with the least possible movement.

With a concerted shout the beat started. Such a moment brings a thrill, perhaps unequalled in any other sport. Is the tiger in the beat? Will he come up to the gun to give a shot? Where will he first appear? These questions cross the mind in vivid sequence.

Ten minutes only have passed and a stealthy step is heard. Involuntarily the rifle is gripped more tightly, and very slowly I turn my body to get into position for a shot. A fine mongoose walks sedately out, and my heart again resumes something nearer a normal beat. Fool!

But now, from the same direction, that noise of a stealthy step must surely indicate an animal of more importance; it must be the slow and measured tread of the lord of the forest.

There, looking calmly and serenely about him, head on, fifty yards away, and half obscured by jungle foliage, is the finest sight that can meet a shikari's eye.

One of the actors in the drama is certainly quite unruffled by the noise of the approaching beat or any other excitement. In response to that calm attitude, my own heart seems to steady itself a little from that infernal pounding.

Has the tiger seen me, and will he turn back, and should I shoot now? These questions flash across my mind.

He is not a certain enough target, and I must take the only alternative of waiting perfectly motionless.

Yes, he must have spotted that there is something wrong, for he turns rather to his left and trots, with tail in air, across an open space. Now is my chance, as he goes at a steady pace, giving a broadside shot.

At the first shot he grunts and breaks into a gallop. There, the second bullet has floored him, almost a somersault. I reload at once. He is up again, and manages to cross the remaining space to cover at a remarkable speed, although his back is obviously broken, for there is no action in the hind-quarters. Another shot and he is lying at full length, whilst he gives no response to a fourth bullet.

No shouts of mine are now able to prevent the coolies abandoning the rest of the beat, and as soon as they hear the single blast of the hunting horn, which tells them that all is well, they flock towards the tiger.

He is a fine bulky fellow in the prime of life; two pegs are soon driven into the ground, at nose and tip of tail, and he is found to measure 9 feet 4 inches. A couple of photographs and then the coolies are left to take him to camp, whilst I hurry away in order to be in time to sit up at the other kill.

"The wrinkled one," before I leave, says I must put a rupee in the tiger's mouth, or I shall never shoot another. At this moment I am ready to comply with any request of this nature. As soon as he thinks my back is turned I see his hand for an instant also in the tiger's mouth.

It was rather a hot walk back, but fortunately my camp was on the way to the other kill, and so I was able to have a cup of tea and change my clothes, whilst the extra kit, required for a night in the tree tops, was got together by my bearer.

When I arrived at the machan I found that, although the kill had been well covered with branches in the morning, the crows had managed to knock most of them aside; fortunately the vultures had not been attracted. Another half hour was spent in concealing the machan, as most of the branches put there in the morning had withered considerably.

By 6 p.m. I settled down for the night and the coolies withdrew, conversing the while amongst themselves in the hope of hoodwinking the tigress that everyone was departing, should she be lurking in the vicinity.

Except for the flies and mosquitoes, a night lying in the top of a tree may be a very pleasant experience in a jungle where there are many sounds to occupy the mind. If only one could satisfy one's curiosity by looking at the places whence the sounds are coming, it would be more satisfactory. One must, however, be contented with seeing anything that is within the natural field of vision, for to move may be fatal to the chance of success.

The perky jungle fowl, and the lordly peacock are almost certain to put in an appearance before dark, whilst, if water is near, sambhar, cheetal or pig are likely to wander by. As soon as it become dark the noises increase a hundredfold, and then one realizes how much of life there is in a jungle which remained throughout the day deathly still.

Twice I thought I heard the tigress, and she was certainly quite near as three times I heard the warning honk of sambhar and the bark of a kakar, or barking deer.

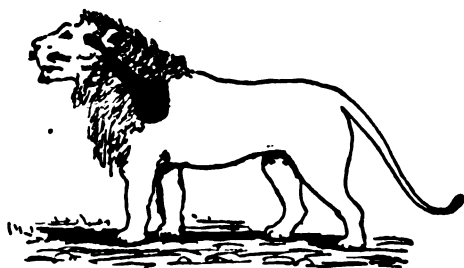
But the night passed uneventfully.

At 6 a.m. I blew the hunting horn and the coolies arrived soon afterwards. Nothing had been up to the "kill" during the night, but we soon spotted that the tigress had come within 20 yards during the hours of darkness.

Oh, a very artful feline, for I swear I never made a sound, and I never even had a drink or a bite to eat before 3 a.m.

Perhaps, if I had employed the "wrinkled one" to tie up the machan, or if I had put a rupee in the buffalo's mouth, as I could not catch the tiger, all might have been well.

Who knows?



A GREAT CAVALRYMAN'S CENTENARY

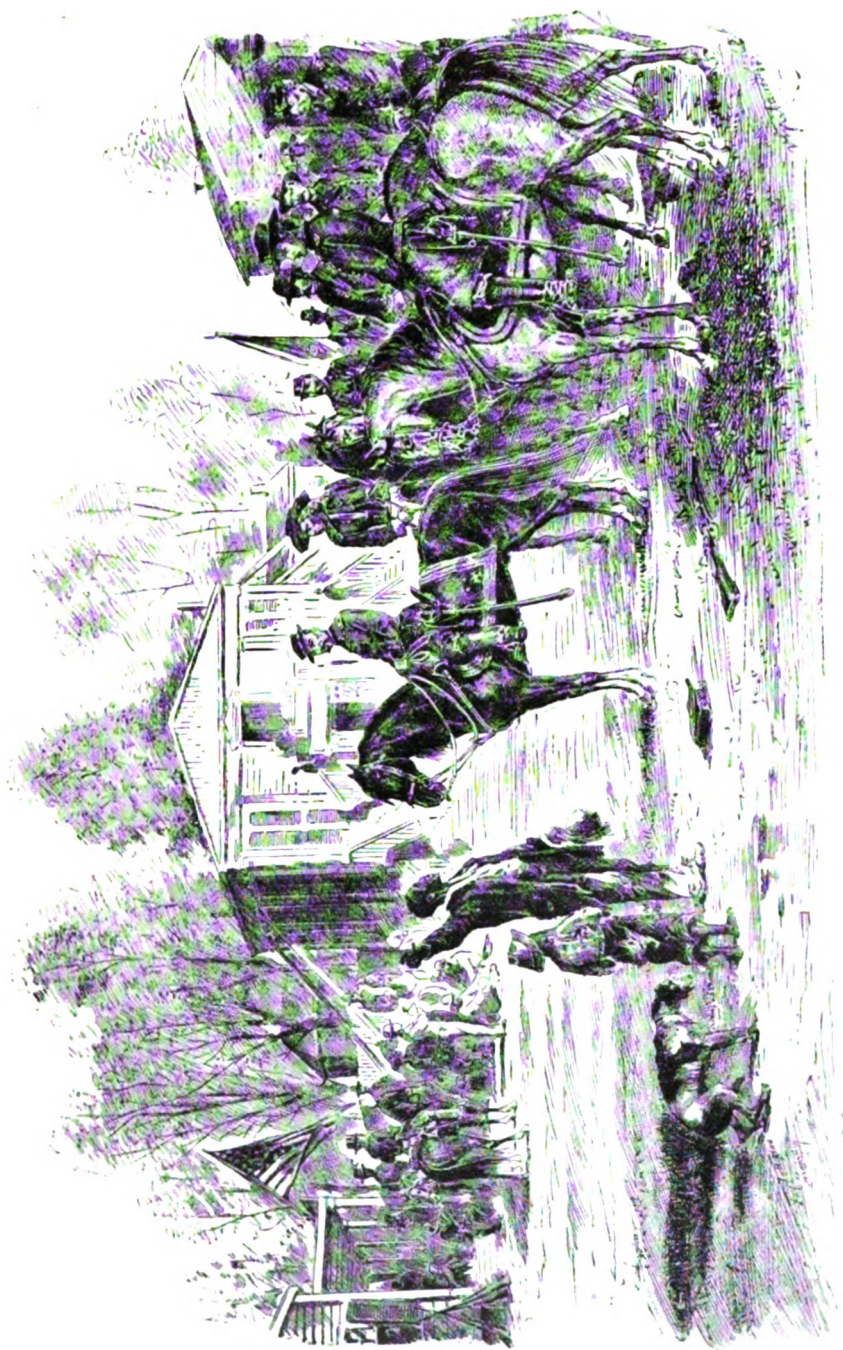
By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

ON March 6, 1831, Philip Henry Sheridan was born, of Catholic parentage, at Albany, in New York State. The family subsequently removed to Somerset, Ohio, where young "Phil" received an excellent education. Concerning his mother he wrote: "My father's occupation kept him away from home much of the time during my boyhood and I grew up under the sole guidance and training of my mother, whose excellent commonsense and clear discernment in every way fitted her for such maternal duties."

Young Sheridan entered West Point Academy in 1848, and was gazetted lieutenant in the 1st Infantry in 1853. In the ensuing year he saw service against the Indians in Texas. From the very commencement of the American Civil War he displayed something approaching genius for battle, and he was promoted with great rapidity. He and his celebrated charger "Rienzi" became familiar figures upon many a stricken field.

During the ultimate phase of that long drawn-out struggle, General Grant was "aided in his movements by the operations of a powerful Cavalry, now far more numerous than the Confederate horsemen whose brilliant raids had carried consternation across the Federal border during the earlier years of the Civil War." And on May 11, 1864, whilst fighting under Grant's command in the advance towards the Confederate capital, a far superior force of Sheridan's mounted men defeated and killed General J. E. B. ("Jeb") Stuart, a magnificent cavalry leader and an irreparable loss to the Southern cause.

In the autumn of 1864, and at the early age of thirty-three, Sheridan was placed in command of the "Army of the Shenandoah," 30,000 strong, with orders systematically to devastate



GENERAL SHERIDAN AND STAFF. DINWIDDIE COURT-HOUSE

the fertile Valley of the Shenandoah. On September 19th he defeated General Early near Winchester, and exactly one month later, when the Federal General Crook had been surprised and routed at Cedars Creek, Sheridan absolutely restored the fortunes of the fight and by "masterly generalship transformed defeat into a decided victory." He was naturally gratified to receive the following message from President Lincoln: "With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19th."

Far less "splendid," however, was Sheridan's wholesale devastation of the Valley, than which perhaps there can have been nothing more terrible except Louis XIV's ravaging of the Palatinate as recorded in history. In reporting this "operation" to Grant, Sheridan wrote: The whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; I have driven off in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley as well as the main valley. A large number of horses have been obtained, a proper estimate of which I cannot now make."

From this work of devastation General Sheridan emerged, at the head of 10,000 splendid cavalry, on March 2, 1865 advancing from Winchester with the idea of striking at Lynchburg, a town in the Alleghanny range whence the Confederate capital derived the bulk of its supplies. In the vicinity of Waynesboro' he was opposed by a force under General Early's command, whom he decisively defeated; but, surmising that the town of Lynchburg would probably not fall to a contingent of mounted men only, he changed the direction of his march so as to join hands with General Grant in front of Petersburg. For "the Confederate arrays of cavalry, which two years before had been the terror of Pennsylvania and Wash-

ington, were now so attenuated by death and hardship that no effectual resistance could be offered to Sheridan who, carrying blight and destruction in his train, burning bridges and stores, tearing up railways and destroying canals, moved across the enemy's country to White House on the Pamunkey River, whence he marched to the James River and reported to Grant in front of Petersburg on the 27th March."

Less than a week later, the indomitable Sheridan fell upon the right wing of Lee's army, commanded by General Pickett—the Pickett of "Pickett's Charge" at the battle of Gettysburg in 1863—in the vicinity of Five Forks. At the head of forces at least two or three times numerically superior to Pickett's, he "turned its left at the same time that he attacked in front" and emerged with 5,000 prisoners in his hands. This feat enabled Grant to hurl his main army against the defences of Petersburg. One of his opponent Lee's most capable lieutenants, General A. P. Hill, was shot dead during this operation, and Lee felt that he could do no more. In a despatch to President Davis he wrote: "My lines are broken in three places,—Richmond must be evacuated this evening." And the Confederate capital was in flames that night! Fully one-third of the city was destroyed.

During April 4th-5th, Sheridan hurried his mobile cavalry to Jetersville on the Danville—Richmond railway, so as to bar Lee's retirement in that direction. "We may conceive how fiercely Stuart would have fallen on Sheridan in the old days, how quickly his troopers would have been scattered to the four winds of heaven and the lines of communication re-opened." But Lee had by this time no cavalry left at all. Endeavouring to force his way through to Lynchburg as a last gambler's throw, he was (April 6, 1865) intercepted by Sheridan's left wing under General Crook, when some five or six thousand troops under General Ewell were surrounded and captured.

Almost simultaneously, a force led by General Ord assailed Lee's main body but was repulsed with loss, and Lee managed to get his starving and shattered remnant across the Appomattox River, where, however, his officers represented to him the futility of endeavouring to maintain the struggle. It was at

this critical juncture that General Grant made his historic gesture to Lee, couched in the following terms:—

“General,—The result of the last week must have convinced you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States’ army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.”

This message reached Lee immediately after he had beaten off an onslaught by Crook’s cavalry division; but he did not even now realise quite how desperate the position was.

For Sheridan, “a man of indefatigable energy, had accomplished more than Lee gave him credit for. He had surrounded and captured four trains full of supplies for Lee’s army which had just arrived from Lynchburg and, besides pushing on with his cavalry to the road by which Lee was retreating, had sent word to several corps commanders that, if great exertions were made, the surrender or destruction of Lee’s entire force was now inevitable. On the receipt of this message Generals Griffin and Ord, leading two corps and one division of a third, made a forced night-march to Appomattox station and took up position in line with Sheridan early on April 9. When therefore the Confederates, pursuing their march towards Lynchburg, advanced upon Sheridan’s troopers under the impression that they would easily brush them from their path, these last, wheeling to the right, displayed the glittering ranks of an overwhelming mass of Federal infantry, arrayed like a solid wall against the further advance of their dispirited adversaries. Every man in the Confederate army recognized the uselessness of further resistance, a white flag was waved, and Sheridan, riding forward to meet the Confederate General Gordon, was informed by him that negotiations were then pending between Lee and Grant for a capitulation.”

In the immediate sequel, Lee’s ragged remnant of about 27,000 men laid down their arms, and the War of Secession was at an end

Five years subsequently, General Sheridan enjoyed a "busman's holiday" as a guest at the Imperial Prussian headquarters during the Franco-German War, when he enjoyed long conversations with the old German Emperor and with Bismarck. The latter surprised and interested Sheridan by telling him that in earlier life his (Bismarck's) "tendencies had been all towards Republicanism, but family influence had overcome his prejudices and, after adopting a political career, he found that Germany was not sufficiently advanced for Republicanism." After the French capitulations at Sedan and Metz, the General moved on to Italy—where King Victor Emmanuel interested him by a deep interest in big-game shooting—Ireland, and England.

General Sheridan succeeded General Sherman as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army in 1883—its first Catholic C.-in-C., by the way—and five years subsequently he passed away at Nonquitt, Massachusetts, aged only fifty-seven years. A Sheridan national monument was dedicated at Washington in 1908, and another handsome equestrian statue at his birthplace, Albany, as comparatively recently as 1916. On the last-mentioned occasion, the Rev. Dr. Parks remarked of him:—

"His parents were Celts in every sense of the term, devout Catholics who scrupulously reared their family in the ancestral faith and inculcated in them the virtues of reverence, obedience, and piety. The ancient Church of Ireland was the spiritual Mother of the man whom we now celebrate. During the ninth century, whoever knew the Greek and Latin classics on the adjoining continent was either an Irish monk or was taught by an Irish monk."

An American writer has said: "Horse wastage was much less in the Confederate than in the Union Cavalry. Early in the war, the horses purchased by the Union Army were of inferior quality. Better horses were available but were not purchased. Because of poor quality, shortage of forage, overwork, and inexperienced cavalymen, the losses were enormous. Sheridan while in the Shenandoah required 650 remounts per day!"

A POLO PRACTICE SLALOM COURSE

By LIEUT. H. H. SYKES, 9th Lancers.

ALL who have skied in Switzerland have witnessed a Slalom race. Possibly a good many readers have assisted at laying out a slalom course. However, for the benefit of those unlucky or misguided ones who have failed to snatch ten days from the hunting season for ski-ing let me explain that a slalom race is a turning race on skis rather in the nature of an obstacle race. He who lays out a slalom course lays each corner for one definite and specific reason. Concisely, the object of each is that the runner should use the correct turn, jump or manœuvre at the correct speed and place. Slalom racing is a fine art.

Football and hockey teams have a method of individual training in which cricket stumps are placed a short distance apart and the performer has to dribble the ball in and out of the stumps. It is excellent practice for ball control.

Polo practice, apart from playing in practice games, is normally confined to the wooden horse or to knocking a ball about at greater or less speed but usually rather aimlessly.

The polo practice slalom course was evolved from a combination of the ski-ing and football practices. It lends a meaning to knocking about and it should improve man and horse in less time than anything else bar actually playing.

The illustration is a sample slalom course, being one out of many that can be invented. It has several good points.

It is compact. Every shot normally used is catered for. It has about the minimum number of flags for the number of turns used. Also it is not really complicated; once round and you remember it.

There are, of course, many variations of this one course as regards size and angles as well as the actual shot used. The great point in varying the course to suit individual requirements is to increase the number of shots at which the individual is weak. He is a better player who is useful all round the board than he who is excellent at one or two shots but unsafe at others.

The diagram is self-explanatory. It is better to use differently coloured flags at each corner, and better still to make each corner a goal of some six feet wide through which the ball must pass.

A gallop round the course without stick or ball is good training for both rider and pony.

This is a "solo" course. I have spent many an interesting half-hour devising a course for two, on which various passing movements, always at speed, are practised.

The course represented does not allow for shooting practice going absolutely all out. Hitting accurately at full speed is far removed by hitting accurately at a hand canter. It is a difficulty that can only be overcome by practice, and, like the "bullfinch," by going full burst!

This should not be forgotten through over-attention to the slalom course which is apt to become a most engaging pursuit.



... he shows the shortest possible
 ... ball, and the numbers the
 ... possible number of shots, with
 ... exception of No. 7, which is put in as the
 ... slicing shot on the



CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Sir,—The song of which three verses are quoted in THE CAVALRY JOURNAL of July, 1930, p. 458, is "The War-Song of the Gallant Eighty-Eighth," *i.e.*, the 88th Foot, the Connaught Rangers.

The complete words of the song, as given in *Bentley's Miscellany*, of 1843, vol. xiv, p. 501, are :—

"Come now, brave boys, we're on for marching,
Where there's fighting and divarsion;
Where cannons roar, and men are dying,
March, brave boys, there's no denying!
Love, farewell!

Hark! 'tis the Colonel gaily crying,
'March, brave boys, there's no denying,
Colours flying, drums are bayting,
March, brave boys, there's no retrayting!'
Love, farewell!

The Major cries, 'Boys, are yez ready?'
'Yes, your honour, firm and steady;
Give every man his flask of powdher,
And his firelock on his shouldher!'
Love, farewell!

The mother cries, 'Boys, do not wrong me,
Do not take my daughters from me!
If you do, I will tormint yez!
After death my ghost will haunt yez!'
Love, farewell!

‘ Oh, Molly, dear, you’re young and tinder,
And when I’m gone you won’t surrinder,
But howld out like an auncient Roman,
And live and die an honest woman.’

Love, farewell!

‘ Oh, Molly, darling, grieve no more, I
’M going to fight for Ireland’s glory;
If I come back, I’ll come victorious;
If I die, my sowl in glory is!’

Love, farewell! ”

“P. A.,” who wrote on the subject in *Notes and Queries* of June, 1863, as from the Oriental Club, can almost certainly be identified as Philip Anstruther, who was commissioned as Lieutenant in the Madras Artillery, Hon. E.I.C.’s service, on 17th June, 1824. This date fits in exactly with Anstruther having, as he says, “entered the Service forty years before.”

He was elected a member of the Oriental Club in 1827. There has been no other member of the Club with initials “P. A.”

The expression “troopers of the Madras Horse,” was probably a casual way of referring to the Madras Horse Artillery, whose units were called “Troops,” though this makes no difference in regard to the song.

Regiments then, as now, did not confine themselves to songs of their own regiment. They sang what pleased them best.

Colonel Philip Anstruther retired from the service on 14th November, 1858, was promoted to the rank of Major-General on 18th March, 1859, and died at Pitcorthie, Fifeshire, on 18th February, 1884, at the age of 76.

He served in the China War of 1840-42, and was taken prisoner by the Chinese (prisoner of war 16th September, 1840, to 24th February, 1841).

He left the following account of the incident:—

“I write an account of how I was taken, and how I have since fared, which I know you will be kind enough to have copied and sent to my brother, for transmission to my mother.

I make it out from a little diary which I have kept ever since my arrival here.

"On Wednesday, the 16th September, 1840, I started at about ten o'clock to the north gate of Tingha, to get the valleys on the great north road put down accurately in my survey. I went about 1,000 yards from the gate to a place where there are several houses and gardens, and from whence a road branches off to the westward. I went along this road and ascended the pass between the hills, then turned to the left, getting up a knoll, from the top of which I got a set of bearings. I then went down the western side of the pass, and passed a small joss-house on the right, thick trees overhanging both sides of the narrow path making it quite dark. I determined, as soon as I got clear of this dangerous-looking place, to retrace my steps, but on getting to the other end of the grove I became aware that we were followed by a crowd of Chinamen. I took no notice, but turned to the left, meaning to go up the hill again, keeping to the open ground. We had hardly turned when a Chinese soldier rushed out from the crowd with a weapon in his hand, with which he struck at my old Lascar, the only man I had with me. He avoided the blow, and ran up to me in great alarm. I took from him the iron spade with which he used to dig the hole for a tent-pole, and met the soldier driving him back, but a great number of others charged me and my poor old man, and it was evidently a hopeless job. I charged them, and they got all round me, and then my poor old man ran back about eighty yards, when he was met, and I saw them pounding his head with large stones as he lay with his face downwards. I saw that attempt at flight was useless and set to work to make the rascals pay for it, and fought my best; but, of course, numbers prevailed, and I was sent down. Instead of dashing out my brains they set to work to tie my hands behind me and my ankles together, tied a huge gag on my mouth, then quietly took a large bamboo, and hammered my knee-caps to prevent the possibility of an escape. I was then put into a palanquin, which was evidently kept ready for some such contingency, and we hurried off to the north-west, and fetched a circuit round to

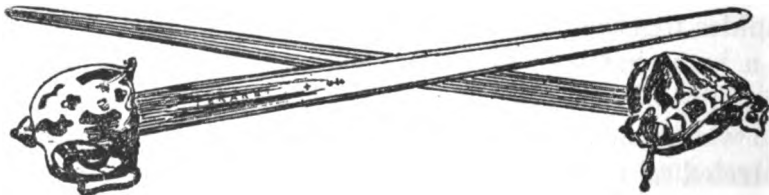
the south-west angle of the island of Chusan to a village about six miles from Sappers' Point, where we waited till nightfall, my conductors comforting me by drawing their hands across their throats as they pronounced the ominous word 'Ningpo.' At about 7 p.m. we got into a boat with a cover, and I laid myself down and slept many hours till we came to Ningpo, where I was forced to get into a cage made of wood, one yard long, one yard high, and two feet wide. A ring was put round my neck (of iron), and my hands put into handcuffs locked to a stick about one foot long, which was fastened to my neck-ring. Very heavy leg-irons were now riveted to my ankles—they weigh about 18 lbs., and I wore them for four weeks. On the 19th and 20th I was carried up to the Mandarin's, and was questioned about our steamships. I offered to draw one for them, whereon they became very friendly, and ordered a bigger cage for me; this was three feet six inches by two feet one inch. I was asked to draw a map of Chusan Bay, town and suburb, which I did, with the ships and tents. I was then told to draw a map of London, and a number of other maps, and we got very friendly indeed, so much so that the cage was discarded and the irons removed. This was on the 26th of October. On the 10th of March [1841] we were delivered over to our own comrades on board the "Wellesley, 74, a peace having been made, and we sailed for Canton."

(From the "Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution" of April, 1884.)

Yours very truly,

J. H. LESLIE, Lieut.-Colonel.

Hon. Editor of *Journal of Society for Army
Historical Research.*



NOTES

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS.

His Majesty the King has been pleased to approve of the appointment of General Sir David G. M. Campbell, K.C.B., Colonel, 9th Lancers, General Officer Commanding in Chief, Aldershot Command, and General Sir Archibald A. Montgomery-Massingberd, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Colonel Commandant, Royal Artillery, Adjutant General to the Forces, as Aides-de-Camp General to the King, and of Colonel (temporary Brigadier) C. P. Heywood, C.M.G., D.S.O., as Aide-de-Camp to the King.

NOTES ON EMPLOYMENT.

By Lieut.-Colonel F. K. Hardy, D.S.O.

Over two million are registered as unemployed at present.

Few soldiers seem to realize how difficult it is to get work, and when they first leave the colours they are too inclined to make stipulations as to where they will live, whom they will work for and the wage they should receive. In the present state of things no one can pick and choose and the wise man grasps at any job offered to him.

The building trades still offer good opportunities for employment and the prospects for the future seem good. The engineering trades are slack at present but possibly they will revive again during the year 1931. There is absolutely no demand for motor drivers. The few good vacancies going are snapped up by men with years of experience, and much of the delivery work is being done by boys on a wage of 30s. a week. There is a constant call

for house-parlourmen, valets and club waiters. The A.V.T.C., Hounslow, receives more calls for such men than it can fill. There are also many excellent places waiting for married couples. The scheme for training such couples at the Hounslow Centre should be better known.

Many soldiers on taking up employment fail to realize that by accepting employment they are accepting a contract which is just as binding on them as it is on the employer. Cases frequently occur in which the man leaves his work without giving proper notice to his employer. This act is illegal as it is breaking the agreement. The employer naturally is furious with the way he has been treated and generally decides that he will have nothing more to do with ex-soldiers. Thus this thoughtless and selfish act on the part of one man may spoil the chances of many other soldiers.

I notice that there is a tendency amongst pensioners to try to commute a part of their pension for such things as paying the initial instalment on a house or for buying furniture. This is very bad finance on the part of the man as he is sacrificing an income for life to get over a temporary difficulty. Personally I would never give my approval or recommendation to such a proposal.

In conclusion, the new savings scheme brought in by Army Order 108 of 1930 should be made full use of by every soldier. The earlier in his service that a man starts saving the better for him when he leaves the colours. Work out what you will have saved when you leave the colours by banking only the price of two cigarettes a day throughout your service. You will be surprised at the amount.

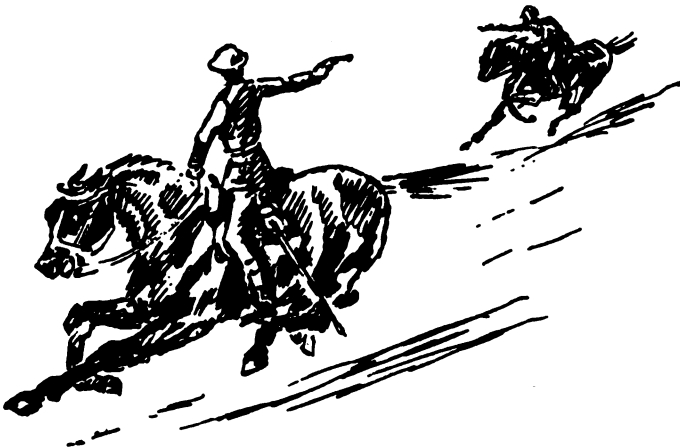
ERRATA.

“Battle-Honours of the Indian Cavalry. No. 79. January, 1931. Page 112. ‘Flers Courcelette.’ Owing to a printer’s error, the regiments awarded the above Battle-Honour should have read : 4th D.C.O. Hodson’s Horse. 9th R. Deccan Horse. 17th Q.V.O. Poona Horse. 19th K.G.O. Lancers.”

CAVALRY JOURNAL.

The undermentioned have become subscribers for 1931 :—

Lieutenant-Colonel B. Neame, 4th Queen's Own Hussars.
Major E. W. H. Sprot, 1st King's Dragoon Guards.
Captain C. E. Wilson, 1st King's Dragoon Guards.
Captain W. H. Muir, M.C., 1st King's Dragoon Guards.
Captain P. W. Bell, 1st King's Dragoon Guards.
Lieutenant B. A. J. Peto, 1st King's Dragoon Guards.
Lieutenant P. C. Drabble, 1st King's Dragoon Guards.
2nd Lieutenant A. W. P. P. Herbert, 3rd Carabiniers.
Lieutenant J. Baskervyle-Glegg, The Royal Scots Greys.
Captain O. F. M. Tudor, 3rd King's Own Hussars.
Lieutenant W. U. Ritson, 3rd King's Own Hussars.
2nd Lieutenant R. Bertram, 3rd King's Own Hussars.
2nd Lieutenant H. H. Sykes, 9th Royal Lancers.
Captain J. D. Hignett, 10th Royal Hussars.
Captain O. L. Boord, M.C., 10th Royal Hussars.
Lieutenant C. D. Miller, 10th Royal Hussars.
Lieutenant M. N. E. Macmullen, 10th Royal Hussars.
Lieutenant H. S. K. Mainwaring, 10th Royal Hussars.
2nd Lieutenant A. D. R. Wingfield, 10th Royal Hussars.
2nd Lieutenant N. D. Charrington, 10th Royal Hussars.
Captain B. E. W. Edmondson, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry, I.A.
2nd Lieutenant F. C. F. Goodheart, The Royal Sussex Regiment.
Major W. E. R. Stone, Royal Canadian Artillery.
Captain A. H. Gibson, 4th Australian Light Horse.
Garrison Officers' Club, New Brunswick, Canada.
Sergeants' Mess, The Governor-General's Body Guard, Canada.
Corporals' Mess, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.



YEOMANRY REGIMENTS, 1931

(In order of precedence)

Regiment.	Commanding Officer and Adjutant.	Location of REGIMENTAL, SQUADRON and Troop Headquarters.
1. Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry (Prince of Wales' Own)	Lt.-Col. W. H. Mann, M.C., T.D. — Capt. A. P. B. L. Vincent, M.C., 3rd Carabiniers	TROWBRIDGE ; WARMINSTER; Salisbury, Wilton. DEVIZES ; Melksham. SWINDON ; Chippenham, Marlborough, Malmesbury.
2. Warwickshire Yeomanry	Lt.-Col. C. J. H. Wheatley, T.D. — Capt. R. L. Greenshields, King's Dragoon Guards	WARWICK ; Birmingham. COVENTRY. STRATFORD-ON-AVON ; Shipston-on-Stour.
3. Yorkshire Hussars (Alexandra Prin- cess of Wales' Own)	Lt.-Col. W. G. Charlesworth, T.D. Capt. J. H. Goodhart, M.C., 14th/20th Hussars	YORK ; Scarborough, Helmsley. LEEDS ; Ripon. MIDDLESBROUGH.
4. Nottinghamshire Yeomanry (Sher- wood Rangers)	Lt.-Col. H. Tallents, D.S.O., T.D. — Capt. J. B. Norton, 14th/20th Hussars.	NEWARK ; Upton. MANSFIELD ; Worksop. RETFORD ; Gainsborough, Leverton Sturton.
5. Staffordshire Yeomanry (Queen's Own Royal Regi- ment)	Lt.-Col. G. H. Anson, M.C., T.D. — Capt. G. G. Cox-Cox, 16th/5th Lancers	STAFFORD. WOLVERHAMPTON. STOKE-ON-TRENT. BURTON-ON-TRENT.
6. Shropshire Yeomanry	Lt.-Col. H. R. Pettit, T.D. — Capt. J. R. Macdonell, 9th Lancers	SHREWSBURY ; Shawbury, Dorrington, Westbury, Much Wenlock. OSWESTRY ; Ellesmere, Whitchurch. LUDLOW ; Tenbury, Bromyard, Leominster, Ross.
7. Ayrshire Yeomanry (Earl of Carrick's Own)	Lt.-Col. T. C. Dunlop, T.D. — Capt. G. B. Clifton- Brown, 12th Lancers	AYR. BEITH. KILMARNOCK.
8. Cheshire Yeomanry (Earl of Chester's)	Col. S. E. Ashton, T.D. — Capt. N. C. M. Sykes, M.C., 11th Hussars	CHESTER ; Tarporley. BIRKENHEAD. HALE ; Stockport.

YEOMANRY REGIMENTS, 1931

319.

Regiment.	Commanding Officer and Adjutant.	Location of REGIMENTAL SQUADRON and Troop Headquarters.
9. Yorkshire Dragoons (Queen's Own)	Lt.-Col. E. A. L. Green, T.D. — Capt. O. L. Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers	DONCASTER; Goole, Bawtry. SHEFFIELD. HUDDERSFIELD; Wakefield.
10. Leicestershire Yeomanry (Prince Albert's Own)	Lt.-Col. T. W. Hay, T.D. — Capt. H. A. Pelly, M.C., 7th Hussars	LEICESTER. LOUGHBOROUGH; Shepshed, Mountsorrel. MELTON MOWBRAY; Oakham. LUTTERWORTH; Hinckley, Market Harborough.
11. North Somerset Yeomanry	Lt.-Col. C. T. O'Callaghan, M.C. — Capt. C. H. Turner, 13th/18th Hussars	BATH. BRISTOL. SHEPTON MALLET, Somerton, Queen Camel.
12. Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry	Lt.-Col. D. H. Bates, M.C., T.D. — Capt. R. G. G. Byron, 4th/7th Dragoon Guards	MANCHESTER. BOLTON; Rainhill. BLACKPOOL; Preston, Liverpool (Aigburth).
13. Lanarkshire Yeomanry	Lt.-Col. J. R. H. Hutchinson, T.D. — Capt. J. Hawker, 13th/18th Hussars	LANARK. CARLUKE; Wishaw. DOUGLAS; Neterburn, Glenbuck. ANNAN; Lockerbie, Langholm.
14. Northumberland Hussars	Lt.-Col. Viscount Allendale, M.C. — Capt. R. A. F. Thorp, Life Guards	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE; North Shields. MORPETH; Alnwick, Ashington. SOUTH SHIELDS; Durham, Chester-le-Street.

NOTE.—

- (i) Each regiment has three sabre squadrons and a machine gun troop. Taking The Yorkshire Hussars as an example, Regimental H.Q. are at York; one squadron also has its H.Q. there, with outlying troops at Scarborough and Helmsley. The second squadron is at Leeds, with an outlying Ripon troop; and the third squadron all in Middlesbrough.
- (ii) The Yorkshire Hussars, Yorkshire Dragoons and Sherwood Rangers form the 5th Cavalry Brigade under Col. F. B. Hurndall, M.C.; the Warwickshire, Staffordshire and Leicestershire Yeomanry form the 6th Cavalry Brigade under Col. H. C. L. Howard, C.M.G., D.S.O. The remaining eight regiments are not brigaded.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

WE note below the more important articles of general interest, or of special interest to cavalry readers, appearing in the Home military periodicals since our last issue:—

“The Fighting Forces” for January contains an article by General Fuller on the planning of an attack by all arms, stressing the need for careful co-ordination of roles, without which true co-operation cannot exist, for simplicity, and for flexibility. The remainder of the number is devoted to naval and air matters and to the usual admirable selection of lighter articles and stories and regular features which are such a valuable part of this readable and lively journal.

“The Army Quarterly” for the same month devotes much attention, as is only right at the end of the first “Territorial Year,” to matters connected with the Territorial Army. There is also a wide assortment of historical articles; of the rest those of greatest general interest are the admirably practical notes on the writing and issue of orders by Brigadier Collins, and a handy and useful summary by Major Kennedy of the important new matter embodied in the newly issued F.S.R., Vol. I, which is worthy of the perusal and the study of every officer in the army, whatever his rank or arm. “Mahsud’s” plea for greater imagination in the preparation of training schemes may also be mentioned as of value. The regular features are well up to standard.

When we turn from these general military quarterlies to the journals of the various arms and corps, it would appear that these latter are at the moment catering—as is reasonable and right—more for their own particular *clientèle* than for the average reader. In the “Journal of the Royal Artillery” there is some interesting matter for the latter, principally the article

by Major Kennedy on curious personal and individual characteristics of great soldiers, in which wide reading and a pleasant style combine for his entertainment; while a couple of articles by Captain Miller on the study of European languages and by Major Davidson on an experiment in voluntary education in an Artillery Brigade are worth perusal, as is also the lighter fare in the shape of travel and sporting items.

The "Journal of the R.A.M.C." continues Lieut.-Colonel Morris's reminiscences of his life as an army surgeon, and there is a useful sketch by Major-General Ensor of the working of the medical services of a division in the field. The remaining articles in this periodical, and also those in the "Journal of the R.A.V.C.," are mainly on technical subjects, which are somewhat affrighting to the non-expert.

E. W. S.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the following :—

<i>Our Empire</i>	January, February, March, 1931
<i>The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps</i>	January, February, 1931
<i>The Royal Tank Corps Journal</i>	January, February, March, 1931
<i>The Yorkshire Hussars Magazine</i>	January, 1931
<i>The Society for Army Historical Research</i>	January, 1931
<i>Horse and Foot: The C.M.R. and C.P.R.C. Magazine</i>	January, 1931
<i>The Canadian Quarterly</i>	January, 1931
<i>The Royal Engineers Journal</i>	March, 1931
<i>Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps</i>	March, 1931



FOREIGN MAGAZINES

"The United States Cavalry Journal."

With this issue, No. 1 of Volume 40, this journal becomes a monthly publication, and it opens with a description of a new Cavalry pack-saddle, invented by Colonel A. E. Phillips (the writer of the article), which now forms part of the equipment of the United States Cavalry. This is followed by some interesting papers which are not, however, of an especially cavalry turn; there is one on the "Nicaragua Canal Survey," another dealing with "Industry and National Defence," and a third on "Defence against Tanks," concerned mainly with artillery and infantry. The account of some of the Border Cavalry Stations is continued, and many of these appear to be placed among ideal surroundings from the sportman's point of view, since hunting and shooting seem to be everywhere immediately at hand. There are other papers describing the Philippines, and Equitation and Sport in the European Cavalry Schools, while the well-known British military writer, Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, contributes a paper on "Co-ordination of the Attack," which is apparently to be conducted by infantry and tanks alone, so that the value of an article of this kind to the readers of a cavalry journal appears to be at the best somewhat academic.

The February number of this Journal opens with an interesting and instructive paper on "The Conditioning of Polo Ponies," and in the article which immediately follows General Summerall deals with some of the new developments in warfare—the Mechanized Force, Aviation and Chemicals—and he concludes his review with a sage remark which we would most cordially recommend to the notice of some of our modern military critics: "New developments," he says, and he speaks

with the authority of one who has just resigned the post of Chief of the Staff, "should receive constant attention; but they should not be permitted to jeopardize the efficiency of arms that have been subjected to the battle test." Among other useful and instructive papers contained in this number is one on "Practical Peacetime Leadership" by Major Griswold, "Anti-aircraft Instruction for Cavalry Machine-gunners" by Captain Heavey, and "Reservist Field Training" by Lieut.-Colonel Finch.

The "Revue de Cavalerie" for November-December, 1930, contains the first portion of an account of the work of the 4th German Cavalry Corps on the outbreak of the war, carrying it down to the actions at Longuyon and Spincourt, to illustrate which two excellent sketches are provided. The 4th Cavalry Corps was commanded by General von Hollen and contained the 3rd and 6th Cavalry Divisions; and the account, so far as it goes, shows how thoroughly ready those troops were for war, and that even before war was declared they were moving forward fully prepared to avail themselves of any opportunity which might offer itself, or which they might initiate, for l'exploration stratégique.

Then follows an interesting account of the scope and work of the school in Paris for the officers of the Cavalry Reserve, and this again is succeeded by the presentment of something of the nature of a lecture delivered before the officers of the French Military Mission at Warsaw by General Chinkarenko, one of General Wrangel's subordinate commanders, describing the part played by the cavalry arm in the Civil War in Russia and in the Russo-Polish operations of 1920. General Chinkarenko gives a very minute account of all that passed under his purview; and he lays very special stress upon the fact that of all the Russian troops which took part in these operations the cavalry had deteriorated to a far less degree than had any other arm from the evil effects of the long-drawn out war. The infantry, he contends, had become little better than a short-service, ill-trained militia, while the cavalry alone had actually learnt much and benefited more than had any other arm from the

experiences of the war. There is a short but interesting paper in this number describing the work of a French cavalry patrol sent out by order of General Conneau on the 19th August, 1914, with the idea of piercing the enemy's line and discovering the strength of the German force which had for the time being brought to a stand the offensive launched by Generals Castelnau and Dubail in the direction of Colmar, Sarrebourg and Sarrebrück.

In the January-February number of this Journal for 1931, Commandant Keime concludes his tactical study of Modern Cavalry, and sums up by expressing some surprise at the time which it has taken to evolve the present doctrine of the employment of the cavalry arm. The battle of Waterloo might well, he opines, have been the last occasion in war upon which large bodies of cavalry, employing shock only, sought to exercise any really decisive influence in battle. The War of Secession in America drew attention to what might well happen in modern war, but all the same in the campaign of 1870, as in the Russo-Japanese war of nearly a quarter of a century later, there was little or no change in the manner of cavalry action; while even in the early days of the Great War the cavalry on either side was still seeking to influence the fate of battles by using large masses of cavalry acting only by shock. The era of the evolution of modern cavalry, so Commandant Keime considers, dates from 1930, though it might well have commenced on the morrow of Waterloo. In describing a ceremony which took place in April last at Algiers when certain old Standards of the Chasseurs d'Afrique were handed over to the "Anciens Chasseurs," Colonel Herchet gives a moving account of the raising, a century ago, of the regiments forming this distinguished cavalry body, which has taken part, not only in all the military operations carried out in North Africa by the French army, but in the Crimea, in the Italian campaign of 1859, in Mexico in 1862, and in the war of 1870, when at Floing, where they formed part of the "division Margueritte," the Chasseurs d'Afrique covered themselves with honour. To the call for a further effort after repeated charges, their commander's reply is historic:

“Tant que vous voudrez mon Général, tant qu’il en restera un.” In the Great War the Chasseurs d’Afrique served in practically every theatre and always with honour.

Captain Gazin concludes in this issue his account of the operations of the 4th German Cavalry Corps in August, 1914, and describes in considerable detail the combats of Pillon and Mangiennes. While admitting that the ill-success of the German cavalry may in part be attributable to the difficulties presented by the country, whether natural or artificial, Captain Gazin finds that the cause of the failure of the Germans must chiefly be sought in the want of co-ordination among cavalry divisions hastily improvised on mobilization and wholly unused to acting as a corps; to the absence of air-force liaison; and to the many, and often contradictory, missions assigned to the bodies employed.

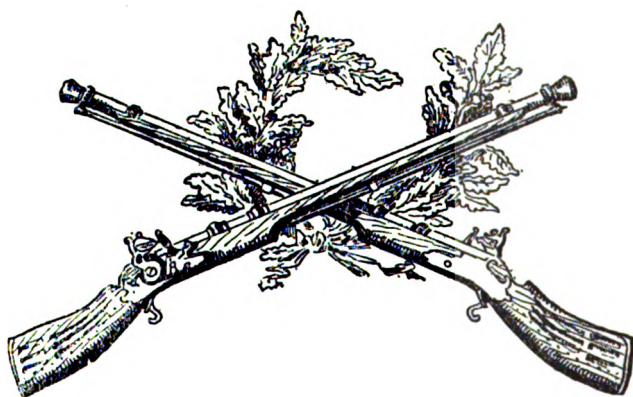
The “Revue de Cavalerie” makes something of a feature of recounting specially illuminating actions by small cavalry bodies during the late war, and in this number it has happily rescued from oblivion the very gallant action of a patrol of the 22nd Dragoons under Sub-Lieut. Rozoy at Cherisy on the 29th September, 1914, when serving in the Cavalry Corps commanded by General Conneau.

“Militär-Wochenblatt.”

In the issue dated the 4th December General von Poseck describes and criticizes the action of the cavalry units which took part in the German Army manœuvres of last year, and again expresses his oft-repeated contention that the misuse of cavalry too frequently results from the splitting up of the large cavalry body, and the placing of its components at the disposal of divisional or even corps commanders. The Cavalry Corps, General von Poseck maintains, must always be held at the disposal of no lower commander than that of an army, and thus only can the best advantage be drawn from its action.

The number of the 4th February contains an article on the Veterinary Service of the German Army, and the writer repeats the charge, which others before him have put forward,

that on the outbreak of the Great War there was no central veterinary authority. It was not apparently until November, 1914, that any attempt was made seriously to grapple with the evil state of things which had by then arisen. This writer places the total of horses suffering from wounds received in action at 400,000, and of these 32 per cent. succumbed. Horses, so he states, suffered to as great an extent from shell-shock as did the soldiers. It will be news to most people that something like 30,000 dogs were employed during the war, and also 120,000 pigeons, but no statistics appear to be forthcoming as to the losses among what the writer very sympathetically describes as *die ungezählten treuen Kriegs-Kameraden aus der Tierreiche*.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

PART I.—MILITARY.

“Military Operations. Egypt and Palestine. From June, 1917, to the End of the War.” Compiled by Captain Cyril Falls. (Official History of the War Series.) Price (Parts I and II) 20s. Case of Maps, 10s. extra. Published by H.M. Stationery Office.

The operations carried out by Allenby fall under two heads—firstly the battle of Beersheeba and the capture of Jerusalem, and secondly the breaking of the Turkish front and the complete destruction of the enemy's forces. The second volume of the Official History has therefore been divided into two parts to correspond with the the two phases. The two raids across the Jordan are, however, included in Part I.

The fighting in Palestine took place in the plains, in the hills and in the desert—there was “open” fighting and trench fighting, and thus the student has ample opportunity of studying each aspect of war. Moreover, the operations carried out by Allenby are of peculiar interest to cavalymen, as the Mounted Arm achieved phenomenal success. The mounted attacks at Beersheeba, at Huj, at El Mughar, the raid and extrication to safety, of Hodgson's division from Es Salt, the strategical employment of the cavalry through the “G” in “Gap” and the final pursuit to Damascus and Aleppo will remain classic examples of the achievements of cavalry.

The greatest difficulty with which the Mounted Arm had to contend was the absence of water, and it should be remembered that many units were without water for 72 hours and yet operations were continuous. The horses of the Lincolnshire Yeomanry were at one period unwatered for 84 hours.

The marches of the Cavalry were in many cases remarkable, one notable instance being that of the 5th Cavalry Division, which marched 550 miles in 38 days and fought four actions during the period.

Captain Falls has produced a very well-written book, which is not too full of detail, yet contains all that is necessary in an Official History. Moreover, he has painted the picture so clearly that those who know little of the country or of the operations can visualise the topography and fighting. He has summed up concisely the arguments of the two rival schools of thought, *i.e.*, whether the Palestine operations "knocked out the props" or "lopped off the limbs." The reader must judge for himself.

Each part contains sufficient sketches for the casual reader to understand the operations, but in addition a volume of maps is provided for the earnest student. The maps, compiled by Major A. F. Becke, and which accompany the volume, are excellent.

O. J. F. F.

"The Rise of General Bonaparte." By Spenser Wilkinson.
(Clarendon Press.) 12s. 6d.

CLOSE on twenty years ago the present reviewer had the privilege of sitting at the feet of Professor Spenser Wilkinson (as he then was) at All Souls' College, Oxford, and listening to his lectures on the very campaign with which this book deals. From the author he not only received always the greatest personal kindness and courtesy, but also learnt whatever he now knows of the study and writing of military history. He wonders if many present-day soldiers realise the great debt the British Army and the British Empire owe to his former teacher. One of the ablest and most pertinacious of writers and publicists in the cause of Imperial Defence, at a time when that cause was unfashionable and indeed almost unknown; one of the earliest students to realise and insist on the paramount necessity of a General Staff on the Prussian model if modern war was to be prepared and waged successfully; a pioneer of the use of the tactical scheme and the war game, which he introduced into the volunteer unit of which he was a member long before the Regular

Army had realised the value of either—all these were great services, quite apart from his voluminous and valuable series of published writings.

In this latest of the series, the third of a trilogy of which the first dealt with the defence of Piedmont in the War of the Austrian Succession, and the second with the French Army before Napoleon, we have now what has never been thoroughly and satisfactorily given us before in English—the early military life of the young Bonaparte and his first campaign in Italy in 1796 down to the battle of Lodi, which first opened to him the wide vista of his great future. A brief sketch of the previous operations in that theatre enables the reader to get the right setting for the main story. In it is made clear the great debt owed by Napoleon to his predecessors—a proof of the fact that, far from springing upon the world as a heaven-sent genius of war, he had prepared himself for high command by an earnest and lengthy apprenticeship of reading, study and meditation. The story is told soberly, yet with admirable clarity and completeness, and there is a very full equipment of maps, plans and appendices. It is a wonderful piece of work for a writer of great age, to whom failing eyesight has been an additional handicap which would have been for most of us an invincible one; and it forms a worthy crown to the great bulk of literature in the past from the same pen, which we devoutly hope has not yet written its last words in the field in which it has done such yeoman service.

“Handbook of Military Law.” By Captain R. J. Wilkins and W. J. Chaney. (William Clowes.) 12s.

It appears to be beyond the wit of men to make of military law an interesting subject, and to most officers, especially to those forced to study it for examination purposes, it is, we imagine, frankly a weariness of the flesh. The authors of this latest hand-book have made an endeavour to infuse life into their arid topic; but what is more important, from the student's point of view, they have given a number of useful practical hints on such matters as procedure at courts martial, the evidence to

be produced to support the more normal charges, and notes on various offences and punishments, which will put him on the right track as regards finding his way about the voluminous text books which must of course form the true basis of his study. All this is of great value, and has been well and accurately done. We may be forgiven, we hope, for pointing out that the term "handbook" is hardly strictly applicable to a volume of this large and inconvenient size, and that the price, which is on the high side for a book of 150 pages—large pages it is true—may also tend somewhat to reduce its attractiveness to intending purchasers.

"Jeb Stuart." By Captain J. R. Thomason, Jnr. (Scribners.) 15s.

It is surprising that it should have been left to this late date for a modern and up-to-date biography of the great cavalry leader of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia to have been written; but readers of this book at least will have no reason to regret the fact, for the work could not have fallen to better hands than those of its author, or the task have been better done. Stuart was not only a most brilliant and reliable leader of horse, fully equal to every task entrusted to him by his commander, Lee, but a picturesque and colourful figure of a man and a fine attractive character. The romantic figure of his hero and the stirring drama of the Virginian campaigns against their background of farm and township, field and forest, are admirably brought out in these vivid pages. Captain Thomason, himself a Southerner, has used his authorities excellently, has steeped himself in his period and country, with its old-time spirit of chivalry and courtesy, of roses and music, of shaded lights and lovely women, and has conveyed all this to paper in such a way that we seem ourselves, on closing the volume, to have made his hero's acquaintance in our own persons, and to have lived through the times and shared in the exploits which he narrates. Cavalry men could find nowhere in history any finer prototype and exemplar of their ideals than Jeb Stuart, and the study of his career and

achievements retains all its value for them to-day. Captain Thomason has made such study not only easy but delightful, and has enriched the library of military biography with a volume which may deservedly be ranked among the best of its kind.

“A History of the Peninsular War.” By Sir Charles Oman. (Clarendon Press.) Volume VII.

It is a curious coincidence that the year 1930 should have seen the completion of the two greatest and most valuable works on British Military History ever undertaken by a single hand. Sir John Fortescue reached his chosen goal in his final volume of the History of the British Army, bringing it down to 1870—a task which has lasted him thirty-one years; and Sir Charles Oman, who published his first volume of the History of the Peninsular War in 1902, has just given us the story of its final phase. The narrative runs from the storming of San Sebastian in August, 1813, through the nine months covering Wellington's invasion of France and the fall of Napoleon to the conclusion of peace in the following April, and includes the battles of the Nivelle, the Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse. It was a time when the excellence of British generalship and the efficiency of British arms both attained a level hardly reached before and certainly never attained since, and proved their worth in a series of notable and glorious achievements. Yet the story is one not over familiar, one imagines, to present day readers, to whom the names of Albuera and Salamanca are probably better known than those of St. Pierre and Orthes, alike equally creditable and far more fertile in results; and it is to be hoped that the appearance of this volume will do something to remedy this neglect of a great page in our military history. Meanwhile we would tender to Sir Charles Oman our sincerest congratulations on the completion of a great and noteworthy task—one which few other men could have accomplished at all, and none so superlatively well. There will never be any need for another narrative of the Peninsular War, now that we have Napier's vivid and dramatic picture, and Sir Charles Oman's clear, com-

prehensive, and reliable history in its complete and harmonious whole.

“Five Tactical Schemes with Solutions.” By Major S. W. Kirby and Captain J. R. Kennedy. Series I. (William Clowes.) 3s.

Before the war there were in existence a great number of collections of tactical schemes, with the aid of which the candidate for Staff College and Promotion Examinations and aspirants for practical military knowledge were able to carry out a certain amount of self-tuition independently of any instructor. The want of such books is more felt now even than before, for the supply has dried up almost entirely; indeed to our knowledge only one work of the kind has been published since the war, and that was unhappily neither up-to-date nor reliable.

The difficulties in the path of the intending authors of such a work are of course great. No one in such a subject as tactics, on which opinions differ so widely and where no final test between them is possible, cares lightly to set himself up as an infallible repository of heaven-sent knowledge. Also the incessant flood of new regulations and establishments and changes of weapons and equipment makes finality impossible, and may at any moment put any scheme and its solution out of date. Nevertheless the want is there and it is acute; and the authors of this little work can be congratulated on a courageous and a commendable attempt to fill it. Both of them, having recently graduated at the Staff College, are as up-to-date in knowledge and practice as it is possible to be; and they have succeeded in setting on the Aldershot Command map five very satisfactory little schemes, each sub-divided to cover the various phases of the advance, attack, and withdrawal of a division, and in giving each a sound and sensible solution. We are glad to note too, that this is only the first of a series, and if the publication of the others depends on the welcome given to this one there should be no doubt of their being rapidly and urgently called for. May we suggest to the authors and publishers that

the difficult matter of keeping the schemes up to date in these days of rapid changes might be solved by the production and issue, free, or at a nominal price on application, a periodical amendment sheet as and when it becomes necessary?

E. W. S.

PART II.—SPORTING.

“Foxhunting.” Lonsdale Library of Sports, Games and Pastimes. (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.) 25s. net.

This is the seventh volume of that excellent series “The Lonsdale Library,” the object of which is to provide lovers of sport with the most complete and up-to-date information on the several subjects. “Foxhunting” has certainly fulfilled the object of the editors. It is a concise and authoritative encyclopædia of the chase, written in a style easy to read and digest. The book is copiously illustrated and there are four coloured plates.

The respective duties of the Master, hunt servants, the field and hounds are clearly described, whilst chapters on “A Foxhunter’s Bookshelf” and “Hunting Pictures” will prove interesting to all wishing to study these sub-subjects still further.

It was clearly impossible to describe all “The Countries” and the editors therefore have confined themselves to a “fair variety of types.” It is interesting to recall that many of our ancestors considered that the advent of railways would kill fox-hunting. Yet it thrived. To-day it is often said that the sport is doomed on account of motor cars and wire. Those, who hold this opinion should learn the lessons of the play “Milestones.”

“The Pegasus Book.” Edited by Major W. E. Lyon. (Constable & Co.) 25s. net.

The aim of this book is to give a review of the year’s sport (1930)—foxhunting, racing, horse shows and polo—but in reality the subject matter goes beyond this. There are several articles of more than current interest such as “Some Aspects of Huntsmanship” by Major T. Bouch, “Riding—an International Comparison” by Lieut.-Col. McTaggart, “Fox-

hunting in America " by J. Stanley Reeve, etc. It should be of interest for those who hunt in England, to note that hunting in the U.S. is carried on in spite of severe frost, and that the wire difficulty is minimized by the use of triangular-shaped wooden boxes, nicknamed "chicken coops," which, placed over the wire, make satisfactory fences to jump. The beneficial results of the introduction of the totalisator into New Zealand have been proved, and it is to be hoped that the results here will prove of similar value.

"Practical Jumping." By Major J. L. M. Barrett. Illustrated by Charles Simpson. (Country Life.) 10s. 6d.

If a book alone can teach the art of jumping, then this one, by Major Barrett, who was till lately Equitation Officer at the R.M.C., Sandhurst, should do it. Its title is apt and well-deserved.

The instruction imparted takes the form of conversations between the expert, Captain Bellamy, and the novice, Blinks, most of which are carried on between fences in the hunting field. The incidents and lessons are so clearly explained in print that one can visualise them at once. One can see Blinks, this time riding for a fall, the next time clearing the fence, and so on. The progress of the pupil is easily seen, even in print.

The conversations are not limited to jumping alone, but include "Horsemanship," types of fences met with in England and in Ireland, and the use of hands and of legs. "At all times Hands and Legs must work in Harmony. . . . It is no good 'steering' a horse straight at a good place in a fence if your legs are too weak to get him over. . . ."

Bellamy, the creation of Major Barrett, is no idealist, but a thoroughly practical horseman, whose methods of instructions might be advantageously copied.

"Bran Mash." By Captain F. V. Hughes-Hallett. (Hutchinson.) 21s. net.

Captain Hughes-Hallett, who contributed a large portion of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's book on "The Foxhounds of

Great Britain," and who is a well-known hunting correspondent to the Press, has summoned up his life history in "Bran Mash."

The author takes us from school life to the ripe age of sixty, and his recollections throughout are vivid. Experiences of soldiering in the Militia of the 'nineties, and in the Great War of 1914-18, of the stage and pre-eminently of sport, have taken up a large share of the author's years. His chapters on hunting—he undertook a Surtees tour—are most interesting. He is certainly outspoken, not only about his brother officers and various hunting personalities, but also about the members of his own family. "Bran Mash," which is written in a pleasing style, conceals more than its name implies. It is a good literary feed consisting of many ingredients and varied experiences.

O. J. F. F.

The following have also been received and will be reviewed in the next issue of the Journal:—

"The Memoirs of Marshal Foch." Translated by Colonel T. Bentley Mott. (William Heinemann.) 25s.

"The Map Reading Instructor." By Captain C. A. Wilson. Sifton, Praed.) 5s. 6d.

"The Weary Triangle." (John Murray.) 7s. 6d.



SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

POLO NOTES—CALCUTTA

CHRISTMAS TOURNAMENT

The Christmas Tournament this year in Calcutta promised to be a great success, there being a record number of entries, but unfortunately there had been an epidemic of coughing amongst horses in northern India during the previous two months, this epidemic reached Calcutta just as the ponies were beginning to arrive.

Some teams had to scratch because of this epidemic, but with the exception of the Carmichael Cup the tournament was carried through.

Three tournaments are played, namely, the Indian Polo Association championship, which is an open six chukker tournament, the Ezra Cup, which is a handicap four chukker tournament, and the Carmichael Cup, which is a handicap four chukker tournament for teams resident in Bengal, Assam and Bihar.

THE INDIAN POLO ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP

Nine teams entered for this tournament, namely :—The Baria Pilgrims, Bhopal Scouts, The Scinde Horse, The 15th Lancers, The Royals, The 8th K.G.O. Cavalry, The Jaipur Pilgrims, Audax, who were a team from the Cavalry School, Saugor, and the Dominoes, who were a scratch team.

First Round

<i>Jaipur Pilgrims</i>	<i>v.</i>	<i>The Royals</i>	
(1) Capt. E. St. J. Birnie	5	(1) Major C. Swire	3
(2) R. R. Abbey Singh	6	(2) Capt. A. Casey	3
(3) R. R. Hanut Singh	8	(3) Mr. H. Lloyd	3
(back) H.H. The Maharaja of Jaipur	3 (back)	Capt. P. Wilson	3
	—		—
	22		12
	—		—

This was a complete victory for Jaipur who were beautifully mounted and with Hanut Singh and Abbey Singh of Jodpur were too strong a combination for the Royals, who, however, put up a hard fight till the finish.

The final score was :—Jaipur Pilgrims 20 ; Royals 2.

Second Round

<i>Jaipur Pilgrims</i>	<i>v.</i>	<i>Baria Pilgrims</i>	
		(1) Bhanwar Laxmansingh	0
		(2) Rakjumar Prithisingh	3
		(3) M. K. Birmal Singh	0
		(back) R. R. Abbey Singh	6
			—
			9
			—

This game was again won by Jaipur, who beat Baria rather more easily than was expected. Baria did not appear to be trying very hard, for on several occasions they either pulled out or pulled up and allowed Jaipur to do much as they liked.

Abbey Singh of Baria was very prone, when saving, to hit the ball across his own goal. Prithisingh was the most accurate and put in a lot of useful work at times. Laxmansingh was frequently unmarked, but seldom got the ball sent up to him.

For Jaipur the Maharajah played a great game. Hanut, as usual, was magnificent with his fine shots. Birnie marked his man well and was quick off the mark to take the ball into goal.

Final score :—Jaipur 12 ; Baria 3.

<i>15th Lancers</i>	<i>v.</i>	<i>Audax</i>	
(1) W. W. A. Loring	4	(1) Mr. W. T. Hunter	2
(2) Capt. J. A. Greenway	4	(2) Mr. H. B. Scott	2
(3) Capt. C. E. Pert	7	(3) Mr. R. Peake	2
(back) Major E. G. Atkinson	8	(back) Mr. G. N. Blake	1
	—		—
	23		7
	—		—

Atkinson was still handicapped by a damaged elbow, and started off by putting himself No. 1, the rest of the team dropping back a place each, but this failed to prove a success, the score, in fact, being one all at the end of the second chukker. Reverting to the teams usual order, the 15th Lancers then began to show their form and to hit up the goals.

Everybody on the side played well in the reconstituted order, Atkinson's riding and polo sense making up for his weakened stick play.

Audax, who were without Mould, played Hunter of Calcutta as No. 1. He did not, however, fit very well with the rest of the team. Blake did some fine spoiling work, and on numerous occasions saved at the last moment from dangerous attacks.

Final score :—15th Lancers 11 ; Audax 2.

Audax, who were a well-mounted team, fought hard, and the difference in score represents considerably less than the difference in handicaps.

<i>8th K.E.O. Cavalry</i>		<i>v.</i>	<i>Scinde Horse</i>	
(1) Major A. B. Johnson	2		(1) Capt. J. B. Byrne	0
(2) Mr. J. W. Martin	0		(2) Mr. R. J. Benwill	2
(3) Capt. H. D. Tucker	6		(3) Capt. J. W. S. Watkins	4
(back) Major B. H. O'Donnell	3		(back) Capt. J. F. Hossack	2
<hr/>			<hr/>	
11			8	
<hr/>			<hr/>	

This proved an excellent game. The Scinde Horse had the best of the first half and were 1—4 at the end of the fourth chukker.

In the fifth chukker, the 8th put on three goals and brought the score level. The Scinde Horse scored the winning goal in the final chukker.

Tucker and O'Donnell played well for the 8th. Watkins put up a fine display and was prominent in attack and defence, but the palm must go to Benwill and Byrne who played well above their handicaps.

Semi Final

<i>Jaipur Pilgrims</i>	<i>v.</i>	<i>15th Lancers</i>
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This was a level game till the fifth chukker, in which Jaipur scored four goals.

Final score :—Jaipur 7 ; 15th Lancers 2.

<i>Bhopal Scouts</i>		<i>v.</i>	<i>Scinde Horse</i>	
(1) Major Mumtaz Ali Khan	2			
(2) Major H. de N. Lucas	5			
(3) Capt. B. Dalrymple Hay	7			
(back) Mr. E. Prior Palmer	6			
<hr/>			<hr/>	
20				
<hr/>			<hr/>	

The Scinde Horse pressed in the first chukker and were unlucky not to score. Bhopal pressed in the second chukker but did not score, Benwill in saving once broke through and by a clever pass let Hossack up to score easily.

Final score :—Bhopal Scouts 6 ; Scinde Horse 2.

Final

<i>Jaipur Pilgrims</i>	<i>v.</i>	<i>Bhopal Scouts</i>
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This proved a magnificent game, play throughout was intensely exciting until Hanut sent through an unstoppable penalty about the middle of the last chukker, the issue was in doubt.

Bhopal opened the scoring in the first chukker and they maintained the lead till nearly the end of the second chukker when some beautiful combined play between Abbey Singh, Hanut Singh and Birnie brought the score level.

Jaipur took the lead in the third chukker and at the end of the fourth were two goals ahead. There was no score in the fifth chukker which was a ding-dong fight up and down the field. Bhopal reduced the lead at the commencement of the final chukker, but the aforesaid penalty gave Jaipur

a two goal lead. Prior Palmer then scored a fine goal for Bhopal, but there was only a minute to go and Jaipur made sure of their victory by hitting the ball out at the side.

Prior Palmer was the outstanding player on the field, he was hitting well, riding hard and besides making several splendid saves, initiated a number of attacks and finally scored a splendid goal.

Dalrymple Hay played a great game but was hampered by pulling ponies. Hanut, as usual, played a splendid game, perhaps though he was missing more often than one has come to expect him.

Final score :—Jaipur Pilgrims 4 ; Bhopal Scouts 3.

THE EZRA CUP

Sixteen teams entered for the Ezra Cup, namely :—The Royals, Scinde Horse, 15th Lancers, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry, Calcutta Light Horse, Northern Bengal Mounted Rifles, H.E. The Governor of Bengal's Staff, Calcutta " A " and " B," Baria State, Bhopal Scouts, Nazargunj, Indian Police, Jaipur Pilgrims, Audax and So-Fa's.

This tournament was badly cut up owing to the coughing epidemic. The 18th Lancers, Royals, the Governor's Staff, Calcutta " B," Indian Police, Bhopal Scouts and Nazargunj having to scratch before the end of the tournament.

The tournament was easily won by the Jaipur Pilgrims, who defeated Calcutta " A " in the final.

<i>Jaipur Pilgrims</i>		<i>v.</i>	<i>Calcutta "A"</i>	
(1) Abbey Singh	0	(1) Sir Charles Tegart	2	
(2) R. R. Abbey Singh	6	(2) Mr. W. T. Hunter	2	
(3) R. R. Hanut Singh	8	(3) Capt. Tucker	6	
(back) H.H. Maharaja of Jaipur	3	(back) Capt. Martin	1	
<hr/>			<hr/>	
17			11	
<hr/>			<hr/>	

Calcutta started three goals up on the handicap. Jaipur, though, made this up in the first chukker, and they added five more in the second, while Calcutta only scored once ; each side scored once in the third chukker, Calcutta having most of the game, Tegart being unfortunate in not adding another goal after a fine run.

There was no further score till the final chukker when Jaipur added three more goals. The final score being 12—5.

Great credit is due to Captain Birnie, who is the secretary of the Calcutta Polo Club, for carrying the tournament through successfully in spite of the coughing epidemic.



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2000



From the Original by T. Ivester Lloyd.

Diorama lent by courtesy of the Dept. of Overseas Trade.

THE BATTLE OF BARNET 1471

From the Diorama in the R U.S. Museum



THE FALL OF BARBARISM

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

JULY, 1931

CAVALRY AT "BARNET FIELD"

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

"WHAT for the neighing of horses and talkynge of menne, none of both the hostes could that night take any rest or quietness." So wrote the old chronicler, Halle, of the night before the battle of Barnet Field, in April, 1471, the sanguinary contest which also witnessed the death of the great Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker," and which was practically decisive of the Wars of the Roses.

Cavalry played a big part in this battle of Barnet, fought about half a mile from the town, on Gladsmuir Heath, "a faire plain for two armies to join together." In the race for London, the Yorkist army of King Edward IV out-distanced the Lancastrians under Lord Warwick. With a refinement of cruelty, Edward brought the captive Henry VI out of the Tower of London and carried him to witness this battle of Barnet. Treachery was in the air. The Duke of Clarence, Warwick's son-in-law, deserted with his 10,000 followers at the critical moment and went over to Edward. The battlefield was Warwick's choice, and the struggle raged over an agricultural region

"where to-day," in Mr. Walter G. Bell's happy phrase, "a flying golf-ball is the only danger met."

The battle opened, early on Easter Sunday, in fog and mist, and in the fog many mistakes and some treachery took place. This fog, by the way, was said to have been "arranged" by Friar Bungay, a notorious necromancer and sorcerer, who accompanied the Yorkist army. To do the perfidious Clarence justice, he sent an eleventh-hour message to Warwick with offers of an accommodation: for the wife of Clarence was Warwick's daughter, and she felt anxious for her father's sake to avert further bloodshed. But the stately King-maker sternly replied to the representations of the Duke's emissary: "Go, and tell your master that Warwick, true to his oath, is a better man than the false and perjured Clarence!" The fact was that both factions were so embittered that no earthly mediation could be accepted now.

The Yorkist army, led by Edward riding a magnificent white charger, had to form line of battle in the dark. Consequently its *right* wing, instead of being placed opposite the Lancastrians' *left*, confronted their *centre*, and Edward's *left* therefore stretched away to the westward without any opponents whatever! When the left wing of each army advanced through the mist about four o'clock on Easter morn, they found no enemy. Both thereupon wheeled round towards the main army, and Warwick's left, led by the Earls of Oxford and Montagu, opened the battle most auspiciously by completely crushing the Yorkist right under Lord Hastings and driving it through Barnet in the direction of London, where the White Rose partisans spread the news of King Edward's discomfiture. Conspicuous in this fighting were the Lancastrians' heavy cavalry. But the end was not yet.

Lord Warwick now slew his coal-black charger with his own hand, thus electing to fight on foot. The Yorkist left arrived to the assistance of their centre, and Edward barbarously issued orders to spare nobody and slay the leaders in particular. He and the deformed Richard of Gloucester raged in the forefront of the fight, and their war-cries rent the air. Nevertheless, they

would assuredly have suffered defeat but for the occurrence of one of those dreadful catastrophies which have so often decided the fate of battles. The device of Edward's followers, emblazoned on their surcoats, was a *sun* with rays diverging from it; that of Warwick's lieutenant, the Earl of Oxford, being a *star* with rays, emblazoned on both back and front of his retainers' coats. Now, Oxford had chased the Yorkist right a little too far, and his men had begun plundering. He was hastening back through the fog (after the fashion of Prince Rupert in subsequent Stuart battles) to make up for his prolonged absence, when Warwick's people fatally mistook his cognisance—the star—for the sun of Edward, and attacked him with fury. In an instant all was confusion. Shouts of "Treason!" were raised, and Lord Oxford, naturally believing himself to be betrayed, fled amain with eight hundred of his horsemen.

It was such a mistake as, in modern days, cost the life of General Stonewall Jackson in the American Civil War; and it proved fatal to the Red Rose cause. The exultant Edward rode furiously about, bringing all his available force to bear upon Warwick's remaining troops. The "stout Earl" knew full well that it had become a war of extermination, that there remained no hope of quarter. So he prepared to die as he had lived. Lord Exeter was already *hors de combat*, wounded by an arrow. Both wings of the Lancastrian army had melted away.

The ruthless Edward, "mounted on his white steed, his teeth firmly set, the spur pressing his charger's side," appeared omnipresent. Seeing that the moment had arrived for striking a decisive blow, he brought up his reserves and led them into action. "This," exclaimed the undaunted Warwick, "is their last resource. If we only withstand this charge, the day will yet be ours." But, alas, only a mere handful remained to respond to the Nevil war-cry. Warwick and Montagu—the latter acquitted himself nobly here—slowly retreated to the neighbouring copse, where they made their final stand. Bulwer Lytton, in his "Last of the Barons," represents them as dying side by side, surrounded by piles of Yorkist slain.

The pursuit would appear to have been a ghastly business, the remorseless Edward having issued orders to his cavalry to give no quarter. In a letter to his mother, the Lancastrian Sir John Paston, who was wounded in the battle, wrote: "There was killed upon the field, half a mile from Barnet on Easter Day, the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Montagu, Sir William Tyrrell, Sir Lewis Johns, and divers other esquires of our county, Godmerston and Booth. And of King Edward's party, the Lord Cromwell, the Lord Say, Sir Humphrey Bourchier of our country, which is a sore-moaned man here; and other people of both parties to the number of more than a thousand."

Ten thousand is far too high an estimate of the Lancastrian casualties at Barnet. They included twenty-three knights and three thousand fighting-men. Dr. Maunder and Mr. J. G. Edgar both tell us that the victorious army's losses amounted to at least fifteen hundred. Few of Lord Warwick's immediate colleagues escaped with their lives, the two principal exceptions being the Earl of Oxford and the Duke of Somerset: these went to join the Earl of Pembroke, the former especially having hair-breadth escapes. The Duke of Exeter was picked up on the battlefield for dead; but when discovered to be still alive, he was conveyed to the sanctuary of Westminster by his retainers.

King Edward must, however, have violated that sanctuary, since the unfortunate nobleman's corpse was subsequently found floating in the sea off Dover. The corpses of Lord Warwick and Montagu were carried to London in the same coffin and, with a barbarity worthy of that sanguinary epoch, were exposed naked for three days on the floor of St. Paul's Cathedral, "as a striking warning against subjects interfering with kings and crowns." They were then transported to the family burial place of the Nevils at Bisham Priory in Berkshire. Unhappily Bisham Priory was destroyed at the Reformation, leaving no stone to mark the resting-place of the illustrious "Last of the Barons."

"Barnet," writes Mr. Walter Bell, "was fought in all the panoply of mediæval warfare. A tented camp was pitched in King Edward's rear, the flags drooping to the staves in the

absence of all wind, and if trust may be placed in a miniature attached to a report sent to Charles the Bold and accompanied by a letter from Edward himself, the victor that day rode a white charger caparisoned with red cloth, lined with blue and sewn with *fleur-de-lys*, his visor raised and a gold crown making the circlet of his helmet. Near by him two esquires are shown engaged hand-to-hand with swords. But probably the picture is conventional, with small historical value."



"LAKE AND VICTORY."

By COLONEL E. B. MAUNSELL, *p.s.c.*
Late The 14th P.W.O. Scinde Horse.

PART III.

Agra.

THE Grand Army arrived before Agra on October 4th, meeting, contrary to expectation, no opposition on the way, and camping, as a preliminary measure on the western face of the Fort, within distant cannon range. A few days later the camp was changed to about a couple of miles south, to roughly the site of the present cantonments. The advanced posts, however, being within easy cannon shot, had a hot time and a good many men were knocked over. For the next few days Lake was in hopes of inducing the garrison to surrender, and the information coming to hand gave strong hopes in this direction. The adventurer Lucan played a great part in these negotiations and is most honorably mentioned in Lake's despatches.

In the meantime, on October 7th, Clarke's brigade was detached upstream in order to secure the arrival of the stores from Delhi, and isolate the city's communications to the north. The following day a force was sent to clear the enemy from the Taj Mahal, about a mile and a half downstream. Providentially this was evacuated without a blow, the enemy falling back under the Fort, "ruby circled, built up to heaven" as the inscription on the ramparts states. We get a somewhat naive marginal note in Pester's journal, "The Tauje is the most beautiful building in the world," and the many officers in the army who had heard of its wonders came to look over it. It must not be supposed, however, that British sightseers had not visited the place before, for a good many officers had obtained leave to cross the Frontier to visit both Agra and Fatehpore Sikri.

Three English ladies, including the Honorable Mrs. Carlton, wife of the colonel of the 29th Dragoons, “ a very dashing lady ” whom the colonel “ treated very ill ”—and small wonder, too—had visited the place the previous July of all times, for the temperature stood at anything up to 110 or 115. They had been most hospitably received by the numerous adventurers who had their families at Agra, which was the headquarters of Perron’s “ jaedad ” or province allotted for revenue for maintaining his troops, and Pester with four brother officers had had leave from the frontier station of Shikoabad the previous cold weather.

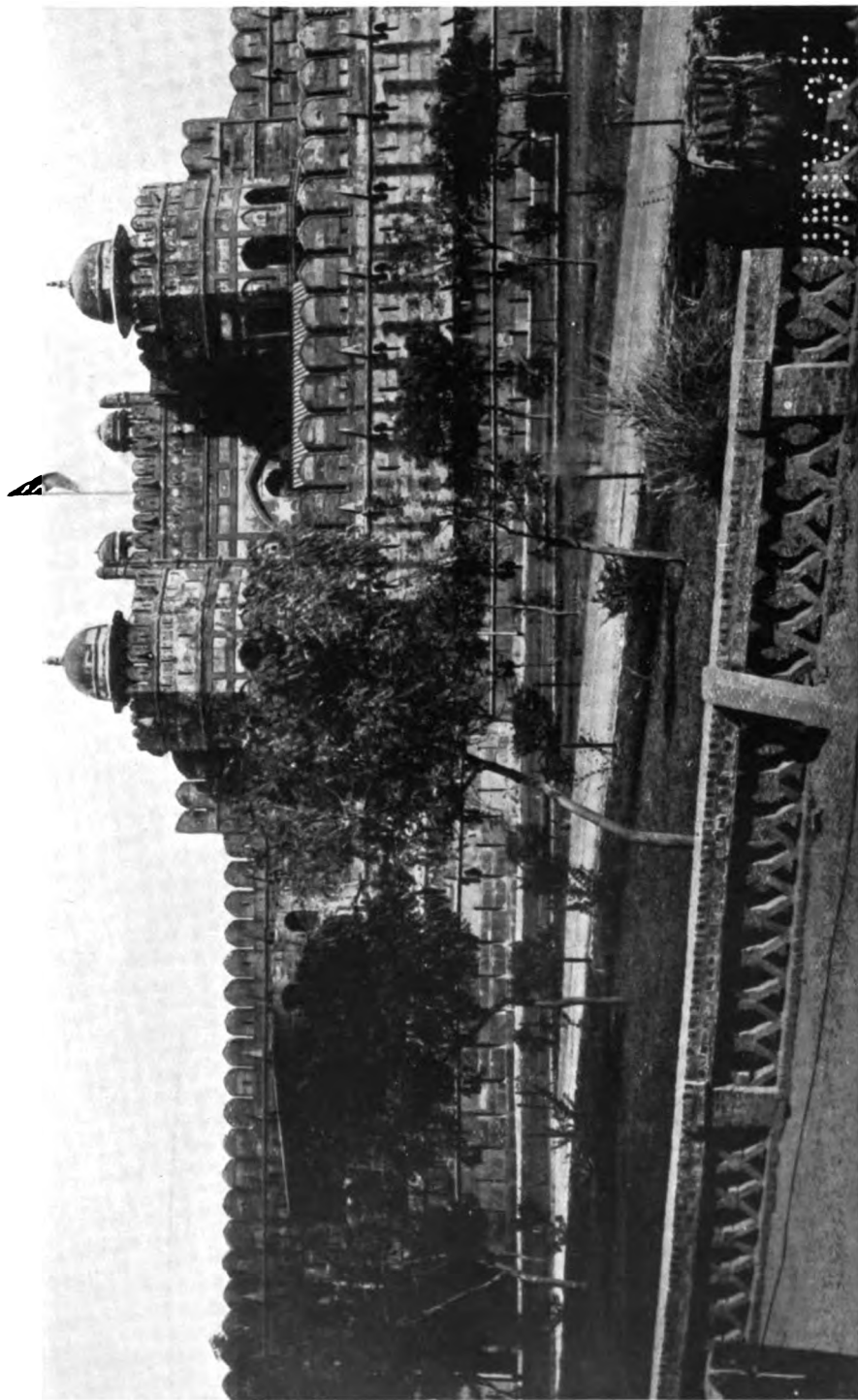
At this juncture, the raja Ranjit Sing of Bhurtpore sent a body of horse to co-operate with the British and concluded a defensive and offensive treaty. None the less, the gentleman, after the manner of natives, determined to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

At this juncture also there joined a very wonderful adventurer, in the shape of Hyder Jung Hearsay, a half-caste of twenty-one years of age only. He was one of the well-known family, which included Sir John Hearsay, of Sitabaldee, Sikh War and Mutiny fame, and Captain Lionel Hearsay, 2nd Bengal Lancers who won the Military Cross for gallantry in France. He differed from the normal run of adventurer in that he was a man of breeding who mixed, on terms of perfect equality, with the King’s and Company’s officers, and was, in addition, far better educated than the normal run of British regular officer. He had been sent home for his education and had learnt French, which proved of immense value when he took service under Perron, whose A.D.C. he became and with whom he remained good friends until an anti-British policy became evident, when he quitted, as described, and entered the service of George Thomas. Under Perron he had taken part in the siege of Agra Fort in 1799, and now he was once more to besiege it. After the fall of George Thomas all employment under Perron was closed, so Hearsay started on Thomas’s lines, to carve out a kingdom for himself. He had collected 5,000 men and was doing well when he was wounded, which checked his progress considerably, but had started to blossom afresh

when the Governor-General's proclamation reached him and **he** came in, bringing with him 1,000 horse, who were taken into, and remained in—no doubt in a somewhat uncertain fashion—the Company's service throughout the war. The foot dispersed to their homes, or more probably become banditti.

Hearsay's status as an independent chief may be gauged by the fact that he received a pension of Rs. 800 per mensem in recognition by the Governor-General. His career, subsequent to joining the British, is in full accordance with the personality and drive possessed by all his house. He took a very prominent part in the exploration of Thibet and Garhwal, and was taken prisoner in the Gurkha War, his life being saved in a miraculous manner through being recognized by a chief he had befriended. Much of his service was in close connection with Gardner, the future colonel of the Second Bengal Lancers, for both Hearsay and Gardner married Princesses of Cambay. The Second Siege of Bhurtpore was his last campaign, and he was selected as Prize Agent. He died at Kareli, a property of his near Bareilly, a rich man, and his descendants are still in the neighbourhood.

Turning now to the enemy side. The situation prevailing was unique, and has probably never had its counterpart. Agra was, as we have said, the headquarters of Perron's administration. The Commandant, when the war broke out, was George Hessing, the son of brave old John Hessing by a native woman. In accordance with a custom by no means uncommon in the armies of native chiefs, George had "inherited" the command from his father who had died a short time previously—we know of cases where widows "inherited" commands. He was, however, a chicken heart, a feature extraordinarily rare among adventurers, for their very livelihood depended largely on their valour. Skinner tells us "He was too rich a man to defend the place, and set himself to causing dissension among the garrison," and there is much in the statement. With Hessing were numerous other adventurers, Sutherland, Brownrigg, Marshall, Harriott Atkins and Deridon, the last five having, it would seem, arrived with the regular troops on the glacis.



THE MAIN GATE, AGRA FORT

2000

By far the most important, however, was Sutherland, who had been cashiered from the 73rd Highlanders and who had become an adventurer under the great de Boigne. When de Boigne quitted India Sutherland had been the senior officer with the Brigades, and had a fine record as a soldier. Unfortunately, Perron had the ear of Scindhia, and obtained the chief command—at that period of some 30,000 men with 300 guns—or the course of history would have been altered. Sutherland detested Perron and had quitted his service very soon. He occupied no official position when the war broke out.

On the other hand, Sutherland had immense influence with the troops, for he had utterly routed Holkar at the battle of Indore in 1801, and was well known throughout Scindhia's dominions. Next in importance to Sutherland was Brownrigg, a gallant Irishman, who had only arrived at Agra shortly before, in command of part of the Fifth Brigade, his troops then being on the glacis.

Marshall, an erstwhile “ guinea pig,” or midshipman of an Indiaman, Harriott and Atkins all seem to have been his subalterns, and both Marshall and he were destined to fall in their country's service within four months in command of the men then on the glacis whom they had led for years under Scindhia's banner.

On the approach of Lake's army, these adventurers had endeavoured to prevail upon the whole of the troops to surrender. The native officers, however, had refused, and all the adventurers had been placed under a mild form of arrest. Neither they nor their families, including a certain Mrs. Wilson, who had been carried off by Fleury in the Shikoabad raid, were in any way molested, partly because a proportion of the garrison wished to surrender, but, in the main, because the terror produced by the slaughter of Aligarh, where 2,000 men had been put to the sword in three hours, was such that they feared a like fate if once the dreaded “ gora log ” penetrated the fort.

Aligarh, it must be remembered, was reckoned the strongest place in Hindustan, and its fall in such a short time was

attributed to magic or treachery, until the fame of the 76th as warriors became spread abroad. Hitherto nearly all fighting in Northern India had been done by sepoy, and Aligarh showed that a far more terrible man of war had made his appearance.

A further factor creating dissension at Agra was the fact that Perron, on war breaking out, had despatched twenty-four lakhs of rupees, the revenues of his "jaedad"—land allotted from the revenues of which he was to maintain his troops—into the Fort for safe custody. The garrison wished to share this out among themselves, but mutual jealousies as to its partition, dread of the fighting that would certainly ensue and warnings given by the adventurers that if it was touched the British would wreak a terrible vengeance made them guard it with the utmost care. The advent of the regular battalions outside the Fort was an additional complication, for these, if once admitted, being of greater fighting worth, might claim the lion's share. The only point, indeed, on which the garrison was united was to keep these outside at all hazards. From Lake's point of view, the battalions on the glacis were the most serious factor. Fortunately, now that Brownrigg was within the walls, the four battalions of the Fifth Brigade had no commander, and the remaining three, from the Second and Third Brigades at Delhi, were equally badly off. A Sanhedrin of native officers, all arguing, commanded the troops both within and without the walls. All honour must be given to the regular battalions in particular and these brave men resolved to do their duty to an alien chief, although denied entry to that chief's fort. History has seldom or ever given a finer example of brave men fighting for their professional honour than these seven battalions of the famous Brigades of de Boigne.

Meanwhile, the advanced posts were having a warm time of it and reading accounts of the trenches before Agra shows how little war has altered. Constantly bombarded from the high walls of the Fort, and persistently "sniped"—the expression is in common use in the journals of the day—the picquets had many men knocked over.

Although the intelligence indicated some grounds for hope

with the garrison, the regular troops were adamant, though a certain number of individual desertions occurred. Orders were given that these men were to be enlisted in the sepoy battalions, those deemed too small being sent to Headquarters for detail of service elsewhere. We have pointed out that it is probable that Jats bulked in the Brigades. Pester tells us the men cut their hair differently from the Company's sepoys, who were nearly all Oudh Rajuts or high caste Hindus. Many colonels of regiments endeavoured to avoid enlisting these deserters, using height as their objection. With one's knowledge of Indian soldiery the most probable explanation was that the Company's native officers, resenting the introduction of the more virile Jats, influenced their British officers to reject them. Meanwhile, the enemy Fourth Brigade was showing signs of activity about Fatehpore Sikri, and Lake was anxious to get things pushed on before it could interfere. Before proper siege measures could be undertaken it was necessary to clear the regular battalions from the ravines and glacis bordering Agra Fort.

The Agra City of 1803 was walled. Nearly opposite the main gate of the Fort, which lies just to the south east of it, is the Jumma Masjid, which was occupied by the regular battalions as keep. Between the Fort and the Taj Mahal a number of ravines, running north and north east, ran into the Jumna. From the tall minarets of the Taj an excellent view was obtainable, and a camp of two, if not three battalions, with their brass guns glinting in the sun, could be seen close under the Fort walls. In addition to a distant view, Major Lake, afterwards killed at Rolica, Wemyss, a Civil servant, and Pester made a careful close reconnaissance of the lines of approach over the ravines, finding that it was useless to attempt to bring guns along to support any attack.

It was decided to attack on October 10th, with sepoy corps only in order to save the 76th, who had lost the best part of 200 men in the last six weeks.

Clarke was to clear the City and secure the Jumma Masjid, while four battalions were to clear the ravines. In view of the

fact that the troops on the glacis probably numbered some 3,500, the attacking force was very weak, though Lake still had a brigade in hand, though at some distance. The fact was, he still thought the enemy not much better than a rabble.

Clarke had only two and a-half battalions, the 2/9th, 1/12th and four companies of the 1/16th (until recently known as the 4th Rajputs). The troops for the ravine attack were drawn from two different brigades, for some reason, two battalions from each, and no particular commander appears to have been detailed for the whole, for in the days of which we write the Brigadiers, when the Commander-in-Chief was present, seem to have been of but small account. The function of the Wing Commanders of the army was still more indefinite. They appear to have been redundant Major-Generals for whom some sort of title was necessary, and their names only occur when referring to their having led some particular corps, quite capable of being led by its own officers, in a hot place.

The attack was to be at dawn, for, with all types of natives not under the close supervision of Europeans, the outpost work is almost invariably bad at this hour. The "line," or troops for the attack, were under arms at 5.0 a.m., and moved off with such silence that the 1/14th succeeded in completely surprising the enemy in the ravines, killing great numbers with the bayonet and pushing right on under the walls of the Fort, bringing back, with great difficulty and under an intense fire, three guns. The battalion was badly punished, losing 97 killed and wounded in a very short time. The men were then withdrawn to a nullah about two hundred yards from the south gate of the Fort, where they were well sheltered. The ground was covered with corpses, which began to putrify with extraordinary rapidity in the hot sun. By evening they became almost unbearable and more men were hit trying to shift them.

The fire from the Fort, on its southern and south western face, was maintained until about ten o'clock, when it died away, but the rattle of musketry from the City, and particularly from about the Jumma Masjid, showed that things were not going too well.

Clarke, on the whole, would appear to have been hardly the man for the job. He had then been in India for thirty-six years, probably without ever having gone home. Having succeeded in entering Agra City with relatively little difficulty, he pushed ahead for the Jumma Masjid with the 2/9th and 1/12th, detaching White, with six companies of the 1/16th to make good a part of the city. The mosque was too strong to tackle, and the casualties in his leading battalion, the 2/9th, were mounting with what he deemed too great rapidity—they were sixty only. He accordingly fell back out of the town, despite the fact that the 1/12th was hardly touched, and directed White to do the same. Now White was a thruster, and a soldier far above the ordinary run, and had succeeded in gaining a position in the city where he felt secure with very little loss. On receiving the order to withdraw he refused to budge, suggesting that Clarke should try again, and, at the same time, reported his position to Lake, who directed him to hang on, and Clarke to reinforce him. This Clarke did in the evening, though the Jumma Masjid still held out. The following morning Clarke was sent for to Headquarters and White remained to carry on operations against the mosque.

In a letter to the Governor-General that evening Lake states: “ Colonel White has great merit, and I believe Colonel Clarke behaved exceeding well.” In other words, there is a tone of doubt. Clarke was not directly awarded the order of the bowler hat, for he was still with the army a couple of months later, though evidently taking no particular part in events. In January, 1805, however, he blossomed forth into a major-general, commanding at Dinapore from 1805-1810. In the Company’s service any advancement for merit was barred, and, speaking generally a failure, provided he lived long enough, would receive his promotion when his time came. In the junior ranks the Company’s officers, both mentally and professionally, were far ahead of the King’s, for they had infinitely greater scope, but when it came to the senior ranks, the King’s were the better, being younger and more virile. White was well known in the army, and rejoiced in the soubriquet of “ The God of

War," for he was a most terrific soldier. Pester, on reporting to him as his Major of Brigade prior to the siege of Gwalior, found him, on a quiet day in camp "sworded and sashed, as though for a night in trenches. He received me with great pomp." We have met the type, not infrequently among army doctors. Despite these foibles, he was a very fine officer and a very brave man. He had commanded the Bengal Europeans, and, thanks to his tact and ability to handle men, had converted a gang of rascals, street scum and gaol birds into the stout hearted "Dirty Shirts," whose dead were to strew the breaches of Deeg and Bhurtpore within the next fifteen months.

Meanwhile, White was left in charge of the operations in the City. Recognizing the great strength of the Jumma Masjid he contented himself with shelling it with howitzers, knowing that it was very crowded, with the result that the enemy battalions, on the night of the 14/15th, agreed to surrender. They were short of food and ammunition and their unfortunate wounded were still untended. Even after their gallant fight on October 10th the Fort garrison refused to admit them. They had lost over six hundred men, and 2,500 surrendered with twenty-five excellent brass guns. The terms of the surrender are worthy of note. They agreed to be employed in the Company's service with the same pay as they received under Perron, and their officers were to retain their rank. In other words, they entered our service *en bloc* and carried on, under the Union Jack, the great traditions they had maintained under the white cross of Savoy of de Boigne and the white snake on red ground of Scindhia—for Perron had not gone so far as to hoist the tricolour, although de Boigne had used the cross of Savoy. Officers who visited the battalions, which camped a short distance from the army, were greatly impressed with their gallant bearing, and with the manner in which the native officers, with the well-bred, courtly manner of many of the fighting races of India, expressed their appreciation of the honourable treatment they received. Pester tells us: "Many of the enemy who came over to-day are very smart soldierly-looking fellows and fine looking men." The adventurers within



The Jumma Masjid, the last point d'appui of Perron's Fifth Brigade



The S.E. corner of Agra Fort, the point of attack by General Lake



Agra Fort, with the Palaces from the left bank of the Jumna, to the East

TO THE
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the Fort were posted to these battalions after the place surrendered, in other words, back to their old corps. On taking over the muskets with which these troops were armed it was found the locks were very defective, and this fact largely accounted for the disaster which took place a little later at Saharaspur, where Brownrigg and Marshall were killed.

We now come to Lake's views on sepoys. Just before the “Ravine Attack,” as it was termed, he wrote, “I have seen a great deal of these people lately, and am quite convinced that, without the King's troops, very little is to be expected. In short, the infantry as well as the cavalry, should be remodelled.” These words, it is to be noted, were written at the period when the Bengal Army was at its zenith, and no finer native troops ever marched to battle until the Great War over a century later. The specific points on which “remodelling” was to be done are not mentioned, but they probably referred to the too homogeneous composition of the army racially, which impeded the enforcement of a stricter discipline owing to the fear of infringing caste prejudices. We know, from Arthur Wellesley, that the discipline of the Bengal Army was far behind that of Madras and Bombay for this reason. Although the men in these two armies had their prejudices, they were not allowed to bring them forward to the detriment of their military efficiency, largely because they were recruited from several races and not one only. It may be as well to note that the despised Madras sepoy stood up to casualties at Assaye amounting to 117, 125, 175 and 221 out of battalion strengths of about 550 only—a point present day Indian Army officers do not realize.

Writing the evening following the attack, Lake says: “The Sepoys have done excessively well, but, from my observation this day, as well as on every other, it is impossible to do things in a quick and gallant style without Europeans; therefore, if they do not in England think it necessary to send British troops in the proportion of one to three sepoy regiments, they will stand a good chance of losing their possessions if a French force once gets a footing in India. You will perceive, by the loss of European officers, how necessary it is for them to expose them-

selves. In short, everything has been done by the exertions and examples of officers, without whom we had not been where we are."

The Marquis Wellesley, impressed for the demand for British troops, ordered the Bengal European Regiment, a Company's but not a King's corps, up to Allahabad, and the flank companies of the 22nd Foot, whose headquarters were then at Fort William, Calcutta, to Mirzapore. An experimental horse battery was also moved up-country. The move of small bodies of white troops, amounting, possibly to about 150 muskets only, gives some idea of the stress laid on their presence.

"Half-past seven o'clock.

11th October, 1803.

DEAR COL.,

I have had a note from Dyer (the regimental surgeon) saying that the doolies of the battalion have all been sent to this post. I beg leave to assure you that not one of them has appeared near it, and we have had men wounded here since yesterday afternoon. This moment three doolies of the 14th are come from Burgh. I have sent up the sepoy that was wounded in the Temple—the others, the slightly, are gone to Camp. I fancy the bearers must have stopped at some village or gone to another Post. We have one 6-pounder on our left flank which will save our people, as all the men killed and wounded were by matchlock, and we were under the necessity of keeping their snipers from enfilading us by parties firing at them. A bullock's load I distributed to the Companies 5 in number, two of which were under Ryan of the 12th Regt., whose ammunition was expended. A howitzer is also at the post to the right of the gully. I find we shall have 24 hours more duty. We therefore require some bunyas with bhabanee, etc., etc. Tell Pester to send us the news.

Yours truly,

J. A. P. MACGREGOR.

P.S.—The Bearer will show the dooly people the Post.
Left Post, before Agra, Oct. 10th."

The operations for the siege proper now began, and the breaching battery was established at the astonishingly short range of 350 yards from the south east angle of the Fort, close to the Jumna. Seeing how things were going, and now paying some heed to the warnings of the adventurer officers against "exasperating the troops under General Lake, so as to exterminate the whole of them should a storm take place," on the lines of Aligarh, they sent out Sutherland on October 13th, to negotiate terms. In the letter written to Lake it is of interest to note that the garrison agreed to hand over "the Sircar's arms and property"—the term "Sircar" evidently merely meaning the Government they then recognized, but not the Honourable Company. Salkeld, the Deputy Quartermaster-General, was directed to return to the Fort with Sutherland to negotiate direct with the fifteen native officers of the Sanhedrin—for Sutherland had only been released from arrest in order to act as mediator—and was to impress on them that the government treasure must be surrendered intact as well as the arms, other than private arms. Salkeld duly entered the gates, when he was met by the Sanhedrin, some of whom were for surrender, some not, having changed their minds. Amid the babel of argument the guns of the Fort re-opened, and he at once quitted by boat. It was now dark, and an officer in our batteries "let fly a rattling shot," nearly killing the unfortunate fellow, when he shouted out and made himself known.

"The enemy now kept up a terrible fire, which they continued all night; and the cause of renewing it was, as Captain Salkeld learnt, the circumstances of our working parties being heard in the trenches. These were drawn from volunteers of the 8th, 27th and 29th Light Dragoons. (This was the first night British troops were working, the parties hitherto being Pioneers, whose voices would not create the consternation caused by suddenly hearing the 'gora log.') Considering we were so close as to distinguish their voices in the Fort, they instantly took alarm, and began to fire, though with more fury than effect. They also sent up, every now and then, rockets and flares to ascertain our position; while every hour the sound of horns and

shoutings gave the signal of their relieving guard, on which occasions their firings always increased, to show they were on the alert; and then it slackened by degrees until the next rounds commenced." How many of us have not seen something of the sort in the last fifteen years?

We now come to a point of interest. Why were dragoons, of all people, working in the trenches? There were at least nine sepoy to every dragoon, and Thomas Atkins would, until he has been "put through it," infinitely rather lie under the most sketchy cover than shift a sod.

The answer lies in the fact that the high caste Bengal sepoy would not handle pick or shovel unless under dire pressure. He expected the Pioneer, usually a lower caste man, to do "coolie work." At all events, we know this was the case in 1849, for we have the edifying picture of the saintly gentlemen, after Chillianwallah, watching the British soldiery sweating and digging at the entrenched camp Gough deemed it advisable to construct after that great "victory," twirling their moustaches and swaggering over the "gora log" who were doing what they deemed beneath them. As the Bengal sepoy had shown remarkable reluctance to go into battle on this occasion, the feelings of the British soldiery can be better imagined than described. The Bengal Army, at this period, however, was on its way to ruin, the men being pampered and pandered to in a manner which was not known in Lake's day. We know, on the other hand, that the Bombay and Madras sepoy, including men of the highest caste, all dug—the high caste man who gave trouble had plenty of men who would string him up to the triangles if necessary.

In the meantime, the troops in the trenches and advanced posts found life horrible from the appalling stench of the corpses and carcases. By day it was impossible to shift them, and the nights were often bright moonlight. Swarms of dogs from Agra City made their appearance, fighting the livelong night, and together with them came the jackals, howling and yelling. Close to the Jumna, crocodiles, scenting death, came out of the river and even attacked the sentries. At calm periods

of the day, vultures and carrion assembled as if from nowhere. One night an alarm was given, and it was thought that a sortie was to be attempted. It was, however, only the garrison turning out starving cattle. With these horrors came a terrible plague of flies, blackening the men's clothing and driving horses nearly mad.

The Grand Battery—our forefathers liked these grandiloquent terms—was ready to open on the morning of October 17th, three nights' work having been put in on it. It consisted of only eight eighteen-pounders and six howitzers, with an odd twelve-pounder or two. The “battalion guns,” all six-pounders, were used much as we used the field guns in France, to kill personnel and not batter. A “tremendous fire” now opened, in other words, about one round per gun every two minutes or so. The enemy, on the other hand, had a great number of guns, and the battery was no health resort. Fortunately the deep nullahs provided plenty of cover for the men not actually serving the guns or the casualties would have been very heavy.

As those who know Agra Fort are aware, the pink sandstone walls are artistic rather than strong, and the strength of the place rested rather on the height of these and on the deep ditches than on their solidity. After pounding since dawn, with an interval of three hours at mid-day to cool the guns, the wall of the Bengal bastion came down in great flakes and Madhu Garh, an outwork thrown out for its protection, was completely torn to atoms by the enfilading battery. The manner in which the walls crumbled, the unpleasant proximity of White's people in the Jumma Masjid which was close to the choke of the main gate, the effect of the howitzer shells—shells were hardly known among natives, though the 5½-inch projectiles thrown by our guns cannot have been very deadly—and the insistent warnings of the adventurers of the fate of the garrison in the event of a storm, now had their effect. A summons to surrender, cautioning the defence, “lest Aligarh be repeated but with 5,000 corpses instead of 2,000,” was first of all rejected, but a couple of hours later two native officers were sent out and the capitula-

tion agreed to. The affair was so quickly settled that many officers of the army who had come out to watch the bombardment next day were astonished to see a long column, carrying their matchlocks, swords and spears, "personal armament and not Sirkari," filing out of the main gate. On this occasion the garrison did not attempt to march out with the honours of war, but three months later the garrison of Gwalior, commanded by a very fine old native officer, did, "with dhols beating, matches lighted, and standards flying," the native officers saluting, in dignified manner, White and his British officers, all of whom were extremely glad to get out of what would have proved a very bloody business.

Visitors to Agra are shown a hole in the marble screen of the Jasmine Tower, and will note the black marble throne close by, which is split. Both are attributed to Lake's guns. Shot marks against the ramparts and against the Jumma Masjid have been put down to fighting during the Mutiny. In point of fact, Agra played a very small part in the Mutiny, and the damage was done either by Perron, in 1799, or Lake, in 1803.

The first step to be taken was to post guards on every gate to prevent looting. At Ahmednagar, taken by Wellesley in the Deccan a couple of months before, the bodies of two men caught plundering were hung out as a stimulant. The Prize Agents, officers elected by vote, could then get about their business. No less than twenty-four lakhs of rupees in specie were found, roughly £300,000 as money went then, together with 76 brass and 85 iron guns, with abundance of goodish powder and shot. chief among these was "The Great Gun of Agra," "which, for magnitude and beauty, being perfect in all its dimensions, stands unrivalled." It was supposed to be made of all the precious metals, and there may, indeed, be something in the story, for the shroffs of Agra offered Lake a lakh of rupees merely to melt it down. It had a calibre of 23 inches and threw a ball weighing 1,500 pounds if of iron but 550 if of marble. It was inscribed "In the reign of Akbar Shah, made by Sital Pershad." Lake attempted to have it floated down to Calcutta, but the raft broke. Twenty years later Lord William

Bentinck, the super-economist, pettyfogging Governor-General, is reported to have negotiated its sale, together with that of the Taj Mahal, the marble of which edifice was to be used by some rich bunnia for a house he was designing. It is only fair, however, to state that Bentinck, as the author of the mean “ half batta ” order, which had such a disastrous effect on the discipline of the Bengal sepoy, whose pay remained unaffected while that of his officer was cut down, was regarded as a fit target for every hint of vileness, and may have been entirely guiltless.

The Palace within the Fort now became a hospital, “ a commodious and elegant apartment ” as the Diwan i Khas is described as. The famous Jasmine Tower became the new Commandant’s quarter, and here, Blair and his lady dispensed the hospitality for which he was famous in later years at Bath, as Sir Phillip Blair, K.C.B.

The treasure was divided up among the troops almost immediately, Lake’s share being £44,000, the first “ prize ” he had touched since he had joined the Guards as an ensign of fourteen years of age, forty-five years before. Now Perron, who knew all about this treasure, had, on arrival at Lucknow on his way down country, applied to the Governor-General, stating that the money was his, as being derived from his “ jaedad.” According to Smith, the adventurer, it was clear that Perron, who had sent his shawls—shawls figure very largely among the Indian valuables of the day—treasure and cash into Agra Fort on war breaking out, had some degree of claim. None the less, Lake, after examining Sutherland, Hessing and other adventurers, came to the conclusion that the money was revenue, pure and simple, intended for the payment of Scindhia’s troops. Furthermore, Perron, on surrendering, had agreed to pass through the Company’s territory with merely the goods he carried with him.

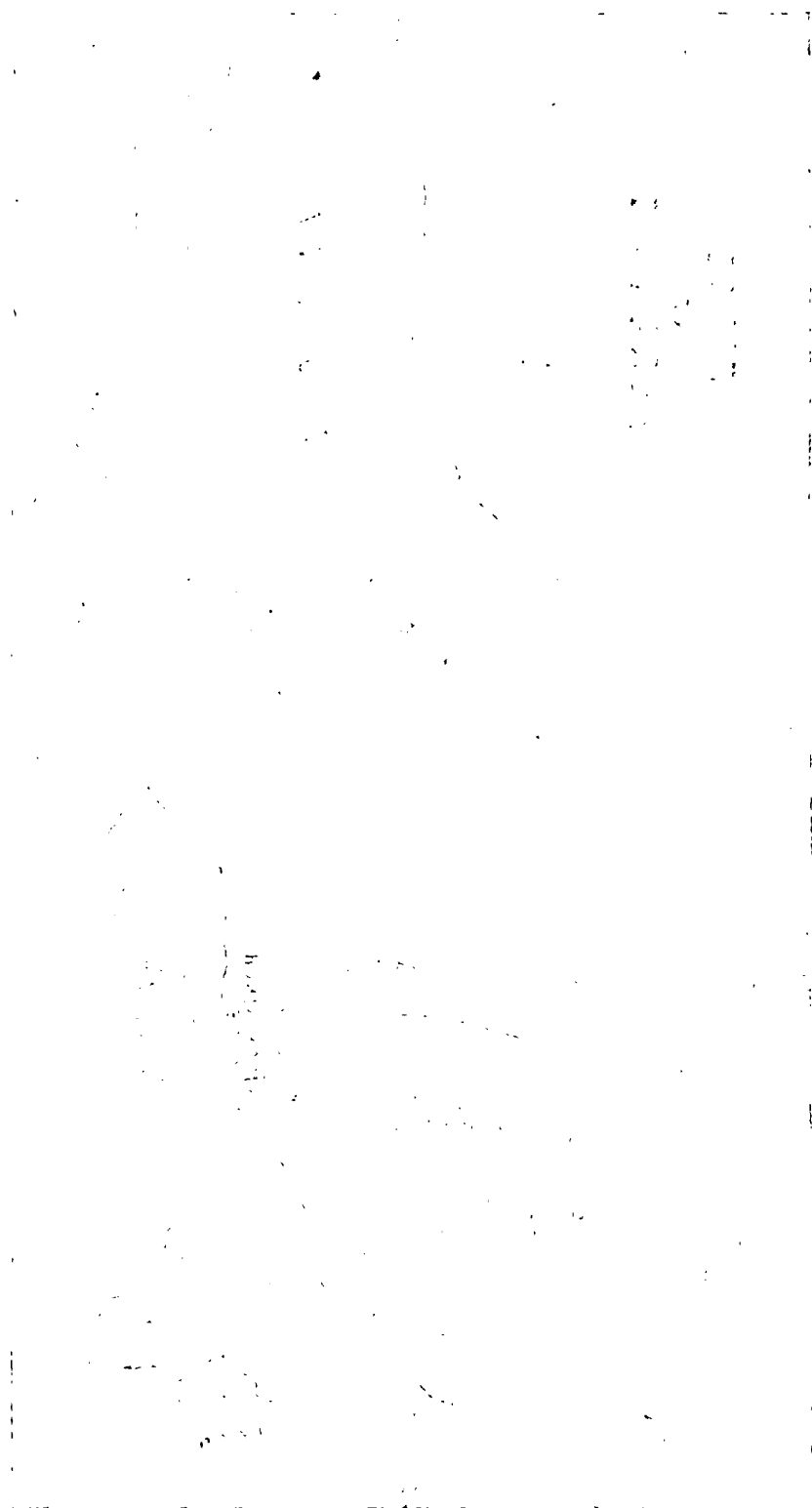
Hence, the money was deemed “ Prize of War,” greatly to the joy of everyone.

It may be as well to state that, by the time Perron arrived in France, such was the natural perfidy of the English, the sum of which he had been defrauded amounted to more like a million

sterling than £300,000. None the less, this adventurer succeeded in getting away with no less than £280,000, invested in the Company's paper, an admirable mode of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. With this sum he retired to Fresnes, where he lived in luxury for the next thirty years, Napoleon treating him very coldly, and the last years of which, being suspected of Republicanism, were harried by constant police supervision.

So much for an adventurer who had started life hawking handkerchiefs at Nantes and rose to be master of Hindustan. Meanwhile, his great predecessor, de Boigne, ended his days in high honour, the friend of Princes, and dispensing charity with a lavish hand in his old home at Chambéry, in Savoy—and no man was more deserving of his fortune.







“QUIET WITH HOUNDS”

By LIEUT.-COLONEL SIDNEY G. GOLDSCHMIDT.

ALL horses are affected by the presence of hounds. A few (so small a number as to be almost negligible) show a decided and active antipathy and do not calm down until they have got them out of sight and hearing. Most, however, will show an awakened interest, while some evince great excitement even though they may never have been out hunting before.

This awakened interest is a trait so universal that most hunting men have come to accept it without inquiring into the cause; they appear to regard it as inevitable and without remedy. My theory of the cause is that it can be put down to

atavism, a survival of the instinct of self-preservation. The wild ancestor would rejoice in seeing an animal, belonging to the genus of its natural carnivorous enemies, hunted and slain. There seems no other way to account for a horse's keenness in a hunt, his satisfaction at a kill or the reason why he should gallop faster and with more heart when in sight and hearing of hounds than when following in the ruck.

Anyway, whatever the cause the actual result is that no trial of a horse is of any value to an intending purchaser unless he can ride him in a hunt and have the opportunity of studying his demeanour at covert side. The quietest and most placid may become almost beside themselves, in fact, the excitement can be so acute as to make some horses useless as hunters and others a great nuisance to their riders and a danger to the rest of the field for weeks and even months. Conversely, however, some of the most highly strung seem to look upon the presence of hounds as the prelude to a serious adventure for which it behoves them to conserve their energy.

The remedy for over excitement in a hunt and restlessness at covert side, or better still, the best way to prevent both is worth considering.

For the purposes of this article I will assume that the horse has, by means of exhaustive experiment, been suitably bitted. No easy matter this, because variations so insignificant as to appear hardly worth considering may make all the difference.

One of the most important factors, one on which success or failure largely depends, is the early experience we give a horse with hounds.

It is the frequency and the simplicity of the lessons that count, not their duration or their diversity. If the interval between them is too long instruction has to begin afresh, as it were, every time. If the seeming quietness of a horse has deceived us and tempted us to prolong a lesson, to miss a step in the sequence or to run two lessons into one, it will invariably be regretted.

Thus for the first day we should be content to ride our novice to the meet and it is important that he should be amongst

the first to arrive when from a quiet lane or field, he can watch the arrival of the hunt and the other horses. Then when the field moves off to the first covert he should be sent home.

*“ However placidly he may stand, it is best to be content with this short first appearance; a wave of excitement may come over him if he is allowed to go on with the field; in fact, a young horse’s interest often increases as the morning passes till he becomes excited and difficult. Often indeed on the second day out he is quite likely to be more excited than on the first.”

Thereafter his education should be gently progressive, the guiding principle being that lessons should, as said before, be short and frequent. Furthermore they should be designed to finish calmly, never entailing a struggle or at all events one unsuccessful for the rider. The horse’s demeanour must be the guide as to how quickly we can proceed and ingenuity must devise the means to insure that no new step is taken until the pupil has assimilated the last one, until after he has become calmly familiar with each set of exciting sights and sounds; in other words, until all novelty has worn off.

The time thus saved is also an important consideration. By taking a horse out for these short spells he may with luck, have gained experience of some twenty hunting days by the middle of November.

The need for this gradual initiation is accentuated when we consider that the mere thought of a day’s hunting rouses such an interest in the breast of even the most seasoned hunter that it should be the aim of the careful experienced groom to withhold from his charges the knowledge that it is a hunting morning. Otherwise many would not feed and their nerves would be so on edge that their manners would be adversely affected and their stamina impaired.

A clever groom will be at great pains on a hunting morning, to avoid as far as possible any deviation from the procedure which marks a non-hunting morning. The foundation for this deception must be laid on the ordinary exercising days and continued on hunting days. If before morning exercise the

* “Bridlewise.”

groom is careful to put in some of the routine of grooming, feeding, etc., ordinarily reserved for a hunting morning, and conversely before saddling up for the meet he can lead a horse to believe that just ordinary exercise is contemplated, calmness will pervade the atmosphere and a horse will finish his feed to the last oat. But the smallest variation to the ordinary procedure is enough to rouse suspicion. My grooms even go so far with a nervous horse as to rug him up after dressing and even to buckle on the roller; merely to leave it off would be enough to induce the thought that it is a hunting day.

Masefield writes in "Reynard the Fox": "The stables were alive with din from dawn until the time of meeting." I have no hesitation in saying that if any stable were to be "alive with din" on a hunting morning, half the horses would be walking round their boxes instead of feeding, and many of them would be in a cold sweat.

One of the most important items of stable management is that before hunting, a horse should be induced to eat his ration of corn and to finish it in time for digestion to be complete or nearly so, before he takes the road. There will have been a long gap since his last meal, and there is a long period of fasting ahead, so unless a full feed is eaten and digested, there is little chance of a horse arriving at the meet in that state of calmness and bodily content on which mental quiet largely depends and which is so important if he is to retain his manners and continue to be quiet with hounds. Furthermore, without his full feed he will not last out the day or retain his condition throughout the season.

A hunter like a poet is born and not made, but if the general education of either is neglected the performance of the former will be as crude as the verse of the latter. But just as you cannot imbue a prosaic man's mind with poetic thoughts by means of a primer and a rhyming dictionary, so is it equally impossible to make a hunter of a horse that is not born with a natural aptitude for the chase. A course of schooling over the most elaborate artificial fences that can be devised will be worse than useless, in that it will probably ruin his mouth or

manners. I maintain this with great emphasis because if one is to judge by much of the literature on the subject, it is supposed (erroneously I maintain) that a protracted course of schooling over a variety of jumps is necessary to fit a horse for the hunting field.

The other day I was riding past a friend's paddock where I saw him on a new hunter faced at a fence with his groom behind him trying to beat the horse over with a hunting whip. Now I happened to know that this horse was an accomplished hunter, as it had been bought from a friend whose daughter it had carried brilliantly, and it had only been sold because the girl had gone abroad. So I said, “I suppose you know that is a made hunter and knows his job?” “Oh, yes,” replied my friend, “but so and so,” mentioning a well-known writer, “says that you should make your horse perfect at every kind of fence before you take him out.” I had read “So and So's” book in which there is, among other absurdities a description of a horse's first day with hounds. As far as I remember the horse was six years' old and had had two years intensive schooling over such a variety of obstacles that every fence he encountered in the course of that hunt he was able to negotiate with ease because he had been *familiarized with it already on the schooling ground*.

I was able to persuade my friend to take the horse out hunting without further “*schooling*” and to withhold his opinion until he had had a day on him. Although he started with the firm conviction that his horse was a refuser, I am glad to say that he was carried faultlessly, without a single refusal or a semblance of a fall. I think it was lucky for him that the unwarranted treatment that this good horse had received in the paddock did not adversely affect his manners.

One of the most unpleasant horses I ever rode to hounds was a show jumper. One has only to observe the style adopted by horse (and rider) to clear the made fences in a show jumping ring, which by the way appear to be specially selected to represent the kind of fence *never* met with out hunting, to realize that every spark of imagination has had to be eliminated. How

otherwise could horses be induced to jump the ridiculous collapsible fences with which they are faced? There are no problems of take off and landing to be considered, no rabbit holes, no rotten banks, and his nerve is not shattered by the prospect of timber so stiff and unbreakable as to mean a somersault unless faultlessly cleared. Above all, the show jumper has to be made hot and impetuous and a hunter has to be cool and calculating.

The greatest contribution to quietness with hounds is that general education, mental and physical, which every horse ought to receive before he is taken out hunting, and this is farther reaching than is generally supposed. It is not confined, as is so often thought, to a docile submission to guidance by the bridle. It must be extended to prompt and free obedience to the leg, a correct carriage of the head, and he must readily yield to the direct flexion. By this means alone can a rider obtain the balance necessary for a horse to distribute his weight correctly and thus avoid undue fatigue; but above all the direct flexion insures the best position to obey the rider's lightest indications. We cannot call a horse quiet with hounds if he pulls, or if he "runs on" when his rider wishes him to turn or if he shows that he is so unfamiliar with heel and spur as to display his resentment by a kick on being touched with either in a crowded gateway.

What an exhibition is so often evoked by the words "Hounds, please!" It is sometimes almost pathetic to see the efforts of a rider to line his horse up at the side of a road to face the pack. How impressive on the other hand is the horse that quietly passages and reins back into position, never stirring a foot until the pack has passed.

• Horses are never so apt to kick as when there is another horse or a hound within reach of his heels, so it is no easy matter to vouch for their quietness in this respect without dangerous experiment; but we *can* avoid taking a horse out hunting until he has been made controllable and obedient.

This control and obedience is obtained through a course of schooling. The horse will learn how to interpret leg pressure,

a touch with the heel (or if necessary the spur), and will not look upon either as a meaningless annoyance to be resented by a kick at the nearest horse or hound, nor will he be decorated (and depreciated in value) for the rest of his life by a red ribbon in his tail. He can be placed alongside a gate so that his rider is in the best position to open or shut and latch it. He will stand to be mounted and will stand still at covert side. He will wait his turn at a gap or gate and he can be prevented from rushing his fences. Imbued with this spirit of obedience and confidence there will be a better chance of him boxing quietly, and now-a-days not only in a railway horse-box but in a motor van or in a trailer also.

There is one item which contributes so materially to quietness with hounds that I have left it to the last as the most important of all, although it does not always receive the consideration it should. In taking a young horse to the early meets of his career, whether during cub-hunting or after hunting proper has begun, his diet and exercise should have been so regulated that far from being fresh, he should, on the contrary, be below par rather than above himself. Early impressions are of vital importance. The horse is an impressionable creature and with the first sight of hounds it is essential that he should be in a receptive frame of mind, which he will not be if he is overfed and under exercised. The foolish irresponsibility of the over-fresh horse is more likely to be in evidence if he has been driven to the meet in a motor van and has missed the sobering effect of the hack on.

Any new, or for that matter any experience that through bad management is associated with excitement or that engenders differences of opinion or any semblance of a struggle, makes an adverse and lasting impression on a horse's mind although unfortunately the converse does not hold good, otherwise horsemanship would be an art far easier to acquire. A lesson learnt makes a lasting impression only so long as a glimpse into a knowledge of his power can be withheld from him and so long as he will not come to realize just how far he

need obey. One minute of weakness on the part of an incompetent or nervous rider can undo months or even years of schooling.



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A SHOOTING TRIP TO LADAKH IN 1913

By MAJOR O. J. F. FOOKS.

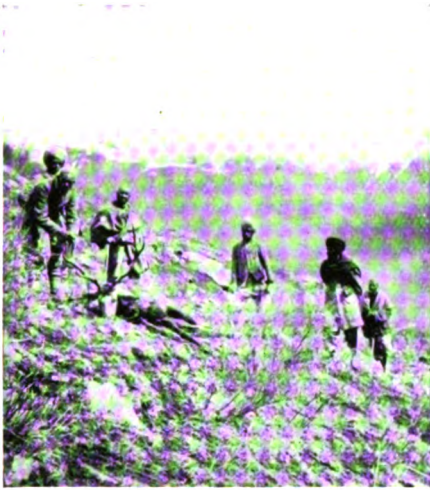
A PRE-WAR Diary, dealing with a shooting trip of three months' duration amidst the Himalaya Mountains, has suddenly come to light, and a description of the journey and its results may prove of interest. True, 1913 is a long way back, but the country of Ladakh, its people and its game cannot have changed, although prices and conditions of licenses have assuredly altered, whilst motor cars have displaced the tongas and the ekkas between Rawal Pindi and Srinagar.

Having been granted eight months' leave, I set off to the Himalayas with the intention of spending three months there, and of reserving the remainder for a visit to England. The journey in early March from Mhow in Central India to Rawal Pindi by the Northern Mail was uneventful, but the drive by tonga from the latter place to Srinagar (a distance of about 195 miles) was certainly novel to me. At Murree, where I was the sole visitor in the hotel, I put my feet on snow for the first time in India. Snow in India seemed an "impertinence" to me, but at the end of my expedition I was inured to it. On the second stage to Garhi I soon became accustomed to the snow-capped peaks, which formed a background to magnificent scenery, and which appeared round each corner. The method of the local road-menders struck me as being original, the proportion of two men to one shovel being decidedly lavish. One used the implement in the normal approved manner, whilst the other helped to throw the shovelful of sand or stones, by means of a six feet rope, tied to the bottom of the handle. The third

stage of my tonga journey was from Garhi to Baramulla, a quaint town on the banks of the Jhelum River. For the greater part of the journey the country is precipitous, and the road ascends, descends and bends round hair-pin corners. From Baramulla it is but a matter of thirty-four miles drive along a level *pavée* road, through avenues of poplars planted under French influence, to Srinagar, which stands 5,250 feet above sea-level.

At Srinagar I met "D," a brother officer, who had obtained his leave earlier, and who had already worked out the broad lines of our proposed trip, which was to penetrate to the Thibetan Frontier, via Leh in search of "*Ovis Ammon*," Thibetan gazelle, yak, burhel, ibex and shapu. Two days were spent at Srinagar in buying stores and thick clothing, in engaging shikarries, and in procuring the requisite game licenses. I had brought with me from Mhow a bearer, who was a good cook. Owing to a nasty habit of twitching he went by the name of "Scratchy." My head shikarrie "Sidika" was excellent at his job, and a good organizer, but I erred in taking a retinue of underlings, such as the "chhota shikarrie," and permanent coolies.

On the completion of our preparations, "D" and I, on March 12th, set forth on the first stage of our journey, *i.e.*, to Leh, a distance of about 243 miles. Our route lay through the Sind valley, over the Zogi La Pass, thence through the valley of the Indus. En route at Watlab, in the Sind Valley, I spent the last day of the season in trying to bag a Kashmir stag or barasingh. Having risen at 3 a.m., I was on the hills shortly after dawn, and Sidika had soon spotted some good heads. After a long stalk I eventually had a chance at a fine stag, but as ill-luck, or rather bad staff work would have it, my rifle misfired, not once, but twice. The largest stag was soon far away, but by opening rapid fire at increasing ranges, on a smaller stag, I managed to drop him, but to my disgust his head was a poor one—in fact at the time I was ashamed of its size, although it was certainly above the minimum allowed under the Game Preservation Laws. After the excitement of having shot the barasingh,



BARASINGH SHOT IN THE SIND VALLEY.



TRAIL-BREAKING, ZOGI LA PASS.



PONY TRANSPORT AT THE SUMMIT OF THE FOTI LA PASS (13,400 FT.).

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I had my first experience of mountain sickness, and I was only too pleased to descend to camp, and take to my bed for the rest of the day.

On March 15, we resumed our journey up the Sind valley, and two days later we reached snow level and adopted cooly transport instead of pony transport, whilst we changed our foot-gear from "chaplies" (leather sandals) to grass shoes. The latter I found very comfortable and warm, and they made progress over the snow easy. They are made as required from rice straw by the shikarries or coolies. It was interesting to see the rush of coolies to our baggage on their first arrival. The first to win the race naturally chose what they guessed to be the lightest or easiest loads, and they staked their claims on them by putting their own ropes around the packs. The last to arrive were left with the cumbersome and heavy tents to carry. From the heated arguments and gesticulations, it was obvious that some were not pleased.

As we advanced the snow became deeper, and in consequence the day's marches became shorter and shorter. There was no sign of a beaten track, and the trail had to be broken afresh—a most exhausting experience. Fortunately Dak bungalows existed, and although nearly all of these had broken windows and doors, yet they gave us a certain amount of shelter at nights. In spite of large fires kept up in the rooms, our wet socks and garments were often frozen stiff the following morning. By day the sun was not only brilliant, but hot, yet in the shade it was several degrees below zero. Hard boiled eggs and golden syrup, carried in our tiffin baskets on the coolies' backs, were frozen hard. One of the strangest incidents I saw during this trip was the making and smoking of a "snow pipe" by the Kashmiris, who at the "tiffin" halt used to get down on their hands and knees in turn and take pulls at this novel form of smoking requisite.

The most difficult part of the journey was the ascent of the Zogi La Pass (11,300 feet). We had to wait a day at the foot in the Baltal bungalow for suitable weather, and then we set forth at 4 a.m. Happily the pass was negotiated safely, and I

was proud of the fact that we were the first Europeans to cross it since the previous November. At the top of the pass we met a party of coolies coming from the opposite direction and this gave us the advantage of a beaten track to follow. After eight days actual marching through snow, we were at last able to put our feet on "mother earth" and discard our grass shoes in favour of chaplies. The snow stage was about 84 miles, *i.e.*, from Goond to Chanegund—an average march of $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles per diem. On the following day, March 26th, we entered Ladakh, having received special permission to do so earlier than usual. Normally Europeans were not allowed to enter the country before April 15th. Cooly transport now gave way to pony transport. Two passes, the Namika La and Foti La, although both over 13,000 feet, had but little snow on them, and were easily climbed. The track to Leh enters and runs up the Indus valley at Khalsi. Four further marches across desolate and barren country brought us to Leh, the capital of Ladakh, on April 5th. We had thus taken 25 days to cover the 243 miles from Srinagar, but some of our marches had been impeded by snow, and we had halted several days en route.

Leh consists of a large monastery, perched upon a commanding hill, and one broad street, lined with poplars, along which a scratch polo match takes place annually among the inhabitants. There was in 1913 one shop belonging to an Indian merchant, Mohan Lal, from whom we purchased tinned supplies, and he also acted as our banker. From Leh onwards no supplies except an occasional sheep or goat were procurable, so we had to lay in a good supply to last until our return. There is also a Moravian Mission, the members of which were very helpful in procuring for us fresh vegetables and other delicacies. Leh is the starting point for the trade routes for India, China, Turkestan and Thibet. Although its altitude is 11,500 feet above sea level, yet the fall of rain and snow is only two inches annually. This applies generally to the whole of Ladakh. The height of the valleys is from 11,000 to 15,000 feet, whilst the average altitude of the mountain ranges is 19,000 feet. Vegetation and cultivation, the amount of



LADAKHIS AT THE VILLAGE OF NURLA.



LEH HIGH STREET WITH MONASTERY
ON THE SPUR ABOVE.



LADAKHI WOMEN WEARING "PIRAKS" AND MY SHIKARRIE "SIDIKA," LEH.

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which is insignificant, is confined to selected spots in the valleys. The mountains are completely bare. Fuel is therefore a matter of great difficulty and the only supplies are from dapshang roots (a kind of heather) and from dried yak's dung. Ladakh has been called "The Roof of the World," yet there is but little snow, even on the highest peaks. Terrific winds blow daily, and progress in the teeth of these is exceedingly uncomfortable and difficult.

The Ladakhis are of Mongolian stock, are extremely dirty in their appearance, and seem to have no use for water as a cleanser. An interesting custom about them is that they indulge in polyandry, one woman having several husbands, who are usually brothers. In such an inhospitable and barren country this method of birth control may be right. Their religion is a form of Buddhism. Monasteries and nunneries, which are usually perched high up on spurs or peaks, abound, but the monks and nuns are no cleaner than the rest of the inhabitants. The prevailing characteristics of these buildings is dirt, and to Europeans, the very offensive odour of burnt ghi. Inside, there are large images of Buddhas, paintings of demons and large praying wheels, like drums, which the faithful turn as they pass. Perhaps the most noticeable part of the Ladakhi is his praying wheel, which by a peculiar twist of the wrist he keeps revolving whilst he talks, or walks, or dozes. As the prayer is written many hundreds of time on parchment inside the wheel, a few minutes turning of the latter will say the prayer countless billions of times. Under such conditions, prayers do not suffer from lack of quantity. The mystic words, "Om mani padmi hong," which appears to be the chief prayer, and which is seen carved on stones and rocks, is translated as "How beautiful is the lotus flower," but apparently it has also a mystic meaning. The countryside is dotted with "Chortans," which are small structures, the shape of a padoga, and contain the ashes of dead lamas mixed with clay.

The Ladakhi women are extremely ugly, but their clothes are picturesque. They usually wear a goat-skin over the shoulders and a "Pirak" on the head. This consists of a broad

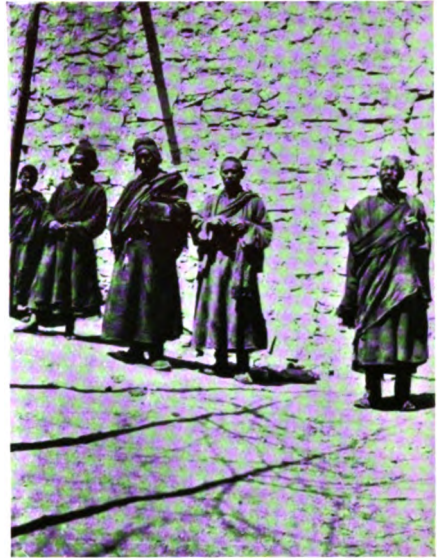
red cloth up to three feet long, hanging down their backs, on which uncut turquoises are sewn. These "Piraks" are heirlooms and the wealth of the woman can be judged by her "Pirak." Pieces of black lamb-skin cover the ears, whilst bracelets adorn the arms.

My "Ovis Ammon" block was the Kuyul valley, the river of that name flowing into the Indus at a point 158 miles from Leh, whilst "D's" Block was in the vicinity of Hanle. Leaving Leh on April 7th we followed the Indus Valley towards the Thibetan frontier. After passing a little cultivation, the journey through the winding valley hemmed in by steep barren mountains on both sides, became very monotonous, the only items of interest being the monasteries, with their adjacent little patches of cultivation. Several of the villages marked on the map did not exist in actuality, or were mere collections of goat shelters. For the first few marches we managed to obtain ponies for the transport of our equipment, but later we had to rely on yaks, which were incredibly slow. The pony-men, in the absence of suitable sticks urged their charges forward by means of shrill whistles, and by throwing stones. One day a pony which I was riding owing to a blistered toe, failed to answer either the leg or heel, and in desperation I waved a copy of the "Weekly Times" in his face. The result was instantaneous—I was on the ground, and being dragged. Fortunately the rope girth gave way and I was left lying with the saddle on top of me. As the edge of the "khud," with a drop of 200 feet into the Indus was within a few feet of me I was more than glad to be free. On another occasion when my pony refused to quicken his pace, the shikarrie bit the pony's ear vigorously. This had the desired effect, but it was not an "aid" that I had learnt in the riding school.

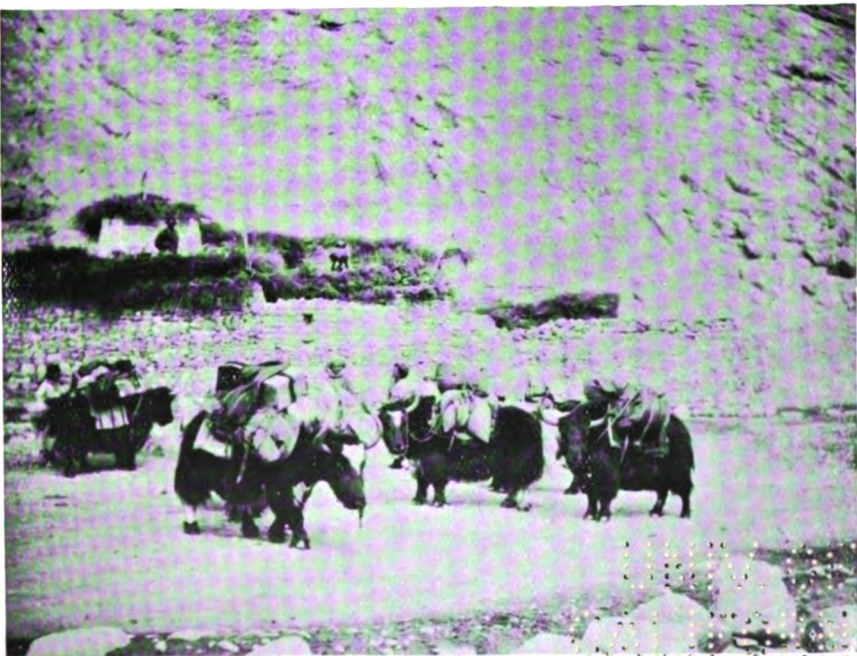
About 110 miles from Leh the valley opens up considerably, the river winding through sandy flats. Shortly afterwards "D" and I parted company, he going to his block near Hanle, whilst I continued up the Indus Valley. We anticipated rejoining each other after a few days, but we did not actually meet again till our trip was over—a matter of seven weeks.



TETSE MONASTERY.



LAMAS OUTSIDE HIMIS MONASTERY.



OUR YAK TRANSPORT AT NIMU.

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Two more days' march in the teeth of an incessant gale brought me to the junction of the Indus and Kuyul Rivers, and here I followed the valley of the latter, to my first "Shikar camp." The cold was intense and the wind made it impossible to put up a tent, and so I sought refuge for the night behind a goat-shelter. My camp, which was within five miles of the Thibetan frontier, was situated 15,000 feet above sea level, the surrounding mountains being another 3,000 to 5,000 feet higher. For the first few days in this region there was fortunately no sign of snow. I managed to purchase a sheep here from some Champas—a tribe of nomads who live in the highest regions of Ladakh—for the enormous!! sum of one rupee, and this price included the fleece. The meat lasted a fortnight, so the butcher's bill cannot be said to have been exorbitant.

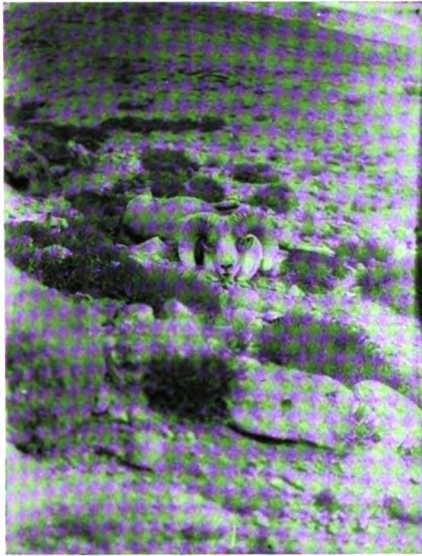
The morning (April 16th) after my arrival I left camp at dawn and very shortly my Ladakhi shikarrie "Teshi," whom I had engaged from one of the villages near Leh, and whose keen eyesight stood out even among the Kashmiri shikarries, spotted a herd of Ammon, high up one of the mountains. A three hours' climb brought us within normal range of vision, but the herd was entirely composed of females. A further ascent to a peak, 18,000 feet high, was undertaken and from here a wonderful panoramic view of the Indus Valley, the mountains of Thibet and the desolate "Roof of the World" was obtained. In one of the lower nullahs nine rams were located and I started to stalk these, in spite of a very bad attack of "high-altitude headache" which gradually took all my keenness away. My shikarries, however, did not wish to lose this chance and urged me on. After a long and tiring stalk of about three hours down the mountain side I got within 300 yards of the rams, which were now intensely suspicious of some hidden danger and moved off slowly. Crawling along a nullah, and with a splitting headache, I reached a rock about 120 yards from one of the rams, which Teshi assured me in his broken Urdu was a "40-inch wala." My magazine rifle misfired, but the rams, hearing the click of the striker were still oblivious of the direction of the danger. Thus I managed to

get in a shot with my 400 d.b. rifle. At the sound the animals galloped off and I thought I had failed, but I found a ram stone dead, shot through the shoulder. It was now almost dusk and so, taking the head alone, I made my way back to camp, which was reached two hours later. Strange to say, the excitement of bagging my first Ovis Ammon on the opening day of my shoot, cured my headache almost instantaneously.

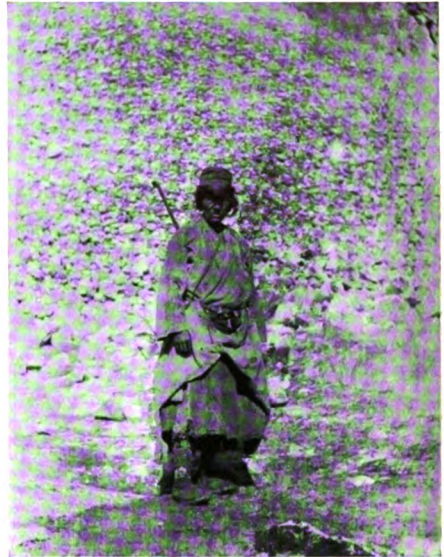
The following day was observed as a holiday, except by some of the coolies who had to fetch the carcass of the ram, which provided, for several days to come, fair eating. With glee I measured and re-measured the head, of which the dimensions proved to be 37 inches (both horns were broken at the tips) with a girth of 18 inches. It should be mentioned here that the Ovis Ammon is the largest animal of the sheep species and stands about 11 hands high. I realised that my trek of over 400 miles had not been in vain. The day was spent in skinning the head, in boiling the bolt of my rifle to rid it of the frozen oil, which had, I thought, been responsible for the misfires, and in shooting a Thibetan hare.

I was now hopeful of bagging a burhel and a Thibetan gazelle, and next day (April 18th) moved up the Kuyul Valley, about four miles to a locality called Kale. I, indeed, shot a burhel, but the one I dropped was the smallest in the herd, and I had to try to forget his measurements.

The weather had now changed for the worse. The strength of the wind increased, and snow began to fall, but I determined to push on further up the valley. We had to cross and recross the river by snow and ice bridges, and the terrific force of the wind brought our party to a standstill several times. We halted early in face of such weather at a spot where a few stones marked what had been a goat shelter. I inquired the name of this locality and was told Jehannum (the Urdu for Hell), and well it deserved its sobriquet. No tents could be pitched and we all made the most we could of the derelict shelter. I spent five days here, hoping to see some gazelle, but it was impossible to counteract the weather and the cold. All my staff were laid low except my Indian cook "Scratchy," who



OVIS AMMON SHOT NEAR KUYUL, 16TH APRIL, 1913.
HORNS 37 INS., GIRTH 18 INS.



"TESHI," MY LADAKHI SHIKARRIE.



BURHEL SHOT IN NANG NULLAH.

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could do little more than sit over a dung fire, wrapped up from head to foot, in innumerable clothes and blankets. Toothache gave me sleepless nights, and my interest in the gazelle waned. When one of the local yak coolies had to be dug out of the snow half dead I decided to leave these forsaken heights for lower regions, where I also hoped to get in touch with "D." Crossing the Boizarkan Pass we reached Hanle—a place marked large on atlases, but which consists of an imposing monastery and a few very dirty stone hovels only. I tried to seek refuge for the night in one of these, but the best I could obtain was a cattle shed, out of which the animals were turned for my benefit. Yet it was a palace to me, and I had my first sound sleep for several nights. I paid a visit to the monastery, where the usual attributes, dirt, dirty lamas, and most offensive smells, were prevalent. The lamas offered me sugar and some greasy "kabanis" (apricots), and after returning the compliment in the form of some silver rupees, I was only too pleased to decamp. Before leaving the vicinity, however, I stalked some "kyang," or wild asses, which are popularly supposed to be the ancestors of horses, and shot a couple of them, but for several days I felt very miserable at my action.

Hearing no news of "D's" whereabouts, I set off for Nang Nullah (near Leh), which was my block for burhel and shapu, and which I reached on May 5, after a trek of eight days down the Indus. When at Himis, where there is one of the largest and richest monasteries, I received a note from "D," saying that he had been unsuccessful in his quest for ammon, and that he had just received news necessitating his immediate return to England. He proposed to sail from Bombay on June 7.

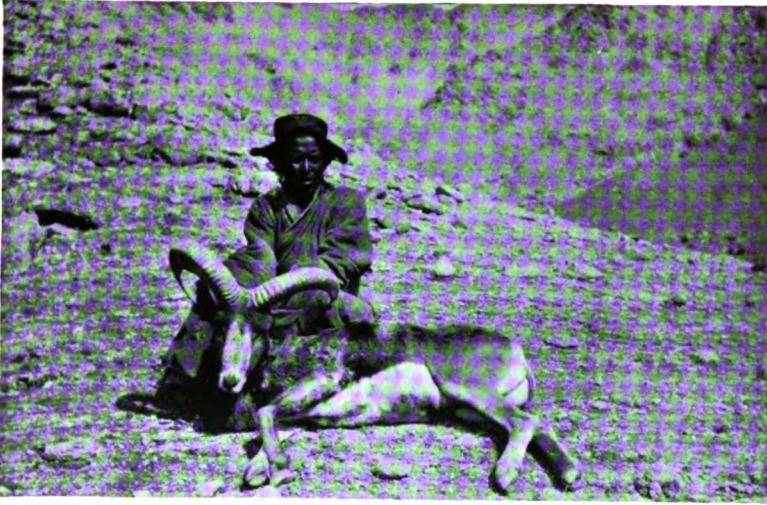
The next two days were spent in endless mountain climbs, and in long stalks after both burhel and ibex, but the herds were composed almost entirely of females. Good heads seemed very scarce. Although the chronic toothache had now departed, yet my face was visibly swelling by the hour, and on May 7th, when it was the size of a pumpkin, I could stand it no longer and marched off to Leh, placing myself under the medical

attention of the Moravian Mission for 36 hours, on the conclusion of which I returned to Nang Nullah, hale and hearty. It was just a month since I had left Leh for the higher regions, and the change was great. Spring was now upon the land. In the tiny fields along the Indus banks crops were being sown to the singing of the Ladakhi cultivator, who in spite of his toil still turned his praying wheel incessantly in the hope of meriting rich rewards in the future.

If I was to catch the mail steamer on June 7th, my time in Ladakh was drawing to a rapid close and my shikar now had to become a business instead of a pleasure. Early starts from camp so as to be on likely feeding grounds at dawn had to be the regular rule.

On the day following my return to Nang Nullah, I soon came in view of some burhel which I followed up, but spotting a single ibex with a good head the former were abandoned in favour of the latter. Unfortunately more burhel appeared and increased the difficulties of the stalk, so I turned my attention to the newcomers. I managed to get a shot at the latter but unfortunately picked out the wrong target. The head only measured 19 inches! On the sound of my rifle the whole valley seemed to be alive with game, which had been feeding or resting in smaller nullahs. There was a regular stampede of ibex and burhel. In such broken country the animals, which resemble the surrounding rocks so closely, are almost impossible to see. It was certainly a bad stroke of luck that both the ibex and so many burhel should have been in such close proximity to each other.

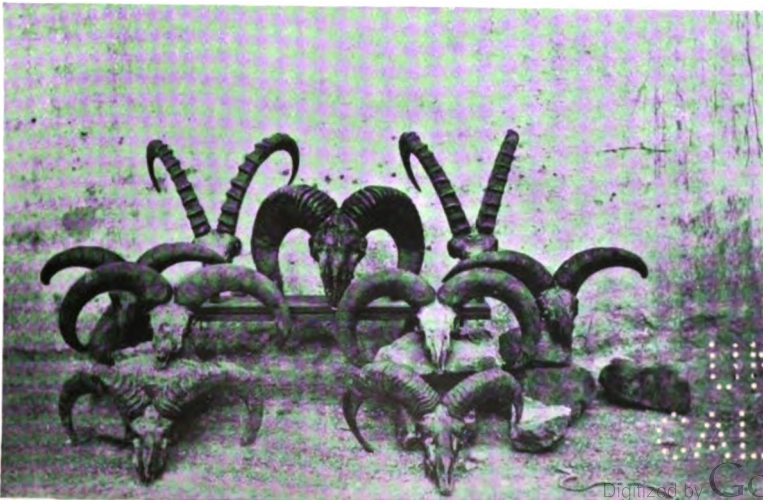
On the next day I was again engaged in stalking ibex when four male burhel appeared on a crest line and one of these fell to my rifle, whilst I apparently missed another, which looked to be an excellent head—but more of this anon. The horns of the dead burhel measured 26 inches and 24 inches (tips broken). This day, strangely enough, the ibex were not greatly alarmed by the sound of the rifle, and only moved off a short distance. After a short stalk I got within 500 yards of a solitary ibex-sentinel, lying on a high rock and gazing intently into the valley



SHAPU SHOT,
NEAR NANG NULLAH.



IBEX.



THE BAG.
1 OVIS AMMON,
4 BURHEL,
2 SHAPU,
2 IBEX.

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below. I was now within his range of vision and to traverse the next 30 yards to a concealed spot took me 45 minutes. A further half hour's stalk brought me above the sentinel, who gave the danger signal to the rest, but too late. I dropped one of them as the herd was stampeding away. The head measured $36\frac{1}{4}$ inches, which was a fair size for a Ladakhi ibex. My luck had now seemingly turned for the better.

Many hours of stalking were wasted on the next day, and when eventually I did get within range of a good ibex head I had the mortification of a complete miss. On our return to camp, passing by the spot where I had missed the big burhel of the day before, we saw many vultures hovering in the sky, and underneath we found the dead burhel—my fourth. The head indeed was a very good one and on my return to Srinagar it was officially measured as $27\frac{3}{4}$ inches, girth 11 inches.

The next two days proved blank, so I moved camp into a neighbouring nullah—Stockmo, where I brought down my second ibex by a bullet which smashed its shoulder. In spite of this he rapidly climbed up the crags but a second shot dropped him to the ground again. The tiffin cooly rushed in to “hallal” him, but the game warrior still fought for his existence and gave the cooly a difficult task to perform. His measurements were poor, being only 32 inches.

I now determined to confine myself to obtaining shapu, and moved camp to Suba Nullah as these animals prefer to roam amid the slate shale of lower ground. I spent two fruitless days in stalking the same herd, but found them to be very difficult to approach, partly on account of the lack of cover, but on the third day I was successful in shooting a head of $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Although this was a poor head yet I was delighted, as I had now got a specimen of every animal I wanted except the Thibetan gazelle, and I could now make a speedy journey to Bombay and England. I therefore sent most of my equipment back to Leh hoping to shoot another shapu on the morrow. I was successful in this as I came across a herd early in the day, of which the biggest male was lame. I soon laid him low and was pleased to put him out of his misery, but unfortunately

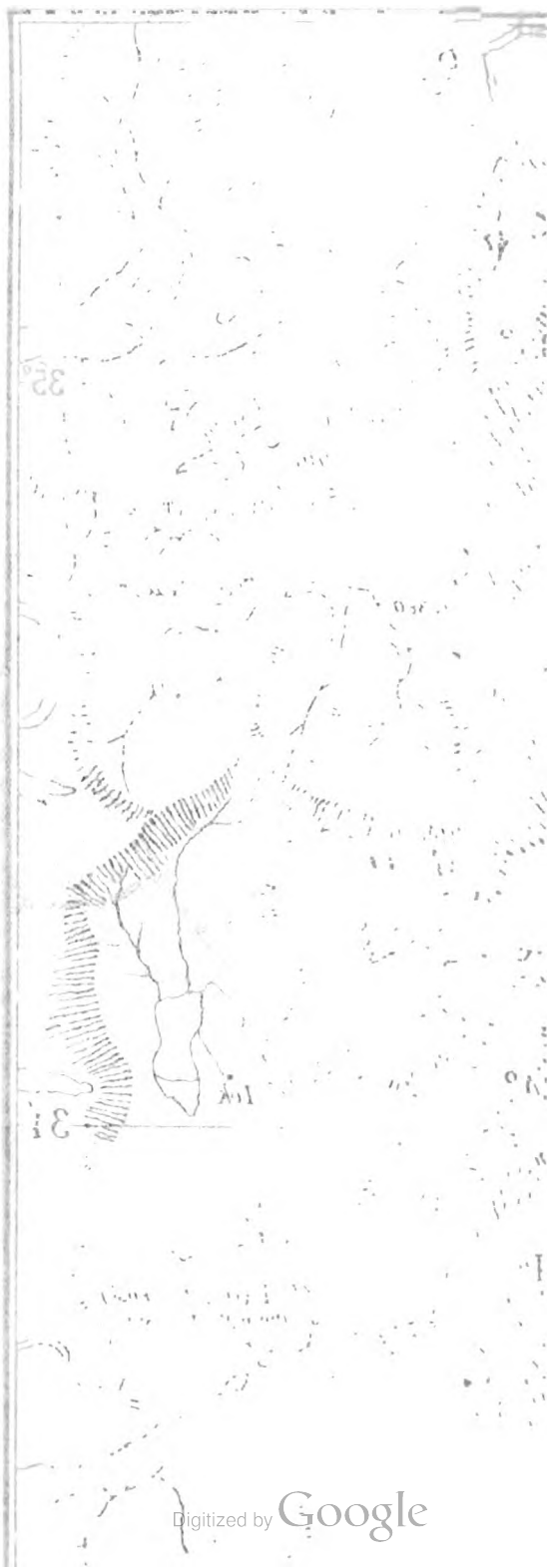
for me his horns were ill-balanced, one being $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches and the other only $18\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

One ovis ammon, two ibex, four burhel and two shapu had fallen to my rifle, and although the heads (other than the $27\frac{3}{4}$ -inch burhel) were not very good ones, yet I was content with the result of my trip, and now looked forward to seeing England once again.

Before leaving Leh I purchased some interesting curios such as praying wheels rudely made of copper and silver by the local blacksmith, a small drum made from two human skulls, which is popularly supposed to drive away evil spirits, and Thibetan silver butter dishes. I was also lucky enough to be given a "potted lama"—a cone of dried clay, containing the ashes of some forgotten Thibetan or Ladakhi priest.

On May 21st I began my forced march back to Srinagar, hoping to catch up "D" en route, who was now three marches ahead of me. In the first three days I did 78 miles, but I discovered that he was doing equally long treks, so I gave up the unequal struggle. I was delighted to cross in to Kashmir proper again, and to leave behind the barren and inhospitable mountains of Ladakh, with its apparently never abating winds. On the seventh day out of Leh I ran into snow again, but it was not sufficiently deep to hinder the march, except on the Zogi La Pass. The Sind Valley, now that the snow had melted, was unrecognizable. It was a valley of luxuriant foliage and magnificent colouring, with fruit trees and wild roses in bloom. A background of dark pines, and of snow-capped peaks, enhanced the beauty of the scene.

I reached Srinagar on May 30th, after $9\frac{1}{4}$ days' marching—being an average of over 26 miles per day. Here I ran "D" to ground, and after a lapse of seven weeks we had many notes to exchange. My first duty, however, was a visit from the barber, as after three months' travelling, my head looked like that of a "shock-headed Peter," and an apology of a beard covered my chin. With the thought of England in our minds, we wasted no time at Srinagar but sped off by tonga to Rawal Pindi, driving from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m., and completing the journey in



2½ days. We were now at the height of the hot weather—what a contrast after the intense cold and terrific winds of Ladakh. At Ganganpur the mail train stopped for an inordinately long time—there was a babel of voices on the platform, and we learnt to our horror, that a lightning strike had broken out on the B.B. & C.I. Railway. All trains were suspended. Fortunately I knew by name a railway engineer there, and he took us into his bungalow. After spending 36 hours with him he put us on a petrol-driven trolley, and we sped throughout the night to Muttra, where we got into the G.I.P. Mail, and finally reached Bombay and boarded the mail steamer for England.

A short summary of the trip may not be out of place :—

Total Bag.—

One Ovis Ammon.

Four Burhel.

Two Shapu.

Two Ibex—besides small game.

Total Number of Miles Walked.—*860 (of which 339 was to get Ammon alone).

Total Number of Miles Driven.—392 miles.

Days Spent in Marching.—50.

Days Spent in Stalking and Shooting.—28.

Total Cost.—2,340 Rupees.

Only the epilogue remains. After marching 860 miles to the Thibetan frontier and back to Srinagar, I only once walked round the deck of the steamer during its voyage from Bombay to Port Said. The repose was doubtless deserved.

*This is exclusive of all Shooting days and Stalks.



NAPOLEONIC CAVALRY AND ITS LEADERS

By CAPTAIN E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

*PART V.—Concluded.**The Marshals BESSIÈRES and GROUCHY.*

The next senior of the cavalry marshals, Jean Baptiste Bessièrès, we have already met as a friend and compatriot of Murat's. Born at Praysac (Lot) in 1768, he was at first intended to follow the medical profession, as his father had done, and had therefore received a good education; but the Revolution diverted him, as so many others, to a career of arms. His first service was in the Constitutional Guard; but he soon became suspect for his royalist opinions and activities, and was compelled to seek obscurity and safety in the ranks of the 22nd Chasseurs, then serving on the Pyrenean front against Spain. When on the conclusion of peace with that power the regiment was transferred to Italy, Bessièrès had been raised by the votes of his comrades—all promotions then went by election—to the rank of captain, and had made a name for energy, ability and courage. This, and the friendship of Murat, soon brought him to the notice of Bonaparte; and when, as the result of a contretemps in which the Headquarters staff were surprised and all but captured, it was decided to attach to it a permanent escort, Bessièrès was appointed to command this new body, known as the corps of Guides, and at once became his chief's confident and close friend. In this appointment he served throughout the Italian and Egyptian campaigns, and rose in prestige and importance with the numbers of his command, until after the establishment of the Consulate he was placed at the head of the new Consular Guard, four infantry and two cavalry regiments. He led it into action at Marengo, taking a prominent

part in the final attack which, after Kellermann had charged and thrown the temporarily victorious Austrians into confusion, completed their defeat and rout. His reward, a somewhat doubtful one, was to be placed under Lannes as second in command of the Guard, now much reinforced; the two men had no love for each other, and soon came to an open quarrel over the administration of the clothing fund of the corps; a reshuffling of command took place, and Bessières was promoted divisional general, given charge of the Guard cavalry, and on the proclamation of the Empire enrolled, somewhat to the general surprise, among the selected band of the marshals. Just about this time there took place also his marriage to a pretty little royalist girl, who soon made her way by her beauty and goodness into the hearts of all at the Imperial Court. They must have made a well-matched pair, for Bessières, tall, handsome, refined, with his powdered hair done in the old fashioned mode of curls and queue, and his fine manners also, might well have stepped out of a salon of the old regime.

For the operations of 1805 he was placed in command of the whole of the Imperial Guard—the Immortals, as they were nicknamed in the army, because on a battlefield the mere sight of their bearskins moving to the attack usually sufficed to induce the enemy to retreat before they could come into action. In this campaign, in fact, the infantry were never employed save as reserves, but the mounted troops had a chance of blooding their sabres at Raussnitz and again at Austerlitz, where, with Bessières at their head, they met in full shock and utterly defeated their opposite numbers, the Russian Chevalier Guard, and clinched the issue of the day on the French left. In the first stages of the campaign of 1806 the Guard and its commander again took no part, but when the Grand Army advanced to the Vistula to meet the Russians, the front to be covered proving too wide for one cavalry commander to control, the cavalry were split into two fractions, of the northernmost of which the marshal was put in charge. He fulfilled his task in a highly efficient manner, and on its completion with the retirement of the enemy into East Prussia, returned to the Guard,

and once more proved his fine battlefield qualities at Eylau, where, charging home at the head of his cavalry, he had a horse killed under him and barely escaped with his life.

Before a year had elapsed he was once more in the field, this time in Northern Spain, and in his first independent command, that of a force numbering 19,000 men. He soon found himself faced with a general insurrection throughout his area, and while he was engaged in active endeavour to put this down, two Spanish armies under Blake and Cuesta presented themselves before him, in great numerical superiority. Marching forward to meet them at Medina de Rioseco, he found the two armies so widely dispersed as to be able to fall upon and defeat them one after the other; the battle was admirably conceived and fought, but his failure to follow up his victory lost him most of its fruits; like many another general of more experience and renown, he knew how to gain a battle, but not how to exploit a success. The French soon had to evacuate the greater part of the country, and it needed the presence of the Emperor to replace King Joseph once more in his capital. Bessières returned to the command of the Guard, and departed with Napoleon for the campaign against Austria. In the five days' fighting south of Ratisbon, he was in command of the reserve cavalry in the absence of Murat, and after the action at Abensberg was given charge of the pursuit of the detached Austrian left. Here again his limitations as the independent leader of a force of all arms became sadly evident, and only the fine fighting of his troops saved him from the ill-effects of a surprise at Neumarkt, due to his rashness and over-confidence. He redeemed this error by his fine leadership at Essling, where his long standing feud with Lannes, under whose command he was placed, culminated at the end of the first day in a violent and undignified scene, where both marshals drew swords on each other and had to be forcibly restrained by Massena from an open duel. A few hours later Lannes lay wounded to death on the field, and Bessières was heroically engaged in covering the retreat of the Grand Army into the island of Lobau. From this refuge a few weeks later it issued forth to the decisive battle of Wagram, in the last

moments of which he was struck down with a serious wound, and was borne off through the ranks of the grief-stricken Guard before the eyes of the Emperor, who cried to him as he went: "That was a marvellous shot, Bessières; it has reduced my Guard to tears."

Whilst the marshal was at Paris recovering from his wound, the whole country was alarmed by the sudden appearance of an English expeditionary force at Walcheren, and he rose from his bed to take command of the defence; but the attack stuck fast in the swamp of the Scheldt, and soon withdrew, decimated by disease and demoralised by inaction. Bessières was now once more ordered to Spain to take command of the Army of the North and co-operate with Massena, then retiring from his unsuccessful invasion of Portugal. But though the marshal had 65,000 men at his disposal, the necessity for dispersion, and also, it must be confessed, a lack of sympathy with his colleague, prevented him from affecting anything useful; he was actually present with a small part of his force at Fuentes d'Onoro, but failed, despite all entreaties, to throw it in at the decisive moment and the fleeting chance of a French victory was lost. His methods of administering the territory under his command, though at times severe, on the whole compared favourably with those adopted by the majority of his colleagues; but it was an ungrateful task, of which he was no doubt glad to be relieved to take command once more of the Guard in the invasion of Russia. Here, however, he found little opportunity for adding to his laurels, and his only known action was perhaps unfortunate, for it was he who was credited with having dissuaded the Emperor from putting in his last reserve at Borodino with the words "Remember, Sire, you are seven hundred leagues from Paris." The retreat found him still the same resolute steadfast soldier as ever, and at the passage of the Beresina, when almost everyone else was long past caring for anyone but himself, it was he who galloped back to the bridge to the rescue of a crying child. That single action, to our mind, does him as much honour as any of the manifold others that distinguished his life.

A few months later he suffered the same fate as his rival Lannes, and met death on the battlefield of Lutzen—but more fortunate than he, was killed outright by a shell which struck him while on reconnaissance. He had had a presentiment of his end, and was perhaps happy in not living to see his beloved master's fall, and the humiliation of the France he had served so faithfully.

Bessièrès appears perhaps as a respectable rather an outstanding figure among the shining galaxy of the marshals; his talents and personality were hardly of the first order; he commands our esteem but hardly extorts our admiration. Yet one circumstance in his life, revealed only after his death, may perhaps be taken as proof that the world never knew him as he really was. His letters to his wife show him as a typical husband, and father—affectionate, tender, solicitous, respectable. But later there came to light, carefully hidden from all but his own eyes, a long sheaf of correspondence with a chorus girl at the Paris Opera—and these reveal him as a great lover, afire with passion, prodigal of his wealth as of his heart, adoring and adored. At the feet of this young woman he poured out the bulk of the vast wealth bestowed on him over years by the Emperor, so that he died comparatively poor and left behind him no more than enough for his wife and children. One doubts whether the girl was at all worthy of him, for reports credited her with many earlier cavaliers, to all of whom, as to Bessièrès himself, her kisses had in the end proved fatal; but as regards his adoration for her he was at least faithful in unfaith. Perhaps, after all, this hot, passionate beauty-worshipping soul was the real Bessièrès, and the suave, polished exterior but a mask, assumed for the benefit of a critical and suspicious world, and maintained unpenetrated till his death.

The last of our three Marshals, Emmanuel de Grouchy, was also perhaps the most unfortunate of them all, though he was born with all advantages in his favour, lived out the full span of his life, and died peacefully in his bed at the ripe age of eighty-one; for his name is linked with one serious failure and

one unforgettable and irretrievable disaster to French arms. His action and his responsibility at the crisis of Waterloo have been the subject of endless controversy, into which we do not propose here to involve ourselves; we prefer rather to dwell on the earlier and glorious portion of the Marshal's career, in which he did good service, undeservedly forgotten because of his failure adequately to cope on a larger scale with a rôle for which nature and experience had not fitted him.

Grouchy was of the bluest blood of the old French nobility; the Norman family from which he came could trace back its descent to William the Conqueror, and the fact that he was one of those select few who had the right to enter the royal carriages proves that he could trace back his titles for six hundred years without any trace of ennoblement. At the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 he was twenty-three and serving as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Scotch company of the Royal Body-guard, a crack cavalry unit, and had already seen nine years' service in the marine artillery and the cavalry of the line. A keen student of his profession and of philosophy, he had read widely and thought much, and had whole-heartedly imbibed the new political doctrines which were soon to overthrow the monarchy and the whole aristocratic order to which by birth he belonged. Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that his position in his regiment soon became impossible; in 1791 we find him in command of the 12th Chasseurs, and a year later at the head first of the 2nd Dragoons, then in a few months' time of the 6th Hussars. Before the end of 1792, though only twenty-five, he was a brigadier-general, and after a short spell with the Army of the Alps, during which he rendered himself somewhat unpopular with his generalissimo by sending home to the Convention a memoir in which the previous conduct of operations was bitterly criticised, he was transferred to the force engaged in the repression of the Vendean insurrection.

In that ungrateful task he was engaged for the next three years, apart from a short spell of a few months when the general atmosphere of suspicion against all officers of noble

birth compelled him to withdraw into obscurity to save his liberty and life. He fought gallantly and with distinction, was wounded in action, and gained the confidence of both his chiefs, first of Canclaux, a noble like himself, and then of Hoche, whose chief of staff he became. He was, however, then and always, anything but a docile and disciplined subordinate; before long Hoche and he parted company, and he went as chief of staff to the Army of the North, where at the moment no active operations were taking place and his duties were purely nominal. While holding this post, he was offered and refused that of inspector general of cavalry in Italy—a lost opportunity which, it is not too much to say, disastrously affected his whole subsequent career; for had he thus early come into personal touch with the future Emperor Napoleon, his eminent qualities must have secured him early recognition and rapid advancement from one who knew so well how to appreciate and reward rising young men who came under his own eye.

In the summer of 1796 there befell him a stroke of apparent good, but in reality ill, fortune in his appointment as second in command under Hoche of an expedition about to be sent to effect a landing in Ireland. A squadron of forty-three sail and an army of 15,000 men were despatched from Brest, and reached the shores of Bantry Bay unseen and unmolested by the British fleet; but a storm halfway across had scattered the flotilla, and the ship carrying Hoche was late at the rendezvous. Grouchy thus found himself in charge, but he had no power over the admirals, who were averse to the immediate landing which he rightly saw to be demanded by the situation, and he was unable to force his views upon them by persuasion; and when Hoche at last arrived, he found that the expedition had turned back for home. Had Grouchy had his way, a very great success might have been achieved, for there were no adequate British forces at hand to resist him, and Ireland was a powder magazine ready to go up at the slightest spark. As it was, the chance was lost, and he himself was once more left to a round of uninteresting duties interspersed with spells of inactivity, which lasted till October, 1798, when he was promoted to be general of division

and sent to Italy on a curious quasi-diplomatic mission. This was to force the abdication of the King of Sardinia, whom the Directory suspected of being an unfaithful ally ever since Bonaparte had forced him two years before to make peace at Cherasco. Grouchy had no difficulty in accomplishing this task, for which sufficient force was given him; but when, on the renewal of the war in Italy early in 1799, he and his division were called up to the main army for the battle of Novi, he was involved in the French disaster, seriously wounded, and taken prisoner, and remained in captivity till the summer of 1800, when he rejoined in time to play a great and important part at the head of a division in the great victory at Hohenlinden.

After the termination of the war with Austria, Grouchy was sent to Italy on another semi-diplomatic mission and remained in that country as inspector general of cavalry until 1804, when he was called back to France to join the army then assembling on the Channel coast, to lead a division in Marmont's corps. The war of 1805, however, afforded him no chance of distinguishing himself, for he was detached from the main army and sent to the Tyrol; the conclusion of peace found him in a disgruntled mood, "disgusted at seeing honours heaped on people who have less service and fewer wounds than I." "Here have I," he wrote, "been general of division for thirteen years, and shall be as long again, God knows, if no one does any more for me than this government since it came into power." But his time as a divisional commander of infantry was now at an end, and in 1806 he returned to his first arm as commander of a dragoon division in the reserve cavalry.

Arrived at the front too late to fight at Jena, he formed part of the pursuing column sent off in the wake of the Prussians fleeing to Prenzlau; and his brilliant charges at Zehdenick and at Prenzlau itself, where Hohenlohe was forced to lay down his arms, and his equally vigorous and successful action in the pursuit of Blucher, proved that he had at last found his true *métier*. During the succeeding operations in East Prussia against the Russians, his great qualities were even more abundantly demonstrated in a spirited little action

at Biezun, and the series of hard fought combats leading up to the desperate battle at Eylau, when Grouchy, charging at the head of his dragoons, was unhorsed in the melee and saved from capture only by the devotion of his aide de camp, young Lafayette. But his great day of glory and perhaps the culminating point of his career, came at Friedland, when, in temporary command of the main body of reserve cavalry of the army, he by the bold and skilful handling of his command in face of the greatly superior mass of the Russian horsemen powerfully assisted Lannes to hold fast the whole of Bennigsen's army in his front, and so render possible the annihilating victory which decided the campaign. On this day Grouchy firmly established himself in the front rank of Napoleon's cavalry leaders.

His next command was that of a cavalry division in Spain, but he soon vacated this and became governor of Madrid, a position which he was holding at the time of the insurrection of the Dos Mayo and of the subsequent evacuation by the French consequent on the disaster of Baylen. Ill-health, and perhaps a shrewd foresight of the unhappy conditions of the war in Spain, caused him then to throw up his command; but at the end of the year he was sent for duty to the army then forming in Italy for the expected war against Austria. Here at the head of a dragoon division he fought on the Piave and was then given chief command of the cavalry, when the Austrians withdrew as a result of their defeats in Germany. They were vigorously followed and chased through the Alps into their own country and back behind the Raab, after which the Army of Italy joined the Grand Army in time for Wagram. Grouchy, once more at the head of his division, was attached to Davout's corps, to which was entrusted the decisive turning movement on the right, and played an important part in its success, charging just at the right moment and routing the cavalry covering the hostile left. This fine feat of arms gained him at last a reward not unworthy of his services—the appointment of colonel general of chasseurs, one of the highest ranks in the army, next below that of marshal.

The opening of the Russian campaign of 1812 found him at the head of the 3rd Cavalry Corps, of three brigades, one each of light cavalry dragoons and cuirassiers; engaged at Krasnoe and Smolensk, it took a heroic part in the massed cavalry attacks on the redoubts at Borodino, in the gorge of one of which Grouchy was struck down by a spent shot, and rendered unfit for further service until the latter stages of the retreat, when he was given charge of the famous "sacred squadron" formed of 600 cavalry officers, in which generals acted as officers, and colonels as N.C.O.s. On his return to France, however, ill health and the effect of his wounds compelled him to ask for a prolonged period of sick leave; it was not till the beginning of 1814 that, as a result of repeated requests for re-employment, he was once more given a command, this time of all the cavalry of the Grand Army—a command more imposing in title than in reality, for only the debris were left of the four corps which had taken part in the disastrous campaign of 1813.

None the less, even with this reduced force Grouchy did wonders. At La Rothière his horsemen were posted on the left of the line, which they held firmly despite repeated and furious attacks, and finally covered the French retreat from the battlefield in the face of greatly superior hostile numbers flushed with victory. There followed the series of astonishing victories over Blucher which bade fair to change the whole face of the campaign; and at Vauchamps Grouchy and his cavalry had the undisputed honours of the day, by repeated charges converting the Prussians retreat into a rout, and destroying practically their whole force. From this time on the army cavalry was split up; Grouchy remained in the north with Marmont, while the Emperor dealt with the main army of the Allies in the south, and was present, when, turning north once more, he brought Blucher to battle at Craonne. Arriving on the field at the head of a small division of veteran dragoons from Spain, he delivered a headlong charge along the narrow steep-sided plateau on which the enemy were posted, but at the critical moment, when their shaken and tottering line was about to be

thrust by his shock down the precipitous slope, he fell badly wounded in the right knee, and the attack was beaten off. It was his fourteenth wound, and it kept him out of action till after the abdication of the Emperor.

The return from Elba found Grouchy, who naturally had received no marks of favour from the Bourbons, ready once more for service, and he was at once sent to Lyons to deal with a Royalist army which the Duke of Angouleme was raising in the south of France. He had no difficulty in surrounding this army, but no little difficulty in ensuring its dispersion without the Duke, whom neither he nor Napoleon wanted as a prisoner, falling into his hands. At length all was satisfactorily settled and the prince got rid of out of the country; and Grouchy as a reward received the coveted Marshal's baton, for which he had waited so long. There followed his summons to the Army of the North and the fatal Waterloo campaign, which sealed the fate of France and Napoleon, and inflicted upon the name of Grouchy the stigma of having been primarily responsible for the disaster. It is true that on the 17th and 18th of June he showed himself to be unequal to a most perplexing and fateful crisis; but his extrication of his command from the perilous position in which the loss of the battle of Waterloo had placed it was a skilful and creditable performance, and proved him to be anything but an incapable general. He led the remnant of the army back to Paris, but on hearing that the Bourbons were to be restored, resigned and determined to seek refuge in America. His escape was an adventurous one, for in order to evade the watch on the coast he had to live for a time hidden among the sandhills, and then swim out to a boat off shore.

He remained abroad for four years, and after his return to France passed the remaining twenty-eight years of his life in seeking reinstatement in the rank of marshal and colonel general of Chasseurs, of which he had been deprived at the time of his exile, in writing his memoirs, and in vigorous controversy with those—and they were many—who expressed adverse opinions as to his conduct in the Waterloo campaign. His writings, highly spiced, contentious, and at times disingenuous,

are eloquent of the man, with his stiffness, bitterness, and combative nature, and his exalted conception of and insistence on his own rights and rectitude. It is comprehensible that for most of those acquainted with the military history of the Napoleonic Empire, Grouchy should be only the man of those two fateful June days in 1815; but it is regrettable and unjust that these should have entirely deleted all memory of his twenty-five years of honourable service, of his twenty-three wounds, and of Prenzlau, Friedland, Wagram, and Vauchamps.

And with this last sketch of the three marshals we take our leave of the Napoleonic horsemen and their leaders. How can we better end than with the high and powerful words of Mr. Belloc, perhaps the finest epitaph in our language on the memory of that immortal epic?

"There is a legend among the peasants in Russia of a certain sombre mounted figure, unreal, only an outline and a cloud, that passed away to Asia to the east and to the north. They saw him move along their snows through the long mysterious twilights of the northern autumn in silence, with the head bent and the reins in the left hand loose, following some enduring purpose, reaching towards an ancient solitude and repose. They say it was Napoleon. After him there trailed for days the shadows of the soldiery, vague mists bearing faintly the forms of companies of men. It was as though the cannon-smoke of Waterloo, borne on the light west wind of that June day, had received the spirits of twenty years of combat, and had drifted farther and farther during the fall of the year over the endless plains.

"But there was no voice and no order. The terrible tramp of the Guard, and the sound that Heine loved, the dance of the French drums, was extinguished; there was no echo of their songs, for the army was of ghosts and was defeated. They passed in silence which we can never pierce, and somewhere remote from men they sleep in bivouac round the most splendid of human swords."

NOTE ON AUTHORITIES.

For the material for this series of articles the author wishes to express his indebtedness to the following authorities:—

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AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST INLAND EXPLORER.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NEVILL M. SMYTH, V.C., K.C.B.

DURING 1930 the Commonwealth celebrated the centenary of Captain Charles Sturt, for only a hundred years before he had completed a journey from which may be said to commence the history of the Australian colonies.

The distances traversed by his grass-fed horses, often with little or no water for several days, are no less remarkable than the far-reaching results of his expeditions attained with a financial outlay which was negligible and in striking contrast to the scandalous waste and inefficiency of modern times.

I. First Journey.

In 1828 it was resolved by the Government of New South Wales to send an expedition to explore the swamps fed by the Macquarie, which were popularly supposed to be part of an inland sea filling the centre of Australia fed by rivers running inland from the hill ranges parallel to the coast line.

The leader chosen by Governor Sir Ralph Darling for this expedition was Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Regiment, then quartered in Sydney. A famous bushman, Hamilton Hume, was to accompany him. The other members of the party were McLeod, an army surgeon, two soldiers of the 39th Regiment, and eight prisoners of the Crown. The animals were thirteen horses, two draught and eight pack bullocks. The whole outfit cost less than £200.

The expedition left Sydney in the Australian spring, 10th September, 1828.

In due course they sailed down the Macquarie to find that all trace of sea or lake had disappeared, the reeds were still there, the boat grounded, the river ceased and the whole country beyond as far as the party could proceed, contained not a drop of water.

Striking north overland on 4th February, 1829, they came upon the Darling River, a magnificent stream eighty yards wide, very deep, flowing inland, covered with wild fowl. The water was so salt as to be unfit to drink. Further exploration following the discovery of the Darling proved the mistaken nature of the opinions then held as to the probable course of rivers in that region. The party retraced their steps to Sydney.

It was not quite so certain now that there was an inland sea. Yet how was a district larger than Spain and Portugal drained?

II. *Second Journey.*

Nothing was to be discovered by following the prevailing sluggish, winding streams. To solve the mystery it was necessary to follow an impetuous river. The Australian Alps lying to the south-west of the settlement provided such a stream. A thousand rills fed by the snows formed the River Murrumbidgee, and in the year 1829 Sturt started to follow its course. He proceeded along its banks till sand and dense scrub obstructed the passage of his drays. He had with him the timbers of an old whaleboat which had seen service in the Antarctic, they were nailed together, and a small raft used to carry provisions. Half-a-dozen picked men were retained. The remainder returned to Sydney.

The next morning the boat started for the mysterious and unknown interior. In many places the Murrumbidgee rushes through dark and gloomy gorges hid from the sun by dense overhanging weeds. On the seventh day of the voyage from one of these sunless rapids the boat shot out into a broad and noble river, the Murray, the Nile of Australia. They had discovered



CAPTAIN CHARLES STURT.

CAPTAIN CHARLES STURT
39th Regiment
Australia's Greatest Explorer

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a river not unworthy to be classed with the greatest waterways of the Old World.

"I directed," says Sturt, "the Union Jack to be hoisted, and giving way to our satisfaction we all stood up in the boat and gave three distinct cheers."

They reached the Southern Ocean and eventually by strenuous exertion, suffering great privations, were relieved from Sydney just as they had divided their last morsel of food.

A new class of colonist known as "overlanders" now appeared and moved down the Murray to take up new land. Their loud stock whips resounded through the dark woods; many thousands of horned hoofs daily thundered over its banks or plunged into its tide to cut off some tedious bend of the river. Down its banks poured the overflowing flocks and herds and spread themselves over the pastures on the shores of the Southern Ocean. In a few years these areas became the Colony of South Australia and the foundations were laid of the city of Adelaide.

III. *Third Journey.*

In 1844 Sturt was chosen to explore the interior northwards from Adelaide, and he started in the southern winter with 16 men, 11 horses, 2 waggons of stores, 30 bullocks, 200 sheep.

By forced marches he passed through an inhospitable region and reached as far north as $29^{\circ} 30'$ when they unexpectedly came upon a picturesque spot, well watered and supplied with ample grazing. To this was given the name of the Rocky Glen Dépôt.

Here Sturt allowed both men and horses to recruit while he explored the country beyond. He and his officers made long and harassing excursions into the district around but neither water or pasture was found beyond the glen. The summer sun had dried up every pond and creek in every direction, including those which had supplied them on their advance north. Retreat was cut off and six months' imprisonment in the Rocky Glen Dépôt became certain.

For six months no rain fell. The violence of the sun became insupportable. To escape from its rays an underground chamber was excavated to which the men retired during the heat of the day. Gradually the desert closed in on them. The vegetation of Rocky Glen became dust and was blown away by the hot blast. Nothing was left but the baked rocks and the pool of water on which their lives depended.

Day by day the precious liquid yielded to the blazing sun. The horn handles of their instruments and their combs were split into fine laminæ by the heat; the lead dropped out of their pencils; their hair ceased to grow; scurvy attacked the whole party and Poole, the surveying officer and second in command was in a dying condition.

At length winter approached and the first refreshing shower fell. The way was again open and an effort was made to save Poole. Six men carrying him on a litter endeavoured to retreat to Adelaide, but he died a few hours later and was buried at Rocky Glen.

Fifty miles further north Sturt formed another halting place which he named Park Dépôt, and whence he started with Surgeon Brown and three men for the centre of the continent. At about 200 miles from Park Dépôt they discovered what is now known as Sturt's Stony Desert, in the north-east corner of the State of South Australia, an immense plain thickly strewn with small fragments of quartz on which the dray wheels and horses' hoofs made no impression. No edible vegetation existed, no sound or movement could be heard or seen, but undeterred the party still advanced. Thirty miles further the desert became a plain of dried mud, destitute of water or sustenance for any living thing. The earth was cracked into immense fissures. Still maintaining their course the party arrived at a succession of tall sand ridges; at length a small creek appeared ahead and received the name of Eyre's Creek. The horses were able to drink and graze, but the water course soon died out on the desert, leaving merely a few incrustations of salt. The advance continued but no further oasis was found. They were now more than 400 miles from Park Dépôt,

and with the exception of Eyre's Creek some fifty miles behind, had no water to fall back to. Both men and horses were very weak and Stuart decided to retire to the Dépôt, which they reached with great difficulty.

Among Sturt's discoveries in Central Australia was a small red flowering pea which was given his name. The Sturt pea* grows on the arid country, notably about the Broken Hill mining area and throughout the central deserts where other vegetation is unknown. It has been recorded as springing up from the seed after a twenty years' drought, but attempts have repeatedly failed to acclimatise it near the sea coast. Sturt's horses were occasionally fed on it.

After a short rest Sturt again pushed out with McDonall Stuart, surveyor and draughtsman, and two men, and after some days' travelling they entered a fertile and well-watered district. It was Cooper's Creek, so sadly associated with the melancholy fate of Burke and Wills in 1861. They explored further desert tracts but could find no encouragement to advance, and reluctantly turning the horses' heads they made for Cooper's Creek now some 200 miles distant and the nearest halting-place.

It was a journey for life or death. The horses that refused to proceed were abandoned on the way. When a horse fell his light baggage was distributed, and the retreat continued by night and day. At night one of the men went before them with a lantern. At length Cooper's Creek was reached in safety and eventually Sturt with his men joined the main expedition at Park Dépôt. Sturt was prostrated by weakness, but Adelaide was many hundreds of miles away; another summer had come round, pools were drying up and immediate retreat was now necessary.

It was doubtful if the way was still open. Water was sewn up in a bullock's hide and sent ahead by a light spring cart to a point 70 miles on the return journey. The driver of the spring cart, who carried about thirty gallons of water for his

*The portrait of Captain Sturt represents him when about fifty and the foliage surrounding it represents the Sturt Pea.

own use, pushed on a further 80 miles to observe if water still lay at Flood's Creek. On the eighth day he returned to his companions with the information that there was still water in the creek but it was as black as ink.

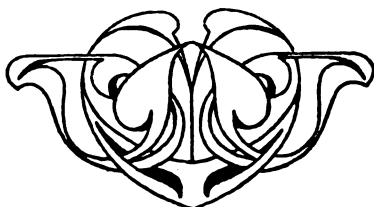
Sturt was carried in one of the carts and the whole expedition commenced its retreat from Central Australia.

At length the Murray was reached and the news was carried down its banks that Sturt, now nineteen months' absent and supposed dead, was returning. The settlers along its banks hastened to place their carriages at the service of the explorer and his exhausted men.

Under the light of an Australian moon they again passed the clustering vines, the golden wheat-fields, and the stone homesteads which surround Adelaide.

Captain Charles Sturt, who became Colonial Secretary in Australia, eventually died at Cheltenham, England, on 16th June, 1869. He never strove for what the vulgarly ambitious call fame; he was a most modest, simple-minded and retiring gentleman; and the world passed him by, shouting its praises to more boisterous heroes. Brave as a paladin, gentle as a girl, he went into the wilderness, and by his genius and valour laid the foundation of a new English State." He discovered the River Murray and opened up the whole interior of Australia to British enterprise.

Virtus sola nobilitat.



PHILOPÆMEN

THE LAST OF THE GREEK GENERALS.

By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

PART II. PHILOPÆMEN IN THE FIELD

The Battle of Sellasia.

Our leading authorities on Philopœmen's battles are Plutarch, Livy and Polybius, and though the last mentioned wrote a life of Philopœmen, this work has been lost, and only fragments are to be found in the "Histories."

As a soldier, Philopœmen first appears at the battle of Sellasia, fought between Antigonus Doson, king of Macedonia, and Cleomenes of Sparta, 222 B.C. At this date, Philopœmen was but thirty years old, and though the part he played in this battle was a minor one, it was conspicuous.

As I have already explained, the Achæan League called upon Antigonus to help them against Cleomenes who had invaded Argos. Antigonus had under his command 23,000 infantry and 600 cavalry, and Cleomenes 28,000 and 1,200 respectively. The two armies met near Sellasia. Here Cleomenes blocked the approach of the Macedonians and Achæans by digging trenches and felling trees.

The road at Sellasia ran between two hills called Evas and Olympus. These, Cleomenes fortified and occupied with infantry, posting the cavalry on the level ground below, with a division of mercenaries on each side of the road. The sight of these preparations decided Antigonus "not to make an immediate attack upon the position." Instead, he pitched his camp and reconnoitred the ground, but found it so strong that eventually he and Cleomenes came to an understanding in order "to bring the matter to the decision of battle."

The battle array of the two armies is given in diagram I.

Cleomenes noticing that the Macedonians, who were approaching mount Evas, had their outer flank uncovered, despatched some cavalry to fall upon their rear; simultaneously Eucleidas deployed to meet the frontal attack.

Eucleidas, when he saw the Macedonians attacked in rear, should, as Polybius says, have charged them in front and then have retired step by step, "for by thus breaking them up and depriving them, to begin with, of the advantage of their peculiar armour and disposition, he would have secured the victory by the superiority of his position. But he did the very opposite of all this, and thereby forfeited the advantages of the ground."*

Eucleidas showed no initiative; in place of co-operating in the attack of the Spartan cavalry against the Macedonian rear, he stood still passively awaiting his enemy. On the plains below, Philopœmen adopted the very opposite course. "With a clear understanding of the situation and a foresight of what would happen," he "vainly endeavoured to point out the certain result to his superior officers. They disregarded him for his want of experience in command and his extreme youth; and, accordingly he acted for himself, and cheering on the men of his own city (Megalopolis), made a vigorous charge on the enemy."† Routing the Spartan cavalry, he relieved the pressure on the Macedonian and Illyrian rear, and so enabled these troops to continue their advance up the hill. Eucleidas having left himself no place to retreat "and by allowing the enemy to reach his position and in unbroken order . . . was forced by the weight of their heavy armour and their close order to give . . . ground." He was in fact pushed off the summit and routed.

Meanwhile, on the other flank, the two kings respectively sent forward some 5,000 light infantry; these engaged each other whilst the heavy infantry remained in rear. Then, Cleomenes, learning that Eucleidas was retiring, ordered the

*Polybius, ii, 68.

†Ibid, ii, 67.

palisade in front to be pulled down so that his whole force might advance. The light infantry of both sides were recalled by bugle, and the phalanxes, shouting their war cry, with spears couched, charged each other. At length, Antigonus ordered a charge in close order and in double phalanx, this decided the day and Cleomenes was defeated.

After the battle, Antigonus "asked Alexander, the commander of the cavalry, with a view of convincing him of his shortcoming, 'why he had engaged before the signal was given?' And upon Alexander answering that 'he had not done so, but that a young officer from Megalopolis had presumed to anticipate the signal, contrary to his wish'; Antigonus replied, 'That young man acted like a good general in grasping the situation; you, general, were the youngster.' '*"

The battle of Sellasia is of exceptional interest, for in the tactics and command of the two sides we see a marked change in the art of war and an approach to modern conditions.

All the great battles of Alexander were fought on level ground; here we get two able generals, Antigonus Doson and Cleomenes, using organized armies in a mountainous region. The nature of the country compelled a dispersion of force which carried with it a division of command, which demanded a combined attack of several parts rather than a united attack. Antigonus ordered Alexander not to move until a certain signal was given. The unexpected now happened, for, whilst a quite modern fire fight was opened on one flank, Cleomenes attacked the other flank in rear. Antigonus had not foreseen this attack, yet Alexander adhered to his orders awaiting the signal in spite of the fact that the conditions in which the signal was to have been given had completely changed. Thereupon Philopœmen, a junior officer, disobeyed his superior commander, seized the initiative adapted his actions to circumstances, and the Commander-in-Chief praised his action. We have in this battle progressed a long way from the old drill-master generals. Now it is necessary that even subordinate leaders should possess tactical insight and foresight as well as courage; disobedience

*Ibid, ii, 68. As regards the signals see ii, 66.

to orders in changed circumstances has become a virtue, this is an immense step forward in the art of war, for now moral courage to accept responsibility is added to physical courage to meet danger. Philopœmen may be looked upon as one of the early apostles of this new order of tactics, it is this which makes him so interesting a soldier. He may not possess genius but he does possess individuality, and in spite of his "dud" general he has the moral courage to risk his future as a soldier by doing the right thing though he is ordered not to do it.

The Third Battle of Mantinea.

The third battle of Mantinea was fought in the year 207 B.C., and shortly after the reorganization of the Achæan army by Philopœmen; it was the crowning military achievement of his life.

Machanidas, the tyrant of Sparta, advanced from Tegea towards Mantinea. He led the right wing of his phalanx, his mercenaries marching in two parallel columns on each side of his front, "and behind them were carts carrying quantities of field artillery and bolts for the catapults."*

Philopœmen, who was occupying Mantinea, established an efficient traffic control in the town. He organized his army into three divisions, and allotted to each a separate road leading to a separate gate in the city wall. Once in the open country, he sent his light infantry forward to occupy a hill in order to cover his deployment. Next to this hill he stationed his men with body armour, next to these the Illyrians and next again the phalanx, not in a single line but in companies much like the formation adopted by Xenophon and by the Roman legion. Along the whole of his front ran a deep ravine or dyke. On the right of the infantry, he drew up the Achæan cavalry, under the command of Aristænetus of Dyme, and on the left the foreign mounted contingent.

At first it appeared to Philopœmen that Machanidas intended to attack his right wing; but, as the tyrant approached, he deployed his army into line by the right and extended his right

*Ibid, xi, II.

wing opposite the left of the Achæan army, he then drew up his catapults in front of the whole force.

Philopœmen at once saw that the enemy's plan was, "by pouring volleys from the catapults into his phalanx, to throw the ranks into confusion";* he, thereupon, brought forward his Tarentine light cavalry and ordered them to advance. Seeing this, Machanidas led forward his Tarentine horsemen and engaged Philopœmen's, and a heated cavalry encounter took place; the rest of the two armies watching the combat and attempting to judge of its progress by the inclination of the cloud of dust.

Machanidas fought with such fury and violence, "that even the Illyrians and men with body armour, who formed the reserve supporting the mercenaries of the Achæan army, were unable to stand the assault."† The whole of Philopœmen's left wing now broke and fled back to Mantinea.

"And now," writes Polybius, "there occurred an undoubted instance of what some doubt, namely, that the issues in war are for the most part decided by the skill or want of skill of the commanders. For though perhaps it is a great thing to be able to follow up a first success properly, it is a greater thing still that, when the first step has proved a failure, a man should retain his presence of mind, keep a good look out for an error of judgment on the part of the victors, and avail himself of their mistakes. At any rate one often sees the side, which imagines itself to have obtained a clear victory ultimately lose the day, whilst those who seemed at first to have failed recover themselves by presence of mind, and ultimately win an unexpected victory."‡

This is what now happened. Machanidas "abandoned his original plan of winning the day by outflanking the enemy with some of his forces and charging their front with others." He pursued Philopœmen's broken left wing "as though the panic was not in itself sufficient to drive those who had once given way up to the town gates."§

*Ibid, xi, 12.

†Ibid, xi, 14.

‡Ibid, xi, 14.

§Ibid, xi, 14.

Philopœmen first of all attempted to stop the rout of his left wing, but seeing that it was "hopelessly beaten," what did he do? He did *not* reinforce it; instead he drew back the left of his phalanx and "waited until the enemy had passed him in their pursuit. Once the ground was clear of pursuers and pursued, he "immediately gave word to the front companies of the phalanx to wheel to the left and advance at the double without breaking their ranks."* He then filled up the gap formed by the flight of his left wing and cut off Machanidas and his cavalry from the main body of his army.

Plutarch corroborates this by saying: "Philopœmen . . . observing the enemy's oversight, who had thus left an opening in their main body, and exposed their own phalanx, made no sort of motion to oppose them, but let them pursue and chase freely, till they had placed themselves at a great distance from him."†

Philopœmen now ordered Polybius (the historian) to collect such stragglers as remained behind, and "form a reserve on the flank of the phalanx to keep a good look out against the return of the pursuers." Thereupon, the Lacedæmonians "excited by the victory" rushed upon the Achæans, and attempted to advance across the ravine "without stopping to think."

Then came Philopœmen's opportunity; the Lacedæmonian flanks were "quite bare," so "he charged suddenly and surprised them without a commander."‡ The Lacedæmonians were routed. "Now this result," writes Polybius, "was not unpremeditated or accidental, but strictly owing to the acuteness of the general. For Philopœmen originally took ground behind the dyke, not to avoid fighting, as some supposed, but from a very accurate and scientific calculation of strategical advantages. He reckoned either that Machanidas when he arrived would advance without thinking of the dyke, and that when his phalanx would get entangled, just as I have described their actually doing; or if he advanced with a full apprehension of the difficulty presented by the dyke, and then changed his mind and decided to shrink from the attempt, were to retire in loose order and a long

*Ibid, xi, 15.

†Plutarch's "Philopœmen."

‡Ibid.

straggling column . . .”* he would be able to advance and destroy it.

When Machanidas returned he found his retreat cut off. He attempted to force his way across the ravine but failed, and was killed by Philopœmen in a hand to hand duel. His head was cut off and given to a galloper who carried it to the pursuing Achæans. When the soldiers saw this “ocular evidence of the fall of the enemy’s commander,” their enthusiasm knew no bounds, they redoubled their energies, and carrying Tegea by assault they became “undisputed masters of all the open country.” Thus ended this remarkable battle.

Analysis of the Third Battle of Mantinea.

To the student of war, the Third Battle of Mantinea is exceptionally instructive, because, before and during it, we see Philopœmen working scientifically. He first of all reorganized and trained the Achæan army, in other words he established his military power on a correct adjustment of the elements of war. He armoured his men to protect them, he trained them to be highly mobile, and he re-armed them to increase their offensive power. He did not merely copy the past, this we can see from the novel organization of his phalanx. He may have borrowed his idea from the Romans, this in no way detracts from its originality, for the articulated order of a double line of company columns was an unknown formation for the phalanx. The conditions of war he had been studying from youth, and in this battle we find him no hide-bound pedant, for he turned conditions to his favour, and how did he do this? By applying the principles of war as we know them to-day.

Not only did he organize his men but he also organized movement, and we see this in his care to allot separate roads and gates to each of his three columns. Then he secured their advance by throwing out a screen of light infantry and, by a careful choice of ground, he turned this condition to his favour by placing the ravine between his and his enemy’s army.

*Polybius, xi, 16. The text here is corrupt and the words completing the sentence are presumably what Philopœmen intended to do.

Machanidas was no fool; knowing that the ravine must be crossed and the crossing of it would disorganize his men, he brought forward his catapults, just as Napoleon brought forward his guns at Waterloo, and determined to break up the enemy before he attempted to cross the ravine, or else to drive him back from it, so that his men might have ample time wherein to reform on the opposite side.

To stop this, Philopœmen had to act quickly, so he launched his left wing cavalry who with their javelins were able to drive the Spartan "gunners" away from their pieces. Machanidas at once launched his to prevent this interference, and we know the result.

Let us now consider carefully the actions of these two generals. Machanidas violated the principle of direction, not so much by pursuing the beaten Tarentine cavalry, *but by leading this pursuit in person*. Why? Because he deprived his main body of its directing brain. Philopœmen at once turned this change in conditions to his favour, he did not attempt to squander his energy by reinforcing his panic-stricken wing, but, whilst Machanidas was expending his in kicking at fugitives, he drew a cordon of men across Machanidas's line of retreat and so cut off the brain of the enemy's army from its body. This is a veritable master stroke, for not only did it fully accomplish this severance, but simultaneously it threatened the right flank of the Spartan phalanx.

Threatened in flank and cut off from their command, the Lacedæmonians attempted to force the ravine. Philopœmen forthwith ordered Polybius to form a reserve to protect his rear, and then counter-attacked the Lacedæmonians as they clambered out of the gully. Having routed them, he at once ordered a pursuit, *but did not head it in person*. Why? Because the decisive point is still Machanidas, *for he remains the moral objective*. Philopœmen was too good a general to exhaust himself by kicking at men. He did not degrade himself to the position of a private soldier, he remained the general, whose object is only gained when the power of the enemy's command is destroyed. This power resided in Machanidas, so he awaited his

return. Eventually he killed him single handed, not because he debased himself to the position of a hoplite, but because, in his day, it was the prerogative of a commander to kill the opposing general. To do so was almost a religious duty which sanctified the victor in the eyes of his men.

I will not weary the reader by applying all the principles of war to this battle, but I would like to say this, that few battles teach us more about the principle of direction and its correct maintenance than this one. We should never forget that armies may recover, and frequently do with rapidity, from a physical blow; but if a crushing moral blow is inflicted, they are generally destroyed. The moral point of attack is the command of the opposing army, not its body, but its brain. This is as true to-day as it was in 207 B.C.; but it is far more difficult to accomplish, for the interposition of leaders between the commander and his army, permits the commander to escape the many dangers of the battle-field. To-day, the commander *fights* by proxy, for he no longer engages men, but ideas.

The Operations against Nabis.

In the year 193 B.C., Nabis, tyrant of Sparta, laid siege to Gythium, and being incensed against the Achæans for attempting to succour the garrison he went to war with them.

Gythium being a coastal town could be succoured from the sea, but Philopœmen, thinking that the Roman fleet was coming to its aid, determined to fight a naval action with Nabis who possessed a small fleet of three ships. Livy tells us that Philopœmen had no naval experience, and here we recognize the difference between a man of genius and one of ordinary ability. Philopœmen did not fully grasp his own limitations, for he took command "of an old ship of four banks of oars, which had been taken eighty years before, when it was conveying Nicæa, the wife of Craterus (one of Alexander the Great's generals) from Naupactum to Corinth." This ship was quite rotten and at the first shock she fell to pieces, but fortunately Philopœmen escaped in a dinghy. Though in this his first and last attempt at sea warfare he had shown little intelligence, his spirits were in no way

downcast, and hearing that Nabis had drawn off a third part of his forces from the siege of Gythium and had encamped at Pleiæ, he resolved to surprise him "by an attack of such a kind as he did not expect."

He embarked a small lightly-equipped force and landed it on a promontory near Nabis's post. A night march brought him to his enemy's camp, and finding the sentries fast asleep he first set fire to the huts, and then in the panic which followed put most of the enemy to the sword. In place of pursuing the broken fragments he ravaged the districts of Tripolis and carried off a vast number of men and cattle before the tyrant could send a force to protect this country. He then collected his whole army at Tegea, and determined to force the enemy to raise the siege of Gythium by advancing directly on Lacedæmon.

This was sound strategy, but once again the unexpected happened, for no sooner had Philopœmen set out than Gythium was captured.

Philopœmen had expected Nabis, once he heard of the advance on Lacedæmon, to attack his rear, so he had left the bulk of his light troops behind to hold the passes. Nabis made straight for the camp of Pyrrhus which lay between Philopœmen's advanced guard and the capital of Sparta. Two unforeseen circumstances now confronted the Achæan general: "One, the post at which he aimed being pre-occupied; the other, the enemy having met him in front, where, as the road lay through very uneven ground, he did not see how the battalions could advance without the support of light troops."*

The operations which followed are of some interest as they show that Philopœmen was as able a partisan leader as a general of organized forces. First he sent forward an advanced guard of light infantry and light cavalry to seize a rock which commanded a small stream. This occupied, he collected his baggage train and fortified his camp which was only 500 paces from the enemy. As both sides would have to draw their water from the same stream, Philopœmen determined to turn this to his advantage. In a valley, out of view of the enemy, he laid an

*Livy: "The History of Rome, xxxv, 27.

ambush, and then in the morning when the two watering parties met and began to fight it out he withdrew his towards the valley. The Spartans not suspecting a ruse were suddenly fallen upon and great numbers were destroyed. Having thus weakened the enemy, he sent to him one of his auxiliary soldiers in the character of a deserter. This man informed the Spartans that Philopœmen intended to cut them off from their line of retreat, which resulted in Nabis ordering out a strong force to attack Philopœmen and so frustrate this plan. Directly Philopœmen heard of this he circumvented Nabis, and fell upon his camp now held by a weak garrison.

The garrison realizing their weakness retired from their position and attempted to catch up with their main body which, "by this time, had proceeded to a considerable distance in advance." Now was Philopœmen's opportunity: "An attack was made on their rear, and the shouts of terror, raised by the affrighted troops behind, reached to the van, they threw down their arms, and fled, each for himself, in different directions, into the woods which lay on each side of the road."*

Then another unforeseen event took place. The fugitives, as they hastened through a defile, cast away their equipment and spears "which falling mostly with their points towards the pursuers, formed a kind of palisade across the road." The delay caused by this extraordinary incident, gave time for the fugitives to seek the security of the woods which flanked the line of retreat.

Philopœmen had no intention of continuing the pursuit through the forests, in place, judging that during the night time the enemy would attempt to regain the roads, he pitched his camp, lit his fires and sent at all speed small parties of men "carrying nothing with them but their swords" to lie in ambush where the roads entered the forests. This manœuvre proved eminently successful, for the enemy seeing the camp fires "kept themselves in paths concealed from view"; and having passed by them "they then thought that all was safe and came down into the open roads," here most were killed. After this success-

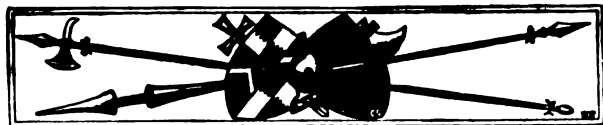
*Ibid, xxxv, 30.

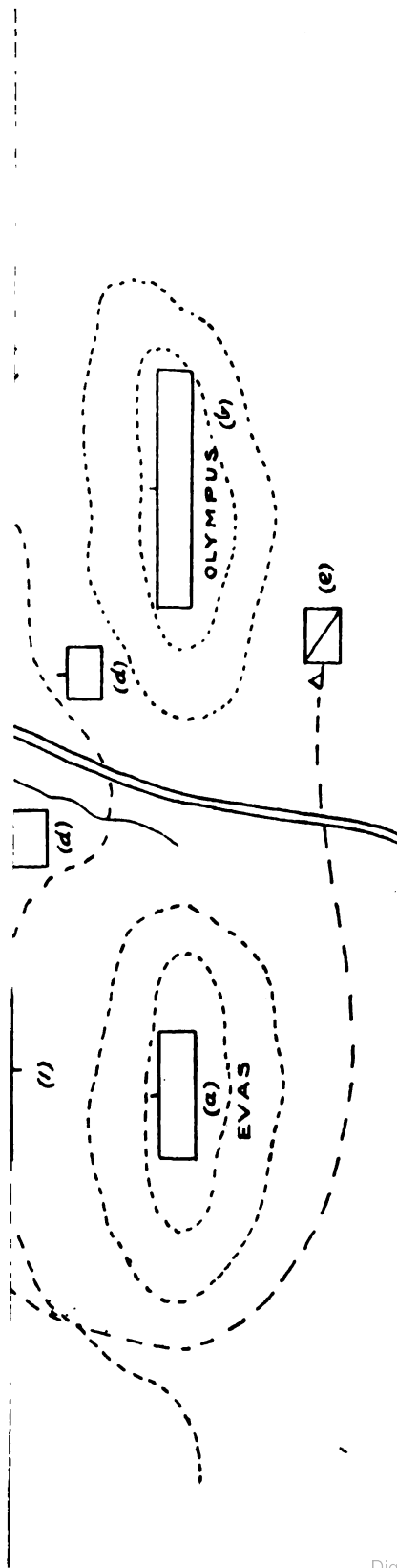
ful operation Philopœmen for thirty days ravaged the lands of the Lacedæmonians and "almost annihilated the strength of the tyrant."

Philopœmen as a Partisan Leader.

At the Third Battle of Mantinea, Philopœmen showed a very high order of generalship, in this minor operation he displayed a consummate skill in creating favourable conditions, in place of turning actual ones to his advantage. From the very beginning conditions were against him for he expected Gythium to hold out; but he was in no way downcast, and was determined to make good his physical weakness by a series of attacks on the enemy's moral. As he could not bring off one great surprise, he planned to bring off a series of surprisals the cumulative effect of which would increase in geometrical proportion. The first of these surprisals took place at the stream, this put the nerves of Nabis's men on edge, and morally prepared them to believe the report of the pseudo-deserter. The result was indecision on the part of the Spartans, part of their forces left their camp and part remained. Then the camp was surprised, and its garrison seeking to catch up with their main body were also surprised and hurled forward in panic on to the van, which already in a nervous condition at once fell into a panic and scattered in the forests only to be surprised once again in attempting to regain the roads.

In these minor operations we obtain an excellent example of the value of moral attrition. Surprise followed surprise until the enemy becomes shadow shy, this is the lesson these operations teach us. To undermine the nervous system of an enemy army before clinching to overthrow it, is a lesson we can learn from this great general, and from a greater—his contemporary, Hannibal the Carthaginian.





CLEOMENES.

- (a) Allies under Eucleidas.
- (b) Lacedæmonians under Cleomenes.
- (c) Cavalry.
- (d) One division of Mercenaries on each side of road.
- (e) Cavalry flank attack.

ANTIGONUS.

- (1) Macedonians under Alexander, son of Acmetus.
- (2) Illyrians under Demetrius of Pharos.
- (3) Acarnianians.
- (4) Cretans.
- (5) 2,000 Achæans in reserve.
- (6) Cavalry under Alexander.
- (7) 2,000 Achæan Infantry.
- (8) 2,000 Megalopolitans.
- (9) Double Phalanx.
- (10) Mercenaries.
- (11) Philoœmen's flank manœuvre.

DIAGRAM 1 OF THE BATTLE OF SELLASIA.

DISAPPEARING DONKEYS

By SIEGFRIED P.

"MAJOR SINCLAIR'S compliments, sir. He is very sorry he couldn't wait to hand over. We got orders to march two hours earlier than originally intended. He left me to show you our patrol beats and relieve sentries. There is a big 'zoo' to look after, too, sir—two thousand, five hundred and fifty-seven animals—counted 'em all yesterday. Some job. I'm afraid you must take our word for it, sir!"

"All right, Sergeant-Major, but I won't give you a receipt for the animals—might miss one or two in that lot, what?"

"B" Squadron of the umptieth Bengal Lancers had marched down from Shahraban to relieve a squadron of the Nth Hussars at Baqubah. The "Nth" were "off on a show." Reliefs of dusty Sikh sowars rode away to relieve trim Hussar patrols, who were half an hour later trotting off under the Sergeant-Major along the Baghdad road.

Captain Pelman strolled round his squadron lines, watching his rows of chestnut horses arching their necks and bridling under the enjoyment of "malish." "Ziyada zor se" (put more life into it)—"Kis waste dum ke niche pahle saf nahin kiya" (why haven't you cleaned under his tail?). "Risaldar Sahib, has that fatigue come back yet?"

They were a well-trained squadron, with horses in the pink of condition. What a pity, he ruminated, that they weren't going on this hush-hush show. Oh, well!—"Malish khatam hai!" (stables are over). "Dana dedo" (feed), and Pelman and his subaltern went off to see what sort of a lunch their cook, Pinto, had prepared.

There was no time to count the "zoo" for the next two days. The squadron's duty was to patrol the neighbourhood of the Jalus refugee camp by day and night, and to watch the Diyala river crossings. The strict sanitary conditions of the camp and its monotony caused many young Jalus to wish for the metropolis, Baghdad. The authorities wanted no vagrants there. Hence a necessarily strict guard against escape. The squadron also provided orderlies for the Commandant's office and a guard for the animal camp. They were also to continue training.

Tens of thousands of Jalus, men, women and children were encamped in E.P. tents, on the desert heights above the river, opposite to the palm groves of Baqubah. They were a motley crowd in every description of dress from their Patriarch's flowing robes to old store suitings. Most of the young men were being trained elsewhere as a Jalus army, so there was not much virile manhood to be seen. But there were lovely women, white-skinned with long tresses which they combed out in the sun after bathing. The border subaltern was pensive.

On the fourth morning Pelman rode up to the animal paddocks, to check the count. The Jalus were refugees from up by Lake Van. They were Christians who had fled from oppression and horrors with which the world was full in that fourth year of War. Like the Israelites of old their trek was attended by the ox and the ass, but not only by these. Women and children could not "foot" it all the way. Horses, ponies, cows, goats, camels, sheep, mules and donkeys all played a part in providing transport. Quite obviously a camp of thousands of none too clean immigrants could not be kept sanitary if vast herds were allowed to wander around the family tent. Therefore it was ordered that on arrival, refugees should unload and hand over their four-footed friends to the animal camp. Receipts were given for cattle, and owners were allowed to come and milk their milch kind on production of ownership cards. The idea was to pay the refugees for their beasts of labour, which should be used in new agricultural projects. Beasts were already being sent off to these new farms, otherwise the "zoo" would indeed have been immense.

There were five dusty paddocks in the desert half a mile from the Jalus' Camp. They were entirely surrounded by an apron fence of barbed wire. At one end were three tents to accommodate the veterinary hospital, the British veterinary staff, and a Camp Guard of Pelman's sowars. A water channel ran through the camp. It was also barb wired. Pelman cleared one paddock, and, by re-admitting cows into it one by one with two counters, a reliable count and re-allotment of paddocks was made in the space of four hours. Sick animals were segregated in a paddock beyond the water channel : and what sick animals!

Animal management was not a Jalu's stock-in-trade. Many animals can never have been off-saddled between Lake Van and Baqubah. A sore back was nothing. Most had sore backs. It had to be a very sore back to be a veterinary case.

At noon, a party of immigrants arrived from their last stage. An old man led a cow and helped a pregnant woman with a year old baby in her arms and a small girl of three to descend. A donkey was unloaded of various precious impedimenta. It had completed the journey on three legs. The fourth leg appeared to be fractured. A receipt in English for the cow and donkey and saddlery was given to the old man. The old man looked puzzled. Pelman's interpreter, a Jalu who had been in Bombay, explained matters. A voluble altercation ensued. Loud cries and protests from the whole family, which included two handmaidens, three boys in multicoloured rags and fezzes, a very very old grandfather and a nondescript hound. However, they were taken off by the escort detailed to take the party to its tents, after being told to come and milk the cow at 8 a.m. next day if they wished. They shuffled off with a score of others like them, chattering disgruntledly. The cow's saddle was ungirthed, but did not come off easily. When it did the skin came off with it. The back bone lay visible beneath. Poor beast; suffering too from skin disease, its day was done.

A quarter of a mile beyond the "zoo" a great Soviet of gigantic birds of prey hopped heavily on the heated sand. Pelman's veterinary Sergeant shot as many as two hundred wretched quadrupeds in one day. The carrion banquet called

immense numbers of white headed aldermen of the air. All over north-eastern Mesopotamia the news spread. Hawk-nosed buccaneers with swaggering gait, white waist-coated "confidence" men of the desert's upper spaces, beruffled squires and carrion aristocrats arrived to join the old bone merchants in the free feast. But the class distinction was well kept. The main joint was reserved by the aristocrats, and only when they were gorged to repletion could the small fry get their pickings, though often there was enough for all.

Pelman turned disgustedly away. The count was ended in time for a late lunch—but, what of the count?—"five hundred and fifty-six animals shy?" Extraordinary! Well, we must go through the receipts and out deliveries again. The Nth Hussars must have counted wrong. Our count is all right. Anyway I'll report to the Commandant and we'll have a re-count as soon as we can."

The report went in, and four days later a re-count was carried out. "Great Scott! Two hundred and thirty-one more disappeared. Amazing! Where can they be?"

Pelman walked round the wire and wondered desperately. "Wire all right. One sentry standing on the mound of the water channel by day. Can see everything. Nothing can be got rid of by day unless there's a swindle going on. Anyway, all the Guard Commanders can't be in it. I'll talk to them. Surely no animal can get out without someone noticing and giving the show away. Three guards by night. They walk round the wires and meet each other every few minutes, if they do what they are told. I'll double them to-night."

The British personnel were also bewildered. The Guard Commanders of the previous few days quaked for their reputations.

Pelman reported the matter to the Commandant and ate his dinner without appetite. "They can't fly," he said to the border subaltern. "Most extraordinary," he repeated. He made a flying visit at midnight and was nearly shot by an over-zealous sentry, determined to let no living thing in or out of the paddock. All seemed well. Quiet reigned among the animals. It is very

still in the Mesopotamia desert at night. Sounds came distantly from the Jalus camp. "Nothing can get out by night with all these sentries, and even if they were all asleep, hundreds of animals can't get away even by the front gate without noise," he muttered. Back went Pelman to bed. An Indian orderly officer was to visit the Camp again at 3.30 a.m.

Another day passed, and on the morning after Pelman arrived bright and early to count again. "These blessed counts waste all our time, but we must do them." The counting was a well-practised affair now. Men drove the animals quickly through the gates, one by one. Some cows were irritable, some mules mulish—but it was done quickly enough. Pelman himself was counting as on the previous occasion. "One hundred and twenty-seven short of the last count. Christopher Columbus! Maskelyne and Devant aren't in it."

The very worried Captain of Horse, with subaltern, veterinary Sergeant, guard commander, and Indian Officer made yet another tour of inspection round the outside of the wire. "It looks dashed strong. A "jack" couldn't get through it, let alone a donkey. Hell's bells! there will be trouble about this." "By jove, what's that. Look at those hoof prints, man, bang under the wire. It rained a little last night, they are quite fresh. It's witch craft. They must have disintegrated their bodies to move through the wire. Can't be done. Let's pull ourselves together. There's the wire firm as can be, a sentry within fifty yards all the time; and I don't believe in animals disintegrating their atoms to get through wire. What's the answer? Hullo! Look here, Sergeant, go inside and you, too, Risaldar Sahib. Do you see, Tim? This wire peg is quite loose."

When the other two had arrived opposite them inside the fence, he ordered them to seize the two fence posts directly opposite him and try to lift them. They did. The posts were loose and came up easily, and, with the border subaltern holding one apron foot peg and he another, the four of them were able to lift that portion of fence with an effort to a height of five

feet. "Q.E.D.," said Pelman. "What brains—not a word, we'll catch 'em."

Hurrying off he arranged for a telephone wire to be run from the veterinary hospital to his own tent in the Camp a mile away. Then taking two Indian officers he spent two hours reconnoitring an unusual approach by the most round about way from the Camp to the paddocks. It lay along a ravine which arrived at the opposite side of the paddocks from the Camp, the same side as the hoof marks through the wire, and about half a mile from the wire.

"You see, Wassawa Singh Sahib. You come along here in single file—deploy into line as soon as you get on to the flat, at a horse's interval, swords drawn and advance on the "Zoo." Keep a small reserve near enough for it to see the first line, and catch anyone breaking through them. We'll jolly well catch anyone outside the wire. Try and capture 'em alive, of course."

Nothing happened that night. Pelman heard some shots. He visited the Camp and found great alertness. He also found some fear of spooks. A cockney clerk was trying to persuade a sentry to fire at nothing! The clerk was in a panic and hanging on the sentry's shoulder. Pelman caught him by the back of the neck and told him to stop his whimpering and get back to bed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What are you doing here, anyway?" "Some 'un fired a shot, sir—and the other two had left the tent, so I came out—and, and, I thort I'd stay by 'im. Give 'im confidence like. These 'ere boys want backing. Gord knows what's out there. I'm sure I saw somefink move." He pointed miserably into the darkness.

"You'll feel something move unless you get back to your tent—you little coward, you. Fat lot of confidence you'd give. You'll have the whole guard panicking if you stay here." The little fellow was obviously afraid of being alone, so Pelman walked him back to his tent. He was a good chap and brave enough in daylight.

It was after dinner on the following evening that the telephone bell rang. "Guard Commander speaking, Sahib, from the Animal Camp. Two of the sentries swear that they

saw a man creeping along the ground. When challenged he made off. They fired. What shall I do?"

The sentries had all been doubled. "Unload all the sentries' rifles in exactly twenty minutes' time. They have their bayonets fixed for comfort," answered Pelman "Mind, no firing after twenty minutes' time. My watch says 9.15. Is yours right? Then at 9.35 you are responsible that there are no cartridges in any rifle in the Camp. I'll be up myself as soon as I can." Pelman told a waiting orderly to tell the Duty troop to get mounted immediately. He himself hurried out to find his Risaldar Wassawa Singh who was duty officer. The troop were off on their two mile march within a quarter of an hour. 'Quick work, Wassawa. All the men's rifles have been left in safe keeping, haven't they? Just see all rifle buckets are empty. Someone will probably come down in the dark and his horse will gallop off. We can't afford to lose a rifle on top of all these animals. Well, off you go!"

Pelman found his way to the "zoo" by means of an electric torch. He went round the sentries. No one was to make a sound. "We mustn't frighten the lads away."

The firmament was ablaze with stars but vision was limited to three or four yards. After a seemingly endless wait, the silence was broken by a shout in the darkness, apparently several hundred yards away. More shouts followed. Then silence again. "Work in silence in the dark and keep cool," Pelman had impressed on Wassawa Singh. Shouts again, nearer this time. A free fight was evidently in progress, blows and a scream. Horses appeared beyond the wire. "Kaun hai," challenged the sentry.

Wassawa Singh himself arrived before the wire. "Captain Sahib hai?" (Is the Capt. there? "We've caught three of the blackguards, Sahib," he went on. "They fought like anything with lathis (big sticks) and I think a fourth man got away. It was hard to see in the dark."

"Shabash!" (well done) said Pelman. "Bring them round to the Camp gate."

Three deplorable-looking Arabs were driven into the veterinary office. All three had received sword cuts. Two were full grown men, the third a mere boy. They were naked but for loin cloths, and their bodies were greased.

"They are just like eels," said Pelman. "By jove, they've got something to think about. That big fellow will have the marks to his dying day. Why, his ear is half off."

"We had to hit them hard. They nearly broke Hardit Singh's arm," replied Wassawa. "By the way, I have sent Daffadar Jiwand Singh back to camp. His horse came down in that nullah and I think he has broken his leg."

At this moment the boy, who was being supported by two stalwart sowars, groaned and slid into a heap on to the floor.

"Ring up the Doctor and tell him to hurry up here," said Pelman.

Twenty minutes later the Doctor, an Irishman, arrived. He examined the lad's head which had a nasty cut on it. He turned him over, and, as he did so, the boy's eyelids fluttered and he heaved one great sigh.

The Doctor listened to his heart, felt his pulse and got up. "Shure! you'd better dig a trench. The varmint's dead."

They dug a trench by the light of a hurricane batti, and Pelman murmured some lines from "Corunna" to himself. "Poor little devil, he was brought up to all this, I suppose!"

The Doctor, after cleaning the wounds of the other two prisoners, and a wound or two among the men, said "Good night" and disappeared.

The boy's body was laid beside the shallow trench, and Pelman took the lantern to gaze his last at the straight-cut features of the dead youth.

Was it fancy, surely the eye-lids moved. "It must be the light," he said. Bending down he felt the lad's pulse. "No, yes! By Jove, he's not dead, here skip along, Bichitar Singh, and bring back the Doctor Sahib."

"Begorra! and it's alive he is to tell the tale. He'd be better dead," was all that worthy had to say on his return.

Next morning the prisoners were handed over to justice in the shape of the political officer. The lost animals were never found. Once away in the scrub they could never be traced. It appeared, however, from political reports that they did not all belong to the Jalus. The refugees had stolen any stray four-footed beast they met with on their long road; and the owners had complained!

Pelman received a congratulatory letter for the night's work of his squadron. Only one authority wrote him a censure—"for leaving the rifles of the raiding troop behind in Camp!" "Some people are never satisfied," said Pelman.



THE CAVALRYMAN OF ROMANCE

BRIGADIER GERARD IN REAL LIFE.

By MAJOR J. T. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R. Hist. S.

PART V.—*Concluded.*

THE MOSCOW CAMPAIGN.

Marbot was very pleased with his new regiment. He says : " I have commanded army Cavalry regiments, either as Colonel or General Officer, and I have been for a long time inspector of that arm ; but I can safely say that, if I ever saw a regiment in as good condition as The 23rd Chasseurs, I never saw a better. . . . All were on the same level of courage and zeal : there was no weak spot. The officers highly intelligent and sufficiently well-trained, were all of excellent character, and lived together as true brethren in arms. It was the same with the N.C.O's. and the troopers followed their good example. Nearly all were veterans of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland and Wagram, and most had three, or at least two, good conduct stripes ; those who had only one were a small minority.* They were well-disciplined, calm, and able to hold their tongues, especially in presence of the enemy."

In order to make a good impression on his new regiment Marbot was anxious that his first time in action with them would be successful. " I knew," he writes, " that a regimental commander makes a favourable impression or otherwise on his troops by his conduct in the first fights," and soon after crossing the Niemen at Wilna the 23rd Chasseurs had an action against the

*Good Conduct Badges were introduced into the British Army by Royal Warrant dated 18th August, 1836. They were originally worn on the right arm.

Russians. Marbot's hopes were fulfilled—"I lost six men killed and about a score wounded, while we captured a Colour and 2,000 prisoners." A little later he was wounded severely in the shoulder, in relation to which he gives us an insight into his own mentality as well as the system by which Napoleon granted honours. "I confess that if I had been Colonel I should have accompanied the troops of wounded who were being sent to Polotsk, crossed the Dwina, and gone to some town in Lithuania, where I could get attended to. But I was only Major; the Emperor might come posting in a day from Witebsk to review the regiment, and he never did anything except for soldiers present under arms. This rule, which at first sight seems cruel, was really in the interests of the service. It kept up the zeal of those who had been wounded, and made them eager to rejoin their regiments as soon as they could instead of dawdling in hospital, and the army gained much in efficient strength. Besides, I had every inducement to stay: success against the enemy, attachment to the regiment, the fact that I had been wounded when fighting with it. So I stayed, though suffering intolerable pain, and, putting my arm as well as I could into a sling, and getting hoisted on to my horse, went back to the regiment."

Marbot gives us another specimen of that lack of team-work, bordering on insubordination, which was at times prevalent among the marshals and generals of the French Army. Napoleon is supposed to have said that he made his generals out of mud; if this were so there is ample evidence that a good deal of the original substance still adhered to them, judging from their exhibition of selfishness, jealousy and total absence of loyalty to their superiors. In this instance it is Saint-Cyr.

"Saint-Cyr was, indeed, one of the most able soldiers in Europe," writes Marbot, "I never knew anyone handle troops in battle better than Saint-Cyr. He was of tall stature but looked more like a professor than a soldier, which may perhaps be ascribed to the habit he had acquired of wearing neither uniform nor epaulettes, but a plain blue overcoat. It was impossible to find a calmer man; the greatest danger, disappoint-

ments, successes and defeats, were alike unable to move him. In the presence of every sort of contingency he was like ice. It may be easily understood of what advantage such a character, backed by a taste for study and meditation, was to a general officer. But Saint-Cyr had serious faults as well: he was jealous of his comrades and was often seen to keep his troops inactive when other divisions were being shattered close to him. Then he would advance, and, profiting by the enemy's weariness, would beat them, seeming thus to have the sole credit for the victory. His colleagues all dreaded having to act with him, and different successive governments of France had only employed him from necessity. It was the same with the Emperor; and such was his antipathy for Saint-Cyr, that he did not include him in his first creation of marshals, although he had a better record and much greater talent than the majority of those to whom Napoleon gave the baton. Such was the man who had just been placed under Oudinot's command, much to his regret, for he knew that he would be put in the shade by Saint-Cyr's superior ability.*

On the occasion in question Saint-Cyr's Corps of Bavarians had been placed under Marshal Oudinot who was being attacked by superior Russian forces. The battle first favoured one side and then the other. "While the slaughter thus swayed to and fro Saint-Cyr followed Oudinot in silence; and whenever his opinion was asked he merely bowed and said 'My Lord Marshal!' as though he would say: 'As they have made you a marshal, you must know more about the matter than a mere general like me; get out it as best you can.'" Later in the day a question arose regarding the movement of some artillery and cavalry. "Oudinot asked Saint-Cyr what he thought, but instead of giving the good advice to employ the artillery and cavalry on ground where they could easily manœuvre in support of the infantry, he replied with his eternal 'My Lord Marshal!'" The day's fighting had been very stiff "But Marshal Oudinot could not hide from himself that he would have to begin again next day. Full of thought over a state of things of which

*Another difficulty was that Saint-Cyr had previously been Oudinot's senior.

he could not see the issue, and brought up at every turn by Saint-Cyr's refusal to speak, he was riding along at a walk, followed by a single A.D.C., among his infantry skirmishers, when the enemy's marksmen, noticing the horseman with white plumes, made him their target and sent a bullet into his arm. The marshal at once sent word to Saint-Cyr that he was wounded and handed the command over to him. Saint-Cyr seized the reins of command with a firm and capable hand, and in a few hours the aspect of things changed entirely—so great is the influence of an able man who knows how to inspire confidence." After a battle Saint-Cyr was just as calm. "The last shot had hardly been fired when Saint-Cyr went and shut himself up in the Jesuit Convent, where he spent all his days and parts of his nights in ——— what do you suppose? Playing the fiddle!" In spite of his apparent apathy Saint-Cyr was promoted marshal by Napoleon for his victory over the Russians on this occasion.

The French reached Moscow on 15th September, 1812, and found it deserted: a few days later it was burnt to the ground. The Russian Army had retired some miles and was engaged in collecting stragglers and reforming. Napoleon entered into an informal armistice hoping Czar Alexander would come to terms. During this period the Russian soldiers, writes Marbot, "went about freely among our bivouacs, sitting at our soldiers' fires and eating with them, without its occurring to anyone to make them prisoners. This was a mistake, for they gradually rejoined their army, while ours were growing weaker every day from sickness and the effects of the first cold weather. Murat, proud of his stature and his courage, and always bedizened in strange but brilliant costumes, had attracted the notice of the enemy, and liked to parley with them, exchanging presents with the Cossack leaders. Kutusoff took advantage of these meetings to keep up false hopes of peace, which were passed on from Murat to the Emperor. But one day the same enemy, who said he was growing weak, roused himself, slipped through our cantonments, and walked off with several baggage-trains, a squadron of dragoons of the guards, and a battalion of the line.

From that time Napoleon forbade all communication with the Russians except with his authority."

On the 19th October, 1812, the French began their ill-fated retreat from Moscow. As the works on this aspect of the campaign are numerous, only the outstanding events connected with Marbot or the Cavalry will be dealt with in this article.

Dealing with the early troubles of the French army and the manner in which their enormous losses affected their cavalry organization, Marbot recounts the following: "The troopers of the line regiments had lost nearly all their horses, and were formed into battalions. The officers who were still mounted composed the Sacred Squadrons, the command of which was entrusted to Generals Latour-Maubourg, Grouchy and Sebastiani. They did duties as mere captains while major-generals and colonels acted as sergeants and corporals. An organization like this would, of itself, be sufficient to show to what extremities the army was reduced."

Marbot had one interesting experience which has a scientific importance more than a military. Here is his account of it:—

"The 23rd Chasseurs, stationed at Zapole, was covering one flank of the united corps, when Marshal Victor, hearing that a large force of the enemy was at Vonisokoi-Ghorodie, ordered General Castex to reconnoitre this point with one of his regiments. It was the turn for mine to march. We started at nightfall and reached Ghorodie without hindrance. The village stood in a bottom, on a long-drained marsh. Everything was quiet and the peasants whom I questioned through Lorenz (his interpreter) had not seen a Russian soldier for a month. I therefore prepared to go back to Zapole; but our return was not as calm as our outward march had been. There was no fog, but the night was very dark, and I was afraid that the regiment was going astray among the numerous dykes in the marsh. I therefore took for guide one of the inhabitants of Ghorodie, who appeared less stupid than the others. My column had proceeded in good order for half an hour, when I suddenly perceived bivouac fires upon the hills surrounding the marsh. I halted my men, and sent out two intelligent sergeants to reconnoitre,

bidding them try and avoid being seen. They soon came back, saying that a strong body was blocking our way, while another was in position in our rear. I turned round and when I saw thousands of fires between me and Ghorodie it seemed clear that I had inadvertently got into the middle of an Army Corps, which was preparing to bivouac on the spot. The fires kept increasing in number; the plain and hills were soon covered with them, and presented the appearance of a camp of 50,000 men, in the midst of which was I with less than 700 troopers. The odds were great, but how were we to avoid the danger which threatened? The only way was to gallop forward in silence along the main dyke upon which we were, to surprise the enemy by a sudden charge, and cut our way through, sword in hand. Once out of the light of the camp fires, the darkness would save us from pursuit. Having decided on this course, I sent officers all along the column to let the troops know, being certain that all would approve my plan and follow me resolutely. I admit that I was not without anxiety for the enemy's infantry might stand to their arms at the first challenge of a sentry and kill many of my people while my regiment was passing in front of it. In the middle of my anxiety the peasant who was guiding us burst into shouts of laughter and Lorenz did the same. In vain did I question the latter, he could not stop laughing; and not knowing enough French for the unusual circumstances, he showed me his cloak, on which had just settled one of the will-o'-the-wisps which we had taken for bivouac fires. The phenomenon was produced by the marsh emanations, which a slight frost following on a day of hot autumn sunshine had condensed. In a little time the whole regiment was covered with these fires, as large as eggs, at which the soldiers were much diverted. Thus relieved from one of the greatest frights that I had ever had I returned to Zapole."

Marbot was at the famous Passage of the Beresina and witnessed the terrible slaughter there of French troops, which, he declares, could have been avoided if someone in authority had ordered the great army of stragglers to cross two days previously instead of picking their own time which unfortunately

coincided with the crossing by the troops. The French lost over 20,000 troops mainly owing to bad staff work and disunion among the higher commanders. Shortly afterwards an incident occurred in which Marbot was the chief actor, and it is worth re-telling as an illustration of the working of an active mind allied to strong passions. The French cavalry were chasing the Russian cavalry, with Marbot's regiment opposite a crack Cossack regiment. In their flight across a plain near Pleshtchenitsi the latter failed to see a deep ravine, with vertical sides, crossing it. "Finding it out of the question to cross with their horses," writes Marbot, "and forced to face my regiment, which was on the point of catching them, the Cossacks turned, and closing up, met us bravely with their lances. The ground was covered with ice and very slippery, so that our tired horses could not gallop without tumbling. There was therefore no shock and my line reached the motionless mass of the enemy at a trot only. Our swords touched the lances, but as these were thirteen or fourteen feet long, it was impossible for us to touch our adversaries, who on their side dared not back for fear of falling over the precipice, nor advance to meet our swords. We therefore watched each other, until the following scene took place in less time than it takes to tell it. In haste to get done with the enemy I called out to my men that they must catch hold of the lances with their left hand, turn them aside, and push into the middle of the crowd, where our short weapons would give us a great advantage over their long poles. In order to be better obeyed, I thought I would set the example, and, putting some lances aside, I actually succeeded in getting within the front ranks of the enemy. My adjutants and orderlies followed me, and all the regiment presently doing the same, a general scuffle ensued. But at that moment an old white-bearded Cossack, who, being in the hinder ranks, was separated from me by other combatants, bent forward, and, pointing his lance adroitly between his comrades' horses, struck me with his sharp steel, which passed clean through below the knee-pan of my right leg. Feeling myself wounded, I was pressing forward to revenge myself on the man for the sharp pain which I

experienced when I saw before me two youths of eighteen or twenty years, in a rich costume; they were the sons of the chief of the 'pulk.' An elderly man accompanied them as mentor, having no sword in his hand, nor did the younger of the two lads use his; but the elder charged bravely, and attacked me furiously. He seemed so undeveloped and so weak that I merely disarmed him, and taking him by the arm, passed him behind me, and told Van Berghem to look after him. The next moment, however, I felt a hard object laid against my left cheek, a double report rang in my ears, and a bullet went through the collar of my cloak. Turning sharply, I saw the young Cossack officer with a brace of double-barrelled pistols in his hands. He had just fired treacherously on me from behind, and he now blew poor Van Berghem's brains out. Beside myself with rage, I dashed on the madman, who was taking aim at me with his second pistol. But as he met my eye he seemed fascinated, and cried out in good French, 'Oh God! I see death in your eyes! I see death in your eyes!' 'Ay, scoundrel, and you see right!' And he dropped. Blood calls for blood. The sight of young Van Berghem stretched at my feet, and my own action, the excitement of battle, and perhaps also the frightful pain of my wound, all combined to throw me into a state of feverish agitation. I made towards the younger of the Cossack officers, caught him by the throat, and was in the act of raising my sword, when the old governor seeking to protect his ward, bent forward over my horse's neck in such a way as to prevent me from using my arm, and cried in a tone of entreaty, 'For your mother's sake pardon this one, who has done nothing!' On hearing him invoke that revered name, my mind, overwrought by the surroundings, was struck with hallucination: I thought I saw a well-known white hand laid upon the young man's breast, which I was on the point of piercing, and I seemed to hear my mother's voice saying 'Pardon! Pardon!' My sword point dropped, and I had the youth and his governor taken to the rear."

On 5th December, 1812, Napoleon left the army, such as it was, and hurried to Paris to crush the beginnings of a Civil

War. Murat was placed in supreme command but the disunion among the higher commanders continued. At this point in his *Memoirs** Marbot attacks the charge laid against the French troops that they were guilty of cannibalism during the retreat. His contention is that as the entire route was strewn with dead horses there was no need for cannibalism. In spite of this, however, two eye-witnesses—Count de Segur, a Frenchman, and General Sir Robert Wilson, an Englishman—declare that they had strong evidence to the contrary and that cannibalism did exist at one period.

As a specimen of the temperature in which the retreat was made Marbot gives the following:—"So intense was the cold that we could see a kind of vapour rising from men's ears and eyes. Condensing on contact with the air, this vapour fell back on our persons with a rattle such as grains of millet might have made. We had often to halt and clear away from the horses' bits the icicles formed by their frozen breath." Before the French reached Vilna Marbot's regiment was completely dismounted; most of the horses had died as a result of exposure and those that remained were unfit for mounting. He therefore harnessed all suitable horses to sledges and the idea caught on throughout the brigade.

The 23rd Chasseurs undoubtedly did more than their share of duty and fighting of the Corps to which they belonged, but when they returned to France they were found to be much stronger than any other regiment. Out of a total of 1,048 all ranks that went to Russia 693 answered the roll call; a fine testimony to regimental government.

French arms again suffered defeat in Lower Germany during 1813, mainly owing to the incapacity of Marshal Macdonald. During the course of this campaign a curious incident occurred which illustrates the indiscipline of the French troops and Marbot's action in the matter. He writes: "A corporal of the 4th Chasseurs had, in a drunken moment, insulted his lieutenant, and a lancer of the 6th, being savagely bitten by his horse and unable to make it let go, had struck it in the belly with a pair of shears, thereby killing it. Both men certainly deserved

*Vol. 2, Chap. LXXIII (p. 593).

punishment, but only as a disciplinary measure. General Exelmans by his own authority condemned them to death." Marbot, however, protested against the sentence, though the men were not of his regiment, and secured the release of the corporal. "That is to say, he (Exelmans) pardoned the soldier who had insulted his lieutenant and meant to execute the man who had killed his horse. To put the poor fellow to death, two sergeants were called for from each regiment; but as sergeants have no carbines, they had to take those belonging to some of the men. When the order reached me I made no answer to my adjutant, so no man of the 23rd presented himself to take part in the execution. General Exelmans perceived it and said nothing. A report rang out, and all the spectators groaned with indignation. Exelmans ordered that, according to custom, the troops should file past the corpse; the march began. My regiment was second in the column, and I was just debating whether I ought to make it pass the body of the unhappy victim of Exelmans' severity when shouts of laughter were heard proceeding from the 24th Chasseurs, who had already reached the place of execution. I sent a staff-sergeant to find out the cause of this indecent mirth in presence of a corpse, and I soon learned that the dead man was doing very well. In fact, all that had taken place was merely a farce invented to frighten any soldiers who might be tempted to fail in their discipline—a farce which consisted in shooting a man with blank cartridges. In order that the secret of this sham execution should be better kept, our chief had entrusted the duty to sergeants and had had cartridges containing only powder served out to them; but as in order to complete the illusion it was necessary that the troops should see the corpse, Exelmans had told the lancer to fall face forward as soon as they fired, to sham dead, and to leave the army the next night in peasant's clothes, and with a little money given to him on purpose. But the soldier, a crafty Gascon, knew quite well that Exelmans was exceeding his powers, and had no more right to shoot him without trial than to send him away without leave. So he remained standing after the discharge, and refused to go away unless he was given a passport, and guaranteed against

arrest by the gendarmes. On learning that it was this discussion between the general and the supposed dead man which had excited the merriment of the 24th, I did not choose that my regiment should take part in this comedy, which in my view was far more contrary to discipline than were the faults it was intended to check. So I made my squadrons wheel, and trotting off, I brought them away from this unpleasant scene back to their camp, where I made them dismount. All the generals and colonels having followed this example, Exelmans remained alone with the dead man, who calmly took his way back to his bivouac, where he at once set to work to eat his soup with his comrades amid renewed peals of laughter."

But something pleasanter was in store for Marbot: "One morning, when our camp was perfectly quiet, just as I was in my shirt-sleeves, preparing to shave myself before a little mirror hung to a tree, I felt a tap on the shoulder. Looking round sharply to see who in my regiment had taken this liberty with his colonel, I beheld the Emperor. He had wished to examine the neighbouring position without alarming the enemy, and had gone the rounds with a single aide-de-camp, followed by some squadrons selected from all the regiments in the division. By his order, I took command of this escort and went about all day with him; nor had I any fault to find with him in the matter of kindness to me. On September 28th, 1813, the Emperor reviewed our corps, and gave me proofs of exceptional favour; for, contrary to his usual practice of giving only one reward at a time, he made me officer of the Legion of Honour and Baron, and granted me a gratuity. Further, he heaped honours on my regiment, saying that it was the only one in Sebastiani's corps which had maintained good order at the Katzbach, had captured guns, and beaten the Prussians wherever it met them. The regiment owed this distinction to Marshal Macdonald's eulogy of it; at the time of the rout at the Katzbach he had taken refuge in its ranks, and shared in the firm charge by which it had driven the enemy back across the river. After the review, as the troops were on their way back to camp, General Exelmans passed along the front of my regiment,

loudly complimenting it on the justice which the Emperor had done to its valour, and eulogising the merits of its colonel in a way which I can only call exaggerated.

THE LEIPZIG CAMPAIGN.

This campaign was also disastrous to the French, and Marbot, whose regiment went through it all, does not attempt to gloss over the many mistakes and the usual lack of co-operation among the French higher commanders. The battle of Leipzig commenced on 16th November, 1813, and continued for the next three days. The only British troops present at this "Battle of the Nations" was a Rocket Troop of the Royal Artillery. General Sir Robert Wilson was also present (with a few orderlies), as the British Commissioner.

As is well-known the French were almost completely surrounded but they fought hard and bravely, the 23rd Chasseurs as usual to the fore. As far as Marbot personally was concerned the following incidents are worth re-telling from his Memoirs :—

At the commencement of the battle he was wounded in the right thigh by a Bashkir's arrow; this, however, did not inconvenience him. At the end of the campaign he nearly lost his life under the following circumstances. The regiment was moving through the forest of Hanau with Marbot and a trumpeter some distance ahead "when suddenly from the whole line I heard shouts of 'Colonel! colonel! look out!' and ten paces from me I saw a Bavarian artillery wagon which one of our shells had just set on fire. A huge tree which had been cut down by the cannon-balls barred the road in front of me. To go round would have taken me too long. I called to the trumpeter to stoop, and lying flat over my saddle-bow, I took my horse at the jump. Azolan made a long leap, but not long enough to clear all the branches, and his legs got caught among them. Meantime the wagon was blazing and the powder would take fire in a moment. I gave myself up for lost, when my horse, as though he had understood our common danger, began bounding four or five feet high, always getting further from the

wagon, and as soon as he was clear of the branches he went off at such a stretching gallop that he was almost literally *ventre a terre*. I shivered when the explosion took place, but I must have been out of the reach of the bursting shells, for neither my horse nor I was touched. It was otherwise with my young trumpeter, for when the regiment resumed its march after the explosion they saw the poor fellow dead and horribly mutilated by the splinters. His horse also was blown to pieces. My brave Azolan had saved me already at the Katzbach, and now I owed him my life a second time. I caressed him, and, as though to show his joy, the poor animal whinnied aloud. There are moments when one is led to believe that some creatures have far more intelligence than is generally thought. I keenly regretted my trumpeter, who was beloved by the whole regiment no less for his courage than for his general behaviour. He was the son of a professor at the college of Toulouse; had been through his course there, and took great delight in spouting Latin. An hour before his death the poor lad, having observed that nearly all the trees in the forest of Hanau were beeches, and that their spreading branches formed a kind of roof, found it a suitable occasion to repeat the Eclogue of Virgil which begins with the verse:—

“Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.” Marshal Macdonald, who happened to pass at the moment, laughed heartily, exclaiming, “There’s a little chap whose memory isn’t disturbed by his surroundings! It is certainly the first time that anyone has recited Virgil under the fire of the enemy’s guns.”

COMMANDANT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JEMMAPES.

Early in 1814 Marbot was appointed Commandant of Jemmapes with headquarters at Mons. His garrison was weak and he was surrounded by enemies. Plots against him and his garrison were soon afoot but he threatened to take severe action against any who opposed his rule, even to burning the town. This appears to have had a very sobering effect upon the plotters, who were mainly retired Austrian officers, and he afterwards lived in peace with the inhabitants.

When the French were forced to leave Belgium Marbot went to his depot to re-organize his regiment. Whilst here he obtained permission to arm his squadrons with lances, for which he "always had a great predilection." But Napoleon was now being pressed on all sides, and not least by Wellington in the South of France. He therefore abdicated, and it is at this point Marbot's Memoirs come to a close.

At the first Restoration Marbot was given the Command of the 7th Hussars, but when Napoleon returned to France from Elba he and his new regiment went over to the Emperor. At Waterloo his regiment formed part of the Corps under the Count of Erlon on the extreme right of the French line. He was promoted Major-General on 17th June, 1815, but it was not confirmed. His views on Waterloo are given in a letter written from Laon on 26th June, 1815. Here it is:—

"I cannot get over our defeat. We were manœuvred like so many pumpkins. I was with my regiment on the right flank of the army almost throughout the battle. They assured me that Marshal Grouchy would come up at that point; and it was guarded only by my regiment with three guns and a battalion of infantry—not nearly enough. Instead of Grouchy, what arrived was Blucher's corps. You can imagine how we were served. We were driven in, and in an instant the enemy was on our rear. The mischief might have been repaired, but no one gave any orders. The big generals were making bad speeches at Paris; the small ones lose their heads, and all goes wrong. I got a lance-wound in the side; it is pretty severe, but I thought I would stay to set a good example. If everyone had done the same we might yet get along; but the men are deserting, and no one stops them. Whatever people may say, there are 50,000 men in this neighbourhood who might be got together; but to do it we should have to make it a capital offence to quit your post, or to give leave of absence. Everybody gives leave, and the coaches are full of officers departing. You may judge if the soldiers stay. There will not be one left in a week, unless they are checked by the death penalty. The Chambers can save us if they like; but we must have severe measures and prompt

action. No food is sent to us, and so the soldiers pillage our poor France as if they were in Russia. I am at the outposts, before Laon; we have been made to promise not to fire, and all is quiet."

After Waterloo Marbot had to leave France. He spent his exile in Germany where he composed the work by which he was best known before the appearance of his Memoirs—a criticism of General Rogniart's "Considerations sur l'Art de la Guerre." It was this that earned the flattering reference to him, accompanying a legacy of 100,000 francs, in Napoleon's will.* In 1818 he was recalled to France and placed on half-pay. In 1829 he was placed in Command of the 8th Chasseurs, and in 1830 was again promoted Major-General. He was on the staff of the Duke of Orleans during the Medeah Expedition in Algiers, and on the death of the Duke in 1842 he was attached to the staff of the Count of Paris, then only a child of four years. In 1848 he was again placed on the retired list and died in 1854.

*Napoleon wrote: "I bid Colonel Marbot continue to write in defence of the glory of the French armies, and to the confusion of calumniators and apostates."



SOME THOUGHTS ON TRAINING FOR SHOW JUMPING

By MAJOR R. S. TIMMIS, D.S.O., ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS.

THE question is often asked, why, in the open international jumping classes, are most of the ribbons won by army officers. When one considers that, especially on the American continent, many of the civilian entries include horses worth thousands of pounds, owned by very wealthy people, who will pay almost any price for a good horse and for a good rider to ride them, it is only natural that this question is so often asked. The fact is that comparatively few of these horses win the open performance classes and not a great percentage get into the ribbons at all. So much is this the case now that, in many of the big shows in America and Canada, army officers belonging to International teams, and all horses of those teams, are barred from competing in a great number of the open classes. The answer appears to be obvious—the systematically schooled horse and rider, trained over a prolonged period and carefully selected, must win out in the long run, over the partially trained or poorly trained horse, and often with a rider who has had no school training at all. There are, of course, some very excellent civilian show riders who ride some very clever jumpers, but even these are the exception rather than the rule.

Strangely enough, as in most sport, even in the modern commercialized sport of our American cousins, money cannot buy everything to take the place of experience and skill and the prolonged training on sound principles. The great difference between the civilian and military training of the horse is that the former generally lacks all preliminary training, such as balancing, placing, flexion, etc., and an attempt is made to

make a horse a finished jumper in a few months or less, whilst the army horse is given two, three or more years of sound, progressive schooling. The horse dealer is generally much worse, as his ambition is to turn out a saleable article in a few weeks.

Although this article primarily deals with training for the show-ring, it is hoped that all horses used for riding, especially hunting, could be trained on the same lines. Far from it to suggest for one moment that a horse trained for the show-ring is fit for that alone; on the contrary he should be the greater hunter or hack or whatever else he may be. Particularly is it insisted that there is no better schooling for any hunter and many accidents, if not most, in the hunting field would be eliminated if all the horses were schooled on the lines laid down for the show-ring jumper. Many of the best performers in the show-ring are the very finest hunters; and there is certainly no safer conveyance nor pleasanter ride to hounds than an experienced show jumper. I know little about the modern American saddle horse, it is far too artificial for me, so I have nothing to say about this particular type. But I consider the brutal fashions at present in vogue a disgrace in any civilized nation. The methods adopted by most civilian trainers (most of them call themselves "breakers," which is a better term) are, apart from being very much too hurried, too rough. They never study the psychological side of the subject and can therefore never reach a permanent, advanced stage of training.

The men themselves generally lack the training and education derived from most modern cavalry schools; without which the best results cannot be attained.

Those who have studied the psychology of the horse know only too well that the best and permanent results can only be attained by humane methods. The more experience I have and the more I study the various methods of the different nations who have been competing in International competitions during the past decade, the more convinced I am that humane methods, appealing to the horse's intelligence, will always beat the older, crude, unsympathetic methods, still used by many to-day.

Let us first of all briefly consider the psychology of the horse. The horse is so often looked upon as being more or less stupid and given little credit for possessing any intelligence. Stupid people make stupid horses, and such people are responsible for a lot of this discredit. Only those who have real sympathy for horses and possess real horse-sense are able to understand the horse's intellect. It is extraordinary the way such a man or woman will influence and entirely change the character and intelligence of a horse. Horse and trainer seem to get along together like two brothers. Rough treatment coupled with a natural timidity that all horses possess, prevent any psychological development on the part of the equine pupil. A horse develops the intelligence and kindly ways of his master to a very marked degree. There is no more willing animal living and no animal that takes such pleasure in doing the will of an intelligent horsemaster than the horse. Associations with intelligent horses are most beneficial to man.

Horses vary very greatly in their intelligence and in the degree to which this intelligence can be developed. A horse is honest, courageous, tireless, willing, truthful and free from those many vices so common in man. He is always a great companion and he puts great trust in the man he loves, but he is always suspicious of brutal men.

In his early training his natural instincts are dominant, but later these give place to more human traits. He has a big imagination and this is made great use of in his training. One of his most remarkable characteristics is his extraordinary memory. Horses are never born vicious. Vicious horses are made so by bad and senseless treatment. This may have been greatly aggravated by genital disease—especially in mares, but this is not common. Any so-called vicious horses can be cured of this disposition by proper treatment; although this may take months or even years, in rare cases. Those, so-called vicious, that possess a good head and especially a good eye are really only suffering from gross fright and suspicions of ill-treatment, due to early mis-handling. Such horses can be made absolutely docile in a few weeks or months. All bad habits are

caused by wrong or bad treatment. It is shameful the way many people handle their horses—they lack all sympathy, good hands or legs, good temper and would be far better venting their crudeness and ignorance on an old motor car.

The mind and idiosyncrasies of each horse must be carefully studied, as no two horses are alike.

Shying is one of the commonest faults of horses, and all shying is produced by bad handling—unless the horse's eyesight is wrong. And bad sight is very often caused by bad stabling or stable management. Excessive exuberance of spirits must not be confounded with shying. In his early training or handling the horse shies and is ill-treated. Here we come to the secret of successful horse-training—the association of sensations. It is the secret of his great use as a domesticated animal.

He associates whatever he sees or feels with the sensation he experiences at that time. For instance, in being shod, given a drench, clipped, or in passing a motor car or jumping a fence, it is essential that he experience pleasant sensations and not be hit with the farrier's hammer, or knocked about the head or squeezed in the throat by the drencher, or struck or shouted at by the groom clipping, or hit in passing the motor car, or jerked on the mouth in jumping the fence. These latter will immediately convey to him unpleasant sensations, which he will associate with these various acts next time and he will, in self defence (one of his very strong natural instincts), endeavour to fight against such actions or sights. It is these improper treatments that cause reactions.

Reactions are always caused by abuse, or physical disability—which is also generally produced by abuse; either deliberate ill-treatment or too hasty progress and consequent over-taxing of his physical powers. A horse suffering from excessive exuberance of spirits must have this excess removed by exercise before his training is continued.

Fear is a natural defence possessed by all horses. A certain degree of this is necessary in order to obtain absolute obedience. Any large amount of fear can easily be dissipated by proper

treatment. It is essential to get absolute confidence before we can get complete obedience, because to get the latter we must resort to some form of mild punishment, and if this latter be given before we have gained his confidence we are defeating our object. Obedience is obtained by a judicial mixture of love and fear.

The voice is one of our most valuable aids in training, and one that is most sadly neglected. The horse's ears are extremely sensitive and he hates any shouting at him. He is most susceptible to caresses, and this also is so often neglected. It is part and parcel of successful training. But this does not mean that the horse should be spoilt. Firmness is essential throughout. No two horses respond the same way to the same treatment.

Punishment must be given, when necessary, very mildly, and on no account whatsoever must it be administered while the trainer is in a bad temper. Brutal punishment will do great harm and set the pupil back a great deal—perhaps even permanently. The difficulty of knowing when and how to reprimand the horse demands the greatest skill on the part of the trainer. So many would-be trainers fail lamentably in this respect.

Gradation in training is most essential; particularly in making a jumper. Very many horses of excellent intelligence and ideal conformation and with a natural liking for jumping are spoilt by bad training. The commonest faults are sickening the horse with too much jumping, raising the jumps much too rapidly, brutality and impatience, and neglecting the all-important early schooling of the horse.

The great secret of getting a horse to jump well is to reward him whenever he does well and to reprimand him (the voice is our most valuable aid for this) whenever he goes badly, and in never asking him to do too much and jump over too big obstacles until he is fitted for them.

A horse that goes sympathetically with his rider very soon knows what he is wanted to do. Whenever he jumps well, stop him and take him in; he will soon learn. But whenever he goes

badly make him jump that jump again. So often he is kept round and round until, through mere weariness, he gets careless. The secret of muscling the quarters and legs is to jump over lots of low jumps, to jump through the iron grid with bars one foot or one and a-half feet high and ten and a-half feet apart, and to give a great deal of very slow collected cantering and reining-back. Big jumps should only be negotiated by trained or half-trained horses once or twice a week.

Without doubt most of the mistakes made in the show ring are the fault of the rider. Bad hands and uncontrollable nerves (that are immediately transmitted to the horse) are responsible for many errors. Hands are a gift, although bad hands can be improved. Even with green horses, the majority of them would do better if the rider was able not to interfere. A good rider knows when to leave his horse alone. Often he can help the horse, but how often his well-meant attempt to help brings disaster by really interfering. Long experience alone can guide the rider in most circumstances which he will be confronted with in the show ring. So often we see a horse make an error at a jump entirely due to a misjudgment on the part of the rider, so often if the rider had only kept still, all would have been well. One cannot have good hands without a good seat.

So often the seat is so insecure due to the stirrups being too long. The rider must be secure in his saddle. Horse sense, too, is another essential—this too appears to be born in some. The British nation seem to be blest with a high amount of horse sense and love for horses possessed by no other.

Refusals are often made by a clever, trained horse getting in wrong at the jump, whilst a less skilled horse would crash through the jump. By all means train the horse to dislike knocking jumps and especially knocking them down, and this cannot be taught by brutality or rough means. Be careful therefore before punishing a horse for refusing. Some riders, through lack of knowledge or horse-sense think that all refusals should be treated the same way—they do not study their horses and are unable to differentiate between one horse and another. Refusals are often caused by the rider, or they may be caused

through a sore foot or leg. If caused through lack of confidence, the rider's will, but not his whip, will help the horse. If the horse is timid and does not possess too stout a heart the cure is to school him over lower and easier jumps, perhaps at first with another horse as lead, and to gradually re-gain his confidence whilst raising the jump to its original state. Reward is most essential with such horses. Many good horses have been ruined by ignorant riders abusing them for refusing from lack of confidence. For this reason one seldom finds timid and highly sensitive horses in civilian jumping stables. Under the average treatment they would not last long. The punishment that may be necessary for one horse will entirely ruin another.

The young horse should be schooled over solid or tied jumps. From the first it is essential to make the horse respect a jump. If he does commence hitting his jumps, a fall will be the cheapest lesson in the long run. And if he falls in the riding school he will not injure himself. But continually jumping horses over loose rails and rapping them with heavy poles or iron bars will never produce the same results.

A horse trained progressively on common-sense lines will not knock jumps merely for the sake of hitting them or from pure carelessness. If he does make a mistake and hit a jump hard, a reprimand from the rider's voice is all that is necessary. Generally he will be sufficiently upset by the error to take great care over the remaining jumps.

The horse that has been trained by rough methods becomes rough in his actions and often cares little if he does knock a jump. His mind has never been developed and his desire to please us has never been appealed to. The common system of rapping horses before they go in the ring in order to make them raise their feet is most injurious and makes the majority of horses so that they will not jump properly unless they are rapped before. In cases where there is a tie, these horses practically never put up a decent performance in the run off.

Recently a member of one of the European Army Teams remarked that the modern horse show was a competition of who could rap their horses the hardest. There is no question that

the modern show ring encourages a vast amount of cruelty. I am glad to say that many of the best performance jumpers are those that scarcely ever require rapping.

The best trained intelligent horse may require a light rapping once every few months, if he becomes a little careless, and starts ticking off the tick-slats. But this is very different to the rough and often brutal rapping so commonly done by civilians in the American shows and by some of the European Army Teams. Much of this cruelty would be obviated if performance classes were scored without counting ticks as is common in hunter classes. This has been suggested by the British Horse Show Association.

The method of training and schooling at present adopted by the United States Army team is hard to beat. Major Harry Chamberlin, their able captain, has studied the methods of many of the European schools, and his quiet, sensible methods, as would be expected, produce the best results. The system now taught at the Equitation School at Weedon deserves the praise and attention of every horse-loving Briton. There the horse is given a most thorough, humane, progressive and common-sense course of two years. With a result that the trained horse can do almost everything but talk. He is a finished hunter, a most delightful hack and a very clever jumper in the ring. He is smooth, nice mouthed, nice tempered, very willing and courageous and an all-round ideal horse. The fact that they have never had a horse cast as untrainable under the present régime speaks well for the system. Their recent international jumping and officer's chargers successes are further proof of the excellence of their system, under Col. Arthur Brooke, the chief instructor.

The subject of riding the horse is scarcely within the scope of this article, but I do insist that neither too long nor too short stirrups can ensure the perfect seat, so essential, without which one's hands cannot be independent. It is not possible, and if it were, it would not be wise, to lay down any hard and fast rule as to the position of the rider when negotiating a jump. Different horses and different obstacles require to be ridden in different ways. Experience, with each individual

horse, alone will tell us the best position to adopt to produce the surest results. It is quite certain that to sit down tight in the saddle as may be done with advantage over most hunting obstacles will never produce the best results in the show ring on a great number of horses. It is commonly agreed now, I think, that the forward seat, as opposed to the lean-back seat, is the only one for the show ring, but I do not advocate the exaggerated forward seat except in some cases where horses have been found to clear their jumps better with such a position.

The subject of presenting a horse at a jump is a very wide one; horses and jumps differ so. Their early training has a certain bearing too. A horse must certainly be collected before he is put at any jump and it is most essential to get him in his stride. Some horses are easy to get in their stride, others get in on their own better if left to do it. Experience alone will tell the rider when to apply aids and what to do. There is no sport which requires quicker thinking and sounder judgment. The problems and difficulties that the rider is often confronted with in the space of a second or fraction thereof are legion. When to give the office to take off and when to give the horse his head and how much, are learnt by experience. It is the psychological instant that the correct aid of hand, leg, weight and even voice must be applied or given, and it is these decisions that so often defeat the best of riders. Some horses jump entirely by getting the correct office, some require just a confident hold of the legs and jump better if almost left alone, some jump with constant contact on the reins, some like a strong contact, others like a free head and others like a loose rein before taking off. More collection is necessary for straight up and down jumps than for the stretches as a rule; and for the latter, faster pace is generally necessary. I am certain that a great many of the errors made are the fault of the rider interfering with the horse's mouth or applying other wrong aids. The rider's thoughts are even transmitted to some, or perhaps most, horses. Indecision and any degree of nervousness is most certainly immediately communicated to the horse.

A firm seat and perfect balance will prevent a rider, who

happens to be left behind (the best are sometimes) when a horse is half a stride out and jumps rather than take the extra half stride, from jerking his mouth. He will either throw his hands forward, or, if unable to do this, he will slip the reins through his fingers. It is the uncertain seat that holds on to the horse's mouth.

Always carry a whip. One never knows when it may be required. But it must never be used roughly. Carry it on the side towards which a horse is liable to turn that is inclined to refuse or run out. Never use the whip while that hand is still holding the reins. Use it behind the girth. Its chief use is often at the psychological moment that a horse is taking a stretch-jump, to increase his effort. It requires great skill to use it properly. It is far easier to drive a horse through a jump than over it.

Wear spurs as an aid, but never sharp rowels. For a highly collected trained horse they are generally not necessary as the plain heel will get full and instant response. In uniform they must be worn, and with most horses they are a valuable aid when properly used.

However good horse or rider may be, there is another factor that controls success to a certain degree in the show-ring and that is often called "luck." Some horses and riders go right through a show with continuous success; they may hit a jump hard and it does not fall; they may get faults and the other good horses may have their days off and make worse faults, and so on. Whilst another time the same horses may get put out of the ribbons by a mere tick, there being several clean performances; or a slight hit will knock a jump down, and so on. In both cases the horses may be jumping equally well.

Confidence on the part of the rider is essential, but on the other hand this can be overdone. If this has reached the stage of egoism (not uncommon with many ambitious horsemen) it constitutes the greatest hindrance to progress and finished riding.

THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION.

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

WHILST staying recently at Oran I was fortunate enough, or rather privileged, to receive an invitation to visit the Headquarters of the Foreign Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbes.

Sidi-Bel-Abbes is situated some eighty-seven kilometres due south of Oran. It took me precisely two and a half hours motoring across vast derelict stretches of red-soiled terrain on a great white road which was for the most part fringed with eucalyptus trees, and which tapered for miles as far as the naked eye could see, to reach my destination. Occasionally we passed through squalid Arab villages, or encountered droves of ponies or sheep, being ridden or driven by sleepy looking natives, otherwise the kilometres rolled past with dull monotony.

We pulled up outside the main entrance of the Spahis' barracks at Sidi-Bel-Abbes to inquire the way; here sentries, belonging to that renowned cavalry corps of the French Colonial Army, armed with sabres, booted and spurred, wearing great voluminous trousers, and their picturesque head-dress, were pacing to and fro.

We were directed on to the barracks of the Foreign Legion, which struck me as being absolutely typical of an Aldershot barracks. The buildings form three sides to a square, and are surrounded by high iron palings, with a guard room at the main entrance, which was an exact replica of a British guard room.

I was at once impressed with the physique and soldier like bearing of the regimental quarterguard, and the smart handling of arms by the sentries. All the guards wore khaki with a red-topped blue kepi which bore the badge of the Legion,—a

red grenade. Their equipment was spotless and I particularly noted their serviceable footwear which was in striking contrast to that usually adopted by the ill shod French poilus of the line.

The sergeant of the guard was expecting me and detailed an orderly to escort me to the Battalion Orderly Room, where I was introduced to the Commanding Officer by one of the company commanders. The Commanding Officer, Colonel Rollet, was a small, spruce black-bearded man, with piercing eyes which seemed to look right through one; he made a lasting impression on me, possessed of a charming manner, his whole demeanour, which was martial to the finger tips, seemed to command respect as it would equally inspire confidence to those serving under him. He was characteristically dressed in private soldiers' uniform with the exception of a Colonel's golden galons on his sleeve and the insignia of the Cross of the Legion d'Honneur which was hanging under his chin.

I was then shown right over the barracks by the company commander, a captain of some twenty years service. We visited the barrack rooms, canteens, and reading rooms, the equivalent of our regimental institutes. As it was a Battalion holiday, the canteens and reading rooms were full of legionnaires and I was thus afforded a splendid opportunity for studying the various types as they were writing letters, playing billiards on the numerous tables provided in the recreation room, or drinking red wine at the bar.

Contrary to expectation, I found all ranks in the best of spirits and in the pink of condition, there were no signs of oppression prevailing anywhere, the general demeanour was that of contentment with their life.

They all appeared to be men of over thirty years of age, some were iron grey, not a few bearded, and mostly heavily be-medalled. All the buildings were scrupulously clean and the legionnaires were all, whether in their white fatigue dress, or walking-out uniform, perfectly groomed and shaved (shaving it must be remarked, is not a strong point in foreign armies.)

The discipline struck me as typical of the British Army, all the legionnaires were punctilious in saluting, and when we



Regimental Council Hall, The Foreign Legion.



Entrance to the Spahis' Barracks at Sidi-Bel-Abbès.

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entered one of the institutes an N.C.O., or senior soldier; invariably called the room to attention. I noticed that when a man was addressed by an officer that he sprang smartly to attention and answered out like a soldier, and moreover as one who took a pride in himself—throughout there seemed to me as a stranger to be an undercurrent of the best spirit of camaraderie existing between the officers and their men.

I was then ushered into the Salle d'Honneur which was guarded by both an armed and unarmed sentry. This building is detached from the barracks and surrounded by a high wall, it is regarded as the outward and visible sign of all that tradition, and devotion to duty, means to the Legionnaires.

It is a veritable chapel and all remove their head-dress when within its inspiring precincts. Here are preserved some most remarkable, and at the same time, most gruesome trophies of war; one in particular being the wooden hand of Major d'Anjou, the hero of one of the most brilliant episodes in the history of the corps, which is set in a pedestal on an altar-like mantel. This officer who had lost his arm fighting in Morocco, afterwards met his death in a most gallant manner in the Battle of Camerone, Mexico, in 1863. His comrades brought his artificial hand back to Algeria and placed it in the Salle d'Honneur as a traditional souvenir.

This hall is full of the most enthralling mementoes, which I duly noted. I was particularly impressed with the manner in which records of officers and men are preserved alike, which at once testifies to the strong spirit of camaraderie which prevails throughout all ranks in this unique regiment. The walls are bedraped with numerous flags, colours, fanions, and captured enemy standards. Photographs of former commanding officers, and celebrated members of the corps, such as that of King Peter of Serbia, who served with the regiment at Coulmiers in the Franco-Prussian War, and paintings depicting famous episodes in the history of the regiment adorn the walls. There were also numerous memorial tablets containing the names of legionnaires who had been killed in action prior to the Great War.

I carefully scrutinized these rolls of honour, and noted that the majority of the names were of French or German derivation.

Resting on a special stand in the centre of the hall was the tricolour standard of the Foreign Legion, which is emblazoned with the following battle honours, besides those gained between the years 1914-1918,—“Alma,” “Inkerman,” “Sevastopol,” “Camerone,” “Tonkin.” This jealously preserved Colour bears the Cross of the Legion d’Honneur, the Medaille Militaire, and the Croix de Guerre. Here, it is of interest to note, that the Foreign Legion had the unique distinction of being the first regiment belonging to the French Army to be awarded the Legion d’Honneur in the Great War, a distinction which entitles all ranks to wear the “fourragère rouge” (a red cord which is worn round the shoulder to denote the award of the decoration).

One of the many interesting souvenirs preserved in this regimental sanctuary was particularly significant, and not without pathos, namely the bolt of a service rifle which bears the following tale of absolute heroism and devotion to duty.

Underneath is an inscription which states that the bolt was found concealed in the clothes of the dead body of Legionnaire — in Morocco in 1908. Being the last survivor of an outpost which was surrounded by hostile Riffians, and having expended all his ammunition, he hid the bolt of his rifle, thus rendering it useless to the enemy before meeting his death. Thus his last thoughts were of duty. With such examples as this to inspire them, is it any wonder that the Foreign Legion has the reputation of being a corps d’élite?

Enlistment into the ranks of the Foreign Legion is entirely voluntary, before enlisting a recruit has only to produce a medical certificate of physical fitness—a name, and an age anywhere between eighteen and forty follow as a matter of form. No questions are asked, nor are any investigations made regarding the recruit’s past career. The recruits are drawn from all classes, for apart from its great fighting record which has penetrated the farthest corners of the earth, it is the unique, if not

extraordinary, composition of its personnel which undoubtedly furnishes the foreign Legion with its fascinating personality.

All professions recognised, and unrecognised, are represented in the ranks of the Foreign Legion. Ex-officers, doctors, lawyers, priests, and penniless aristocrats, stand shoulder to shoulder with the world's worst criminals, who have sought refuge under the Legion's banner in order to avoid the pursuing arm of the law.

One contemplates on the reason for these various types finding such solace for life's disappointments in the ranks of the Legion. Here are some genuine cases :—An ex-cavalry officer cashiered for cheating at cards; a doctor struck off the rolls of the medical profession for committing an illegal operation; a *padre* defrocked for falling to the shrine of human nature; the convict to escape the gallows—all flock behind the formidable portals of the Foreign Legion barracks. However, the “*crise sentimentale*,” which Kipling sums up in his “*Love o' women*,” can be said to account for fifty per cent of the enlistments.

Thus this heterogeneous collection of adventurers, derelicts, and fugitives, congregate together under the standard of the Legion, around which Ouida, the celebrated authoress, first cast the glamour of romance with her fanciful narrative “*Under Two Flags*”.

Every nationality is represented in the Legion; there are French, Germans, Belgians, Russians, Turks, Danes, English, and Americans. There has ever been a very large German element in the Legion, and strangely enough Germans predominate to this day. The statistics of the composition of the 1st Battalion of the 4th Regiment taken in 1923 showed that over forty-five per cent were German, thirteen per cent Russian, six per cent French, and that four per cent. were Belgians, Italians, Swiss, and Danes. Before the Great War the Legion became a sanctuary for German conscripts who deserted as the result of brutal treatment. Non-employment, political disturbances, and the Allied occupation of the Ruhr and the Rhine, caused a number of German ex-soldiers to enrol in the Legion since the cessation of hostilities.

There used to be a high percentage of Alsatians and Lorrainers serving in the Legion who joined in order to escape compulsory service under the Prussian heel, but since the liberation of these provinces their numbers have dwindled considerably. The Bolshevik régime in Russia has been responsible for the enlistment of a number of ex-officers and N.C.O.'s of the old Imperial Army.

When the Legion was first embodied, the companies were formed of the same nationality, but this caused racial enmity and serious trouble, and in 1853 the men were distributed throughout the regiment irrespective of nationality, and this system exists to this day.

The Foreign Legion was originally formed in 1831, and oddly enough its creation was not due to a Frenchman but to a Belgian, the Baron de Boegard, who, at the head of some four thousand soldiers of fortune, offered his sword to Louis Phillippe. France, ever ready to monopolise the services of the mercenary, dispatched the force to Africa under the nomenclature of the African auxiliaries. Rendering such distinguished service to the land of its adoption in its first encounter with the enemy, the corps was reorganized and designated with the title of *La Légion Etrangère*. Recruitment was by voluntary enlistment, the Legion from its formation being opened to all foreigners residing in France, but the domiciliary qualification was afterwards eliminated.

The Foreign Legion is at present constituted as follows:— There are four regiments, each consisting of five battalions with a complement of eight hundred men apiece. A mounted company of two hundred and fifty strong is allotted to each battalion. At the beginning of the recent operations in Morocco the Legion was made a compact force of all arms by the addition of its own artillery, and a pioneer battalion. To-day the total strength of the corps musters approximately eighteen thousand. The Legion has two permanent stations which are both located in Algeria, one being at Sidi-Bel-Abbes, and the other at Saida; here the recruits, or "les Bleus," as they are styled in the French Army, who have usually been enlisted



**The Colour Party, 1st Regiment of the Foreign Legion
at Sidi-Bel-Abbès.**



**The Garrison Staff, Sidi-Bel-Abbès,
watching the Commemorative Parade on the National Day of France, July 14th.**

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either at Paris or Marseilles, learn the rudiments of their profession under a discipline which is by no means more exacting than that prevailing in our Brigade of Guards.

The Foreign Legion is a corps that demands particularly able officers, and it is interesting to note that its officers are selected from the most successful candidates at Saint Cyr, and the other French Military schools; commissions are also granted from the ranks for distinguished service in the field. Owing to the decidedly unique composition of its muster rolls, tact, and the faculty of understanding human nature are essential qualifications in addition to the highest standard of military efficiency in commanding legionnaires.

It must be remembered that the officer in the Foreign Legion is not dealing with conscripts for a few years, but with men who serve for an engagement of five years, with the option of re-engaging for two further periods of five years each. A few of the "hardest bitten toughs" have been known to remain with the colours up to the maximum of fifteen years. The N.C.O.'s are invariably found from amongst those legionnaires who have previously served as officers or N.C.O.s in other armies.

As in all armies, the first months of a recruit's service are most exasperating. During this period he is disciplined and hardened on the barrack square by no doubt drill instructors of the calibre of Martinet, Louis XIV's famous disciplinarian, whose very name has enriched the English language.

Once, however, a legionary has proved himself proficient at his duties, privileges are at once extended to him, including leave to France; a soldier of the Legion was returning to Algeria in the same boat in which I sailed to Oran.

In the Great War the Foreign Legion played a most distinguished rôle, and gave full proof of its rare fighting qualities, sustaining terrific casualties. It was engaged in all the great battles on the Western front, and was always allotted the most difficult tasks. Wherever the line was most severely threatened, or whenever an objective was considered insurmountable, the Foreign Legion was at once dispatched to alleviate the situation.

The regiment earned its first citation—or mention in despatches—in the costly French offensive in the Artois in May, 1915. Here it was allotted the famous Notre Dame de Lorette Heights as its objective. (Those who have fought in the Vimy Ridge sector during the war will remember the formidable appearance of that thickly wooded promontory which overlooks Carency and Albin St. Nazaire.) In spite of the most determined opposition, the Legion's intrepidity carried it beyond its objective which included that formidable enemy stronghold, the village of Souchez, which proved to be a veritable hornet's nest of machine guns. Undaunted the Legionnaires swept on in an irresistible charge, but owing to the failure of the regiments on either flank to keep up, they found themselves isolated, and had to retire, and in so doing incurred particularly severe casualties.

This action was typically characteristic of the Legion's spirit, and throughout the war, whether fighting amidst the corpse-strewn crater fields of the Somme, or on the shell-swept shores of hostile Gallipoli, they lived and died up to their glorious traditional reputation. Little wonder was it that that superb soldier of France, the late General Mangin, picked the Foreign Legion out to fulfil the rôle of storm troops to his army for the great and successful offensive which he launched on the 8th August, 1918.

It was during these operations that the Legion registered their eighth and ninth citation for its gallantry.

After the Armistice the Foreign Legion took up its winter quarters on the banks of the Rhine, returning to garrison Algeria in 1919.

In 1925 the Foreign Legion was destined to figure prominently in Morocco, where it bore the brunt of the fighting against the Riffs, incurring casualties reminiscent of the Great War. Here the Legion, composed of highly trained and seasoned troops, furnished a necessary backbone to a young French army which found itself opposed by an adversary possessed of the same warlike characteristics as the tribes on the north-west frontier of India. In many respects the Moroccan campaign



Entrance to the Barracks of the Foreign Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbès.



The Moroccan Campaign, 1925. An Aeroplane Bombardment at Tessa.

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was identical with our operations on the Frontier. The Riff was brave, cunning, and an excellent marksman, and owing to the fact that a rifle, a bag of cartridges, and a loaf of bread constituted his only impedimenta, he was extremely mobile. France, therefore, owes a large debt of gratitude to the Foreign Legion for the share that it took in crushing Abdel Krim, and for having more than upheld the great traditions of her army in North Africa.

The Foreign Legion has ever included some distinguished personages in its muster roll, and this was particularly the case during the Great War. To a *British Lieutenant-Colonel belongs the unique distinction of having been the most celebrated legionary. His career constitutes a record and stands out from amongst those who have shed the glamour of romance around the history of this famous regiment. Deprived of the command of his regiment during the Retreat from Mons, he straightway enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Here he performed deeds of the greatest valour for which he was rewarded with the Croix de Guerre avec Palme, and the highly coveted Medaille Militaire—a decoration which is strictly limited as an award for Field Marshals or other ranks. Being severely wounded at the Battle of Champagne, he returned to England, where he was reinstated in command of his old battalion by the King for conspicuous bravery whilst serving with the Foreign Legion.

Many names illustrious in the military annals of France have figured from time to time in the roll of the Commanding Officers of the Foreign Legion: among them those of Marshal Barjaine, General Dupin, and General de Negrier. Then there was that bizarre figure Colonel de Malaret—quite the most intriguing character of any associated with this celebrated fighting corps. De Malaret having contracted a dreadful disease, due to his indiscretions in Paris, which culminated in ghastly facial disfigurements, was, at his own request, transferred to the Foreign Legion in Algeria. Here he rightly considered he would escape from the looks of sympathy, or of disgust, which his revolting countenance drew from his old comrades of the

*Lieut.-Colonel J. F. Elkington, D.S.O., Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

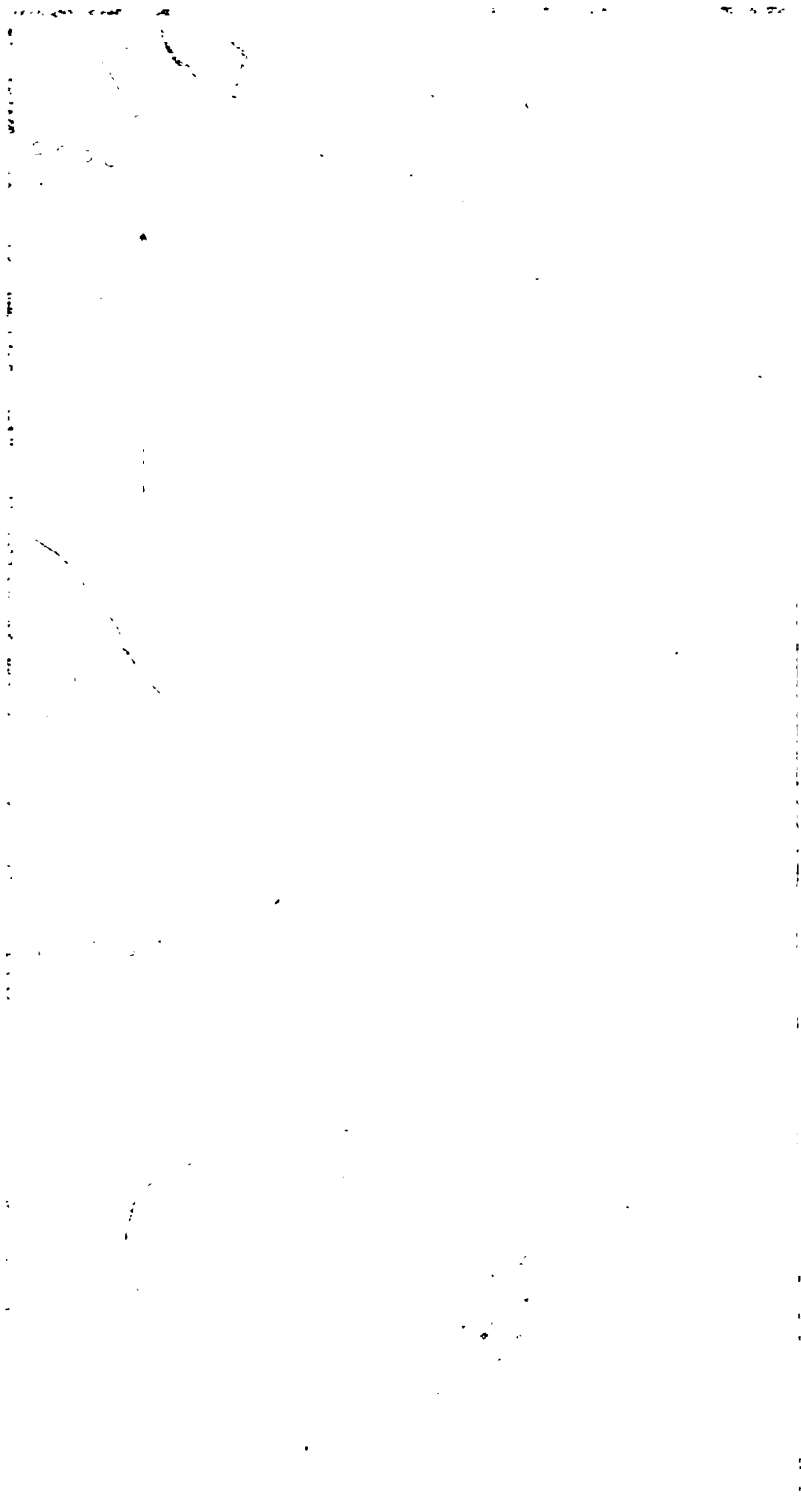
Parisian garrison. De Malaret afterwards rose to command a battalion of the Legion. Under a scorching African sun he would ride on to the parade ground wearing his long burnous with hood which completely enshrouded his features. Rarely did he speak except to utter a word of command, or to order a punishment to a defaulter. When his military duties for the day were finished, he retired into "embusque" to live the life of a complete recluse.

* * * * *

The barracks of the Foreign Legion have ever been considered a legitimate hunting ground by the fiction writer, who erroneously portrays the most frightful brutalities and excruciating tortures at the hands of the most fantastic sergeant-majors, they would lead us to believe that the French Foreign Legion is a veritable chamber of horrors, and that the Legionnaires themselves are the most desperate characters who fight with a rope around their necks.

Truly the record of the Foreign Legion is scarcely less heroic than that of Cæsar's Tenth Legion, which was said never to have been cast down by defeat because it knew that it had accomplished more than any other corps could have performed; and that it was never over elated by victory because it knew that it thoroughly deserved any success which came its way.





*ELIXEM, 1705**A Missing Cavalry Battle-Honour.*

By BREVET-MAJOR H. FITZM. STACKE, M.C., *p.s.c.*,
The Worcestershire Regiment.

MARLBOROUGH'S campaigns against the French armies of King Louis XIV covered ten years of active operations, from the spring of 1702 to the winter of 1711; and in those ten years there were many noteworthy feats of arms. Yet our Army List at present shows only four names borne by the regiments engaged as battle-honours to commemorate those long years of warfare: "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde" and "Malplaquet." Those four battle-honours were decided upon by a War Office Committee in 1882. Previous to that date Marlborough's campaigns were unrecorded by battle-honours, for the custom of inscribing names of victories on standards or appointments was not usual before the Napoleonic wars.

At the period of General Sir Archibald Alison's Committee in 1882 the wars of the early XVIIIth Century were little known or studied. Largely this was due to the fact that no adequate history of those campaigns had then been written. The military chroniclers of Marlborough's day had left very meagre records. In the early XVIIIth Century there was no contemporary forerunner of Napier to describe the storming of the Schellenberg or the ambush at Wynendaele in passages such as have made immortal the counter-attack of the Fusilier Brigade at Albuera. So General Alison's Committee decided that "the names of such victories only should be recorded as either in themselves or by their results have left a mark on history which render their names familiar, not only to the British Army but also to every educated gentleman."

It need hardly be pointed out that this rule has never been applied to other campaigns; and, if applied, it would rule out three-fourths of the battle-honours in the Army List. Nowadays a reverse process is actually in operation; and to-day the battle-honours of our regiments form the pegs on which depend the knowledge possessed by the officers and men of the regiments and by the general public as to the long and glorious history of the British Army.

The information available as to the War of the Spanish Succession is now far more extensive than in 1882; indeed it has been left to the present age to do justice to the military achievements of the Duke of Marlborough. The First Volume of Sir John Fortescue's monumental History of the Army has been followed since 1918 by other comparable works : by C. T. Atkinson's "Marlborough and the rise of the British Army," by Frank Taylor's "Wars of Marlborough," and by Professor Trevelyan's recently published volume on "Blenheim." Now at long last the deeds of Marlborough's soldiers can be fairly judged; the time is ripe for some fuller recognition than is accorded by the meagre four battle-honours at present shown in the Army List; and it is with the hope of arousing interest in one of the more picturesque of the half-forgotten fights of Marlborough's campaigns that this short narrative is attempted.

* * * * *

In one respect Marlborough's battles still remain comparatively obscure, in that there is little accurate information available as to the dress and equipment of the men he led. So much is this the case that in modern illustrations it is almost usual to see Marlborough's soldiers depicted inaccurately as wearing the uniforms of thirty or forty years later; the reason being that no comprehensive regulations as to the uniforms of our Army were drawn up until the reign of King George II. Before that period the clothing of regiments was in the hands of their Colonels, who had a free hand as to all details of dress and equipment; and accurate information on such points is hard to find. But in other countries more definite details have been preserved; and during a recent visit to Berlin the writer

was so fortunate as to discover the accurate and attractive studies of the Bavarian Army at the period of Marlborough's wars which are contained in Anton Hoffman's work "*Das Heer des Blauen Königs*." Four of the black-and-white drawings from that book are reproduced by kind permission as illustrations to this article, showing in detail the uniforms of the Bavarian cavalrymen who fought hand-to-hand with our own red-coated troopers on one sunny morning in July, two hundred and twenty-six years ago.

* * * * *

In the spring of the year 1705, Marlborough and the British forces under his command were in the Rhine Valley, where they had passed the winter after their resounding victory at Blenheim. The great Duke's plan for the New Year had been to invade France, marching up the line of the Moselle from Trèves; but his difficult and jealous allies—Dutch, German and Austrian—could not be induced to advance until at last they were forestalled by a counter-move of the enemy. The French forces on the Upper Rhine had not recovered from the smashing blow of Blenheim; but in Flanders the forces under Marshal Villeroy were unbeaten and formidable, totalling some 70,000 soldiers—French, Spanish, Belgic and Bavarian. During the previous three years the Franco-Spanish forces had been occupying most of present-day Belgium, and had constructed a great defensive line of entrenchments which stretched in a semi-circle from the fortified port of Antwerp in the north, through Aerschot, along the line of the Rivers Demer, Great Geete and Little Geete to the River Meuse near Namur. During three successive years those fortified lines had afforded security; for defended earthworks then as now were not easily passed.* In May, 1705, Marshal Villeroy moved out from his defensive lines, captured the fortress of Huy and proceeded to invest Liège. That threat caused the transfer of Allied operations from the Rhineland to the Low Countries, and in June Marl-

*The field entrenchments of that period were solid breastworks of earth, angled to give flanking fire, revetted with gabions and fascines and protected by obstacles of sharp stakes or bushes of thorn in place of the wire entanglements of to-day. Against such earthworks the feeble field artillery of the day, firing mostly solid cannon-balls, could make but little impression.

borough marched northwards from the Moselle. On his approach Villeroy drew back to the shelter of his lines. The Allies invested and eventually recaptured Huy, moving their main body forward to within striking distance of Villeroy's entrenchments. Then Marlborough and his colleagues considered the difficult problem with which they were confronted. In actual numbers they were superior—90,000 against 70,000—but that superiority was offset by the enemy's strong defences.

Strategically the problem might easily be paralleled at the present day. The French entrenchments were too extensive a line to be held in strength at all points—some 125 miles in all as against less than 100,000 troops* available for their defence—so that perforce most of that length was held only by outposts, the bulk of the defending army being concentrated in rear of the lines near the point of greatest danger. After the recapture of Huy the obvious danger-area was in the vicinity of that fortress; and the most suitable ground for any Allied attack was clearly the stretch of open country which lies between the River Mehaigne and the headwaters of the Little Geete. Northwards of that area the defensive lines were protected by the marshes along the course of the Little Geete. The marshes were passable only at a few points by causeways where bridges spanned the sluggish river; and those bridges were held by the French outposts.

For a week Marlborough and his colleagues remained apparently inactive while plans were made. It was ascertained that the main body of the Franco-Bavarian forces was concentrated behind the lines opposite the encampment of the Allies, and that some ten miles to the northward the French entrenchments behind the marshes of the Little Geete were only lightly guarded. The bridges at the villages of Hespén, Wanghe and Elixem, it was learned, were held only by small detachments of French dragoons,† who lulled by long security, kept so negli-

*Counting in the garrisons of Antwerp, Aerschot, and other minor posts, as well as the 70,000 of Villeroy's field army.

†At that period "Dragoons" were more or less mounted infantry, trained to fight on foot as well as mounted, in contrast to "Horse," which term was used for heavy cavalry intended for mounted action alone.

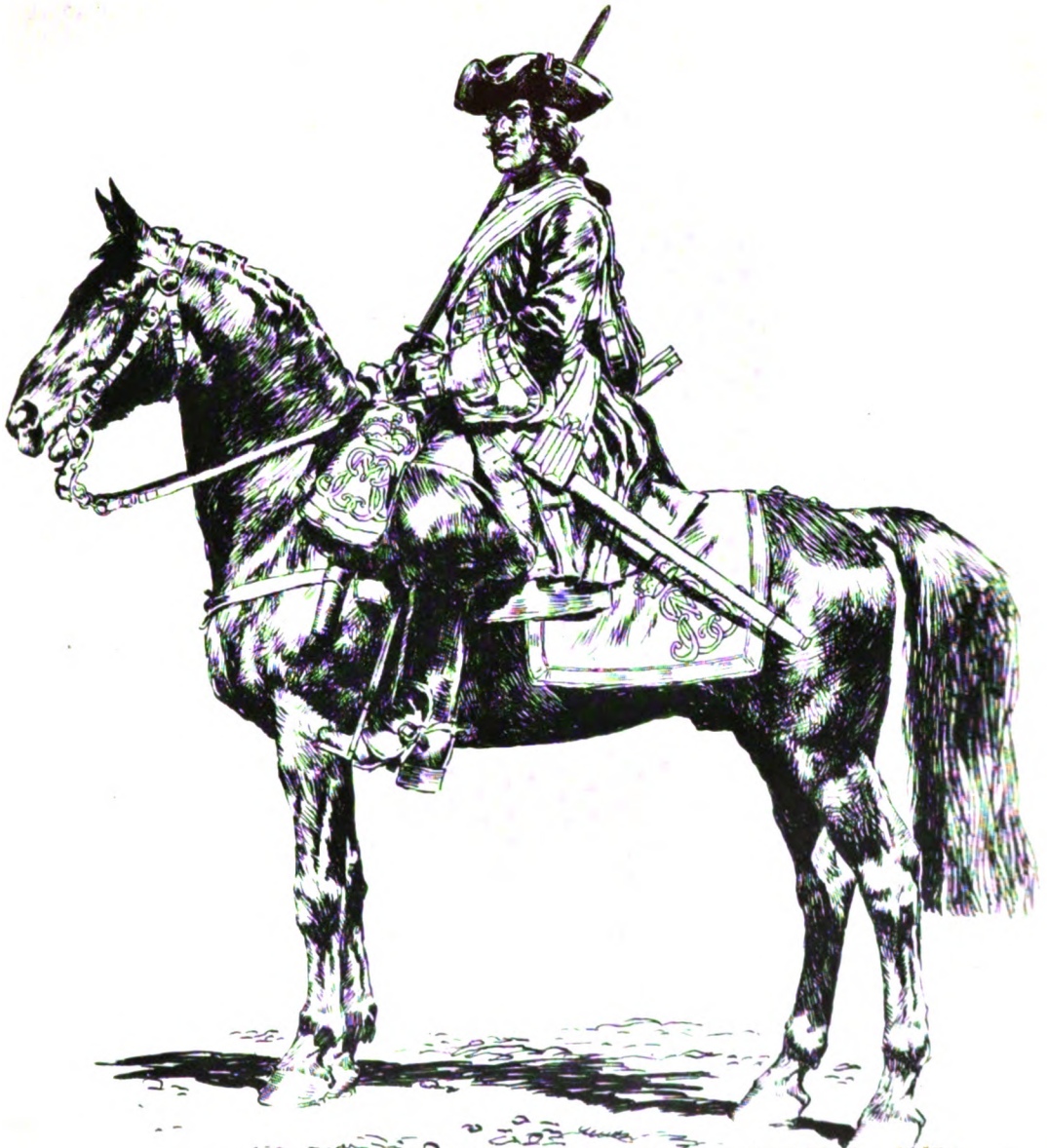
Black felt hat braided with white. Coat of sky-blue cloth with lining and wide cuffs of scarlet, edged and braided with white. Buttons of white metal. Accoutrements of yellowish buckskin-embroidered with white-blue-white braid. Breeches, sky-blue. Boots, black. Saddlecloth, sky-blue edged with white. Bay horses.

The Bodyguard ("Hartschieren") Squadron wore a very similar uniform with the following differences:—Lining of coat, sky-blue; cuffs, black (braided with white); accoutrements, black edged with white; saddlecloth (sky-blue) edged with broad band of white-black-white braid. Grey horses.

The uniform of the Prince Philip Carabinier Regiment was similar to that of the Carabinier Guards but without the white edging and braid on the coat and cuffs, and with accoutrements of plain buff leather.

At this period most of the heavy cavalry in all European armies wore this style of dress, varying only in colour and in details of the uniform and accoutrements.

TROOPER OF THE CARABINIER-GUARDS
BAVARIAN HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY
In the period of Napoleon



ARTHUR HOFMANN-LEUCHTEN

**TROOPER OF THE CARABINIER-GUARDS SQUADRON OF THE
BAVARIAN HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY**

In the period of Marlborough's Campaigns

From "Das Heer des Blauen Königs."

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TO THE
AMERICAN

gent a watch that they rarely patrolled beyond the marshes. The dragoon regiments finding those outposts were indeed billeted nearby in the village of Orsmael; and strong forces of cavalry were stationed on the left flank of the enemy's main body, some four miles to the southward of those bridges; but if the bridges themselves could be surprised, and if the main body of the attackers could make good their footing within the entrenchments at that point before the defenders could come up, the ensuing battle could be fought on open ground and the formidable defensive lines would be of no avail.

The weakly-guarded bridges at Wanghe and Neerhespen were of interest to the British forces for reasons other than the immediate problems of strategy. Immediately in front of those bridges was the old battlefield of Landen where, twelve years previously, the Allied army led by King William III had suffered a most disastrous defeat. On that occasion the British, Dutch and North German forces after a gallant defence had been forced back from their entrenchments and driven in confusion against the marshy line of the river behind. The brave defence of the bridge at Neerhespen by King William and his British Foot Guards had indeed averted a complete disaster; and gallant charges of the British Cavalry had enabled some of the defeated army to withdraw in good order; but large numbers had been penned against the impassable marshes and slaughtered there. The Dutch and British armies had only too good reason to know that ground.

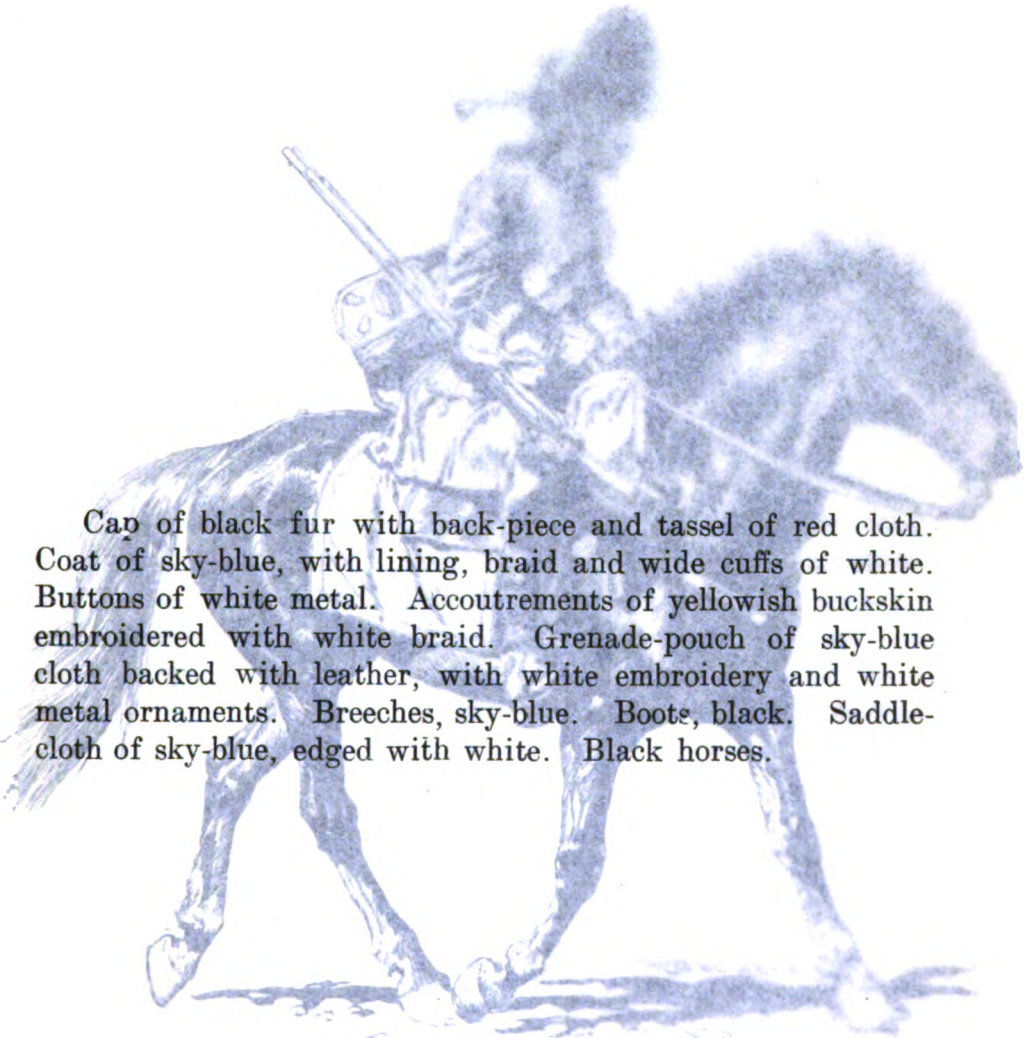
As was his wont, the great Duke kept his plans a close secret, deceiving his enemies by false information and by an elaborate feint towards their southern flank. Then, after dark on the evening of July 17th, the Allied forces left their camps and marched northwards. The main body was preceded by an advanced guard of thirty-eight squadrons and twenty battalions* under General the Count of Noyelles, the leading Cavalry of this force being under Lieut.-General Hompesch with the British Major-Generals Lumley, Ross and Wood.

*According to Marlborough's official despatch, which Taylor has followed; but the detailed order of battle given in Boyer's "Reign of Queen Anne" names 45 squadrons and 21 battalions.

"All through the summer night," writes Frank Taylor, "the silent columns of the Allies filed on towards the north. So intense was the darkness that the guides themselves became confused. Some disorder resulted and considerable delay. . . . Three o'clock had sounded from the village steeples when Noyelles' detachment drew near to the famous battle-ground of Landen. . . . And now there was no dearth of competent guides, for many a man in the English regiments had stood up to Luxembourg at Landen, and even the youngest recruit had been taught in the tales of bivouac and barrack-room the topography of the bloodiest field which the preceding century had ever known. Very grey and ghostlike in the waning darkness, they stole across the haunted earth where 20,000 warriors lay sleeping. From time to time men and horses started uneasily, as hoof or heel struck sharply on the bleaching bones of the still unburied dead. Right in the centre of William's old encampment they halted, less than two-thirds of a mile from the enemy's lines. Before them the ground sloped downwards to the Little Geete, that steep-banked stream which twelve years before had been choked with corpses when the tameless King and his handful of English Cavalry turned furiously to bay. At last the purpose of their march was plain to all. As the crowding memories of the place rose round them, they realised with grim delight that the wheel had turned full circle, and that their wondrous commander had planned for them and for England a startling revenge."

As the faint light of dawn crept through the river-mist the attackers made their way down to the bridges. The column advancing on Wanghe was headed by a composite battalion, the grenadier companies of eleven regiments, led personally by Marlborough's Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Cadogan.* "Looming gigantic through the mist," writes Frank Taylor, "they dashed upon the bridge and scaled the barrier. The Frenchmen there were instantly cut down. The Frenchmen in the chateau fled back into the lines, with the grenadiers at their heels. A few volleys were fired; but the resistance offered was

*"Military History of Prince Eugene of Savoy and John Duke of Marlborough (1737)." Vol. II, p. 8.



Cap of black fur with back-piece and tassel of red cloth. Coat of sky-blue, with lining, braid and wide cuffs of white. Buttons of white metal. Accoutrements of yellowish buckskin embroidered with white braid. Grenade-pouch of sky-blue cloth backed with leather, with white embroidery and white metal ornaments. Breeches, sky-blue. Boots, black. Saddle-cloth of sky-blue, edged with white. Black horses.

TROOPER OF THE HORSE-GREYS
BAVARIAN HOUSE.

In the period of Marlborough.

writes Frank Taylor in *Across the North*. So it was that he was delayed for a day, and then another, and then a steppe, when his badly groomed and incompetent guides, who had stood up to him when he had been a lieutenant, had been reduced to a group of men who had never been soldiers. They were of the same kind as the soldiers of the day, as they were of the day, as they were of the day.

cloth of sky-blue, edged with white. Black horse-metal ornaments. Breeches sky-blue. Boots black. Saddle-cloth backed with leather, with white embroidery and white embroidered with white braid. Grande-pouch of sky-blue Buttons of white metal. Accoutrements of yellowish buckskin. Coat of sky-blue, with lining, braid and wide cuffs of white. Cap of black fur with back-piece and tassel of red cloth.

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1. *Myth and History of Prince Lugalzagesi*, by John Burke of Michigan State Univ. (Ann Arbor, Mich.).



Adolf Hoffmann-München.

**TROOPER OF THE HORSE-GRENADIER SQUADRON OF THE
BAVARIAN HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY**

In the period of Marlborough's Campaigns

From "Das Heer des Blauen Königs."

TO VINU
AIRBORNE

of the feeblest. The casualties of the Allies did not exceed half-a-dozen. . . . The bridge, the chateau and the entrance to the lines were swiftly seized. The signal was given to lay pontoons. But the soldiers refused to wait. They broke their ranks. With ringing cheers they plunged into the river and scrambled up the steep bank beyond. They waded through a belt of ooze. They tore open the hedges. They leapt down into the slimy fosse. They scaled the massive mounds, showed for a moment exultant on the parapets and then dropped within the works. As fast as they arrived their officers formed them at right angles to the lines with their faces to the south-west. Meantime the pontoons were laid. The cavalry came pouring on. And grenadiers and labourers alike fell to enlarging the entrance and creating new apertures to facilitate the passage of the horsemen."

Realizing that the first strong opposition would come from the enemies' cavalry, Marlborough had ensured that a strong force of his own mounted troops should march parallel with the infantry of the advanced guard so as to ensure quick and effective support once the defences were breached; and the thirty-eight squadrons under Noyelles' command were ready to pass through the captured entrenchments out on to the open ground beyond as soon as the river passage was secured. At Elixem and at Neerhespen the surprise had been as complete and the success as easily secured as at Wanghe; and the French dragoon regiments at Orsmael, far from reinforcing their unfortunate outposts, had ridden off in panic northwards to Léau. So little indeed did they comprehend their duty that for more than an hour no accurate information as to what had occurred reached the French main body four miles south of the captured bridges.

That hour of early daylight was turned to good account. The success of the bold adventure depended on the ability of the allied advanced guard to hold the ground they had gained until their main body could come up. Elixem* village was hastily prepared for defence and was garrisoned by six battalions of foot. Five more battalions took up position in the sunken road

*Contemporary accounts spell the name of that village in a bewildering variation of forms—Elssem, Elissem, Elixem, Elixheim, Helixheim, Heilesheim and Heylishem all are to be found. But it is marked as Elixem on the modern official map. See also the contemporary map facing p. 474.

which runs up from Elixem towards Tirlemont. Behind those battalions the cavalry of the allied advanced guard passed rapidly over the river and through the captured lines and then formed up on the open ground facing south-westward, in a line stretching across the low ridge which lies between Elixem and the little hamlet of Hackendover.

About 6 a.m. scared messengers galloped into the camps of the Franco-Bavarian army, bearing news of what had occurred. Then indeed there was wild alarm, and the nearest forces of the defenders set off in hot haste for the point of danger—thirty-five squadrons of cavalry moving off at speed, led by the commander of the left wing, the Duc de Roquelaure, followed by twelve battalions of foot under the Count de Caraman. Cantering over the open ground, the French and Bavarian cavalry reached the neighbourhood of Elixem just as the cavalry of the allied advanced guard were completing their deployment. “Four squadrons” (of the Bavarians) “that drew first into the field perceived with amazement that within those vaunted works, which they had grown accustomed to regard as inexpugnable, a hostile army was rapidly deploying. Low down beside the Geete, the village of Elixem was swarming with the allied foot, and all the hedges to Wanghe were alive with marksmen. Across the water-meadows and up the long ride that stretched away to where, above the horizon, grew the towers of Tirlemont, the allied cavalry sat motionless in double ranks which, like some magical serpent, continually lengthened as troop after troop cantered up from the riverside and wheeled into the line. . . . All Noyelles’ men were there. And Marlborough’s were close at hand.”*

Their rôle being primarily defensive, Hompesch had deployed his horsemen behind the sunken road from Elixem to Tirlemont, deeming that obstacle to be effective against a cavalry charge. On realizing that obstacle the Duc de Roquelaure halted his leading squadrons some little distance from the road. The remainder of his cavalry came up and wheeled into line parallel to the road, facing the line of the Allied cavalry, with the

*Frank Taylor. “The Wars of Marlborough.” Vol. I, p. 293.

sunken road between the two hostile arrays. Then for some little time the two forces of cavalry remained confronting each other at a distance of perhaps five hundred yards, their differing uniforms clearly visible in the bright sunlight of that summer's morning.

Uniforms had not then attained the varied splendour which was to mark the wars of Napoleon a hundred years later. In 1705 the fighting costume of most regiments in all European armies closely followed the style of civilian dress at that period—an easy-fitting ample-skirted coat and a wide-brimmed black felt hat loosely looped up on three sides but not as yet the stiff formal headdress which the later Eighteenth Century was to know as the cocked hat. But, though their dress was practical and simple in design, the varied colours of the regimental uniforms must have made those two opposing lines of cavalry as decorative a spectacle as any in the history of war.

On the right flank of the Allied line stood seventeen squadrons of red-coated British cavalry. On the extreme right were the Royal Scots Dragoons on their grey horses, next to them their sister regiment the Royal Irish Dragoons,* and then five regiments of heavy Horse, in succession from the right Lumley's Horse (now the K.D.G.), Cadogan's Horse (afterwards the 5th D.G.), Schomberg's Horse (afterwards the 7th D.G.), Windham's Horse (the Carabiniers), and Wood's Horse (afterwards the 3rd D.G.). All were dressed similarly in red coats, distinguished by the colours of the regimental facings,† with black cocked hats and the big top boots of the period. Close to the British stood seven squadrons of Dutch and North German cavalry, including two squadrons of Hanoverian Horse (Pentz's Regiment) who, like the British, wore red coats,

*Disbanded subsequently in 1798. Now represented by the 5th Lancers. The two dragoon regiments and also Lumley's Horse were each of three squadrons, the other regiments were each of two squadrons.

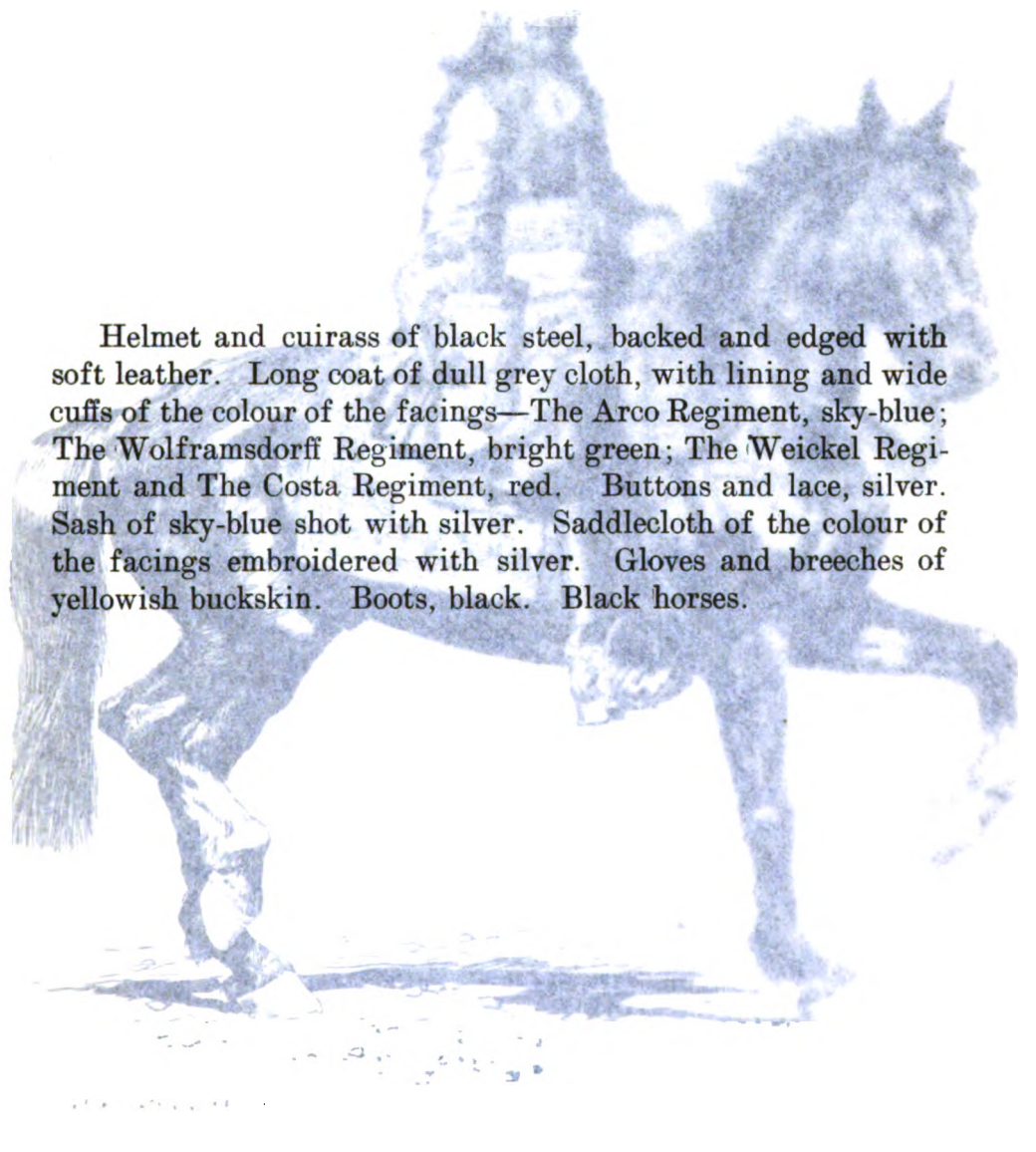
†The respective regimental facings were then as follows: R. Scots Dns. and R. Irish Dns. both blue, Lumley's yellow, Cadogan's buff, Schomberg's black, Windham's sea-green, Wood's light green. The general style of the dress of the British cavalry must have been closely similar to that of the Bavarian Carabinier Guards shown in our illustration. The Scots Greys' distinction of wearing Grenadier caps dates traditionally from the following year (1706) after the battle of Ramillies. The Carabiniers were, according to Cannon, granted that title about 1691; but they are not so mentioned in contemporary works. Were Cannon not so definite, one would be tempted to guess that the title really originated from this fight, in which, as we shall see, they met and defeated the Bavarian Carabiniers.

the others wearing blue or dark green. Behind that first line of allied cavalry a second line was rapidly being formed by the other fourteen squadrons of the advanced guard.

Facing the allied cavalry, the centre of the enemy's line consisted of the heavy cavalry of Bavaria, twenty-four squadrons in all; the Bavarian Household Cavalry, the Prince Philip Regiment of Carabiniers and four regiments of Cuirassiers. The Bavarian Household Cavalry consisted at that date of three independent squadrons: the Bodyguard Squadron mounted on grey horses, the Carabinier-Guards Squadron on bay horses, and the squadron of Horse-Grenadiers mounted on blacks; all alike dressed in sky-blue, with facings respectively of black, red and white, the Horse-Grenadiers being easily distinguishable by their caps of dark fur. The Prince Philip Regiment of Carabiniers—a newly-formed corps, destined to have only a short existence—were likewise dressed in sky-blue with facings of red. Behind them were massed the squadrons of the celebrated Bavarian Cuirassiers—then reckoned the finest heavy cavalry in Europe—rank after rank of veteran troopers in dull grey and black steel on great black chargers. The Bavarian heavy cavalry had hitherto never known defeat. Even at Blenheim, when the French on their right had given way, the grey-coated cuirassiers had withdrawn in good order from the stricken field after inflicting heavy losses on the Imperial Cavalry who attacked them; but in that battle they had not crossed swords with the British regiments.

To the left of the Bavarian cavalry were six squadrons of Spanish heavy horse* in coats of light blue-grey, with cuirasses of black steel below their black three-cornered hats. To the right of the Bavarians were three squadrons of Walloon Guards, in deep blue faced with red, and two squadrons of French cavalry in greyish-white. Thence to the right down to the line of the river the enemy's array was continued by half-a-dozen battalions

*Possibly the two regiments of Frisia and Herseburg (now represented respectively by the Lanceros de Villaviciosa and the Lanceros de Farnesio), since both these regiments are mentioned in "*Glorias de la Caballeria Española*" as having served at that date in Flanders. As regards their uniform, some fifty years later the Spanish heavy cavalry were dressed in yellow, but, to judge from "*Uniformenkunde*" (VIII, 56), in the period of Marlborough's wars they wore blue-grey coats. The identity of the two French squadrons is nowhere stated.



Helmet and cuirass of black steel, backed and edged with soft leather. Long coat of dull grey cloth, with lining and wide cuffs of the colour of the facings—The Arco Regiment, sky-blue; The Wolframsdorff Regiment, bright green; The Weickel Regiment and The Costa Regiment, red. Buttons and lace, silver. Sash of sky-blue shot with silver. Saddlecloth of the colour of the facings embroidered with silver. Gloves and breeches of yellowish buckskin. Boots, black. Black horses.

OFFICER OF BAVARIA

In the period of Marlborough

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Anton HOFFMANN-MÜNCHEN.

OFFICER OF BAVARIAN CUIRASSIERS
In the period of Marlborough's Campaigns

From "Das Heer des Blauen Königs."

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of foot which had already arrived; notably the Regiment of Los Rios (named after its Spanish colonel, but in reality a Flemish corps raised in the Spanish provinces of the Low Countries) in apple-green coats with facings of crimson*, while French artillerymen in dark blue uniforms were busily bringing their guns into action near the sunken road.

The French guns opened fire, and near the river bank their infantry advanced to within close range of the Dutch† and German battalions lining the sunken road; only to be received with so hot a fire of musketry that their advance was stopped dead.‡ The French artillery, however, was very effective against the stationary squadrons of the allied cavalry; and at the same time, away in the distance beyond the ranks of the Bavarian squadrons, dense masses of marching infantry appeared—the twelve battalions of the Count de Caraman hastening to the danger-point.

Marlborough himself had ridden up and had assumed command, and now the Duke decided to attack at once before the oncoming infantry could reach and support their cavalry. The order was given to advance, and the long line of red-coated horsemen went forward at the trot across the short distance to the sunken road, down into the road, up the steep bank the other side, on to the open ground immediately in front of the massed squadrons of the enemy. Then the trumpets rang out and the seventeen British squadrons§ swept up the easy slope in a magnificent charge.

The Bavarian heavy cavalry were fine veteran troops, and no better fighting men than Bavarians are to be found in Europe; but their tactics were still those of the Thirty Years' War. The value of shock action at high speed had been forgotten, and too much reliance was placed on the fire of pistols or carbines from

*"Uniformenkunde," X, 45.

†The Dutch infantry wore grey coats with facings, breeches and stockings of "butcher" blue ("Uniformenkunde," XVI, 1).

‡"The Enemy stopped on the Edge of the hollow Road, where they were so well saluted by our Small Arms that they left a considerable Number of Men upon the Place." ("Military History," Vol. II, p. 9.)

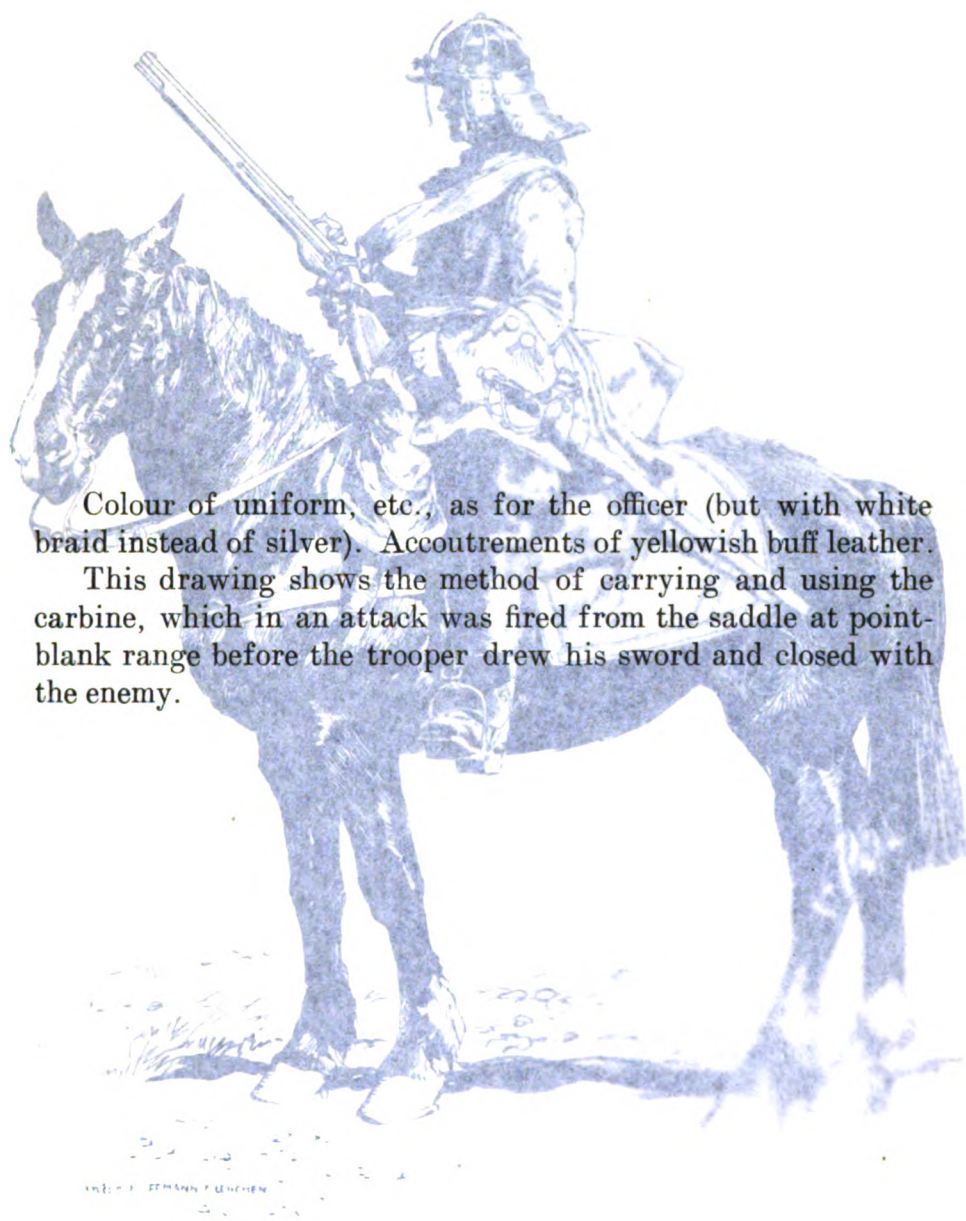
§According to Taylor "the first line of the Allied horse was entirely British"—the other seven squadrons of Hompesch's command being apparently in support. This would explain why Cadogan's Horse, in the British centre, struck the Bavarian Household Cavalry.

the saddle. One ragged discharge of firearms broke from their ranks, veiling their line in thin smoke; then through that smoke the thundering mass of the red-coats crashed in upon them.

Cadogan's Horse, in the centre of the British line, had been a little in advance of those to their right and left; and that regiment struck the sky-blue Household Cavalry of Bavaria, shattering their array, breaking right through their ranks and hurling them back amongst the grey-clad Cuirassiers behind.* On the right flank the Scots Greys broke through the Spanish Cavalry, on the left flank Schomberg's and Windham's Horse routed the Prince Philip Carabiniers and the Walloon Guards. The survivors of the defender's foremost squadrons surged back into the ranks of the squadrons behind, with the victorious red-coats thrusting and slashing savagely among them.

Then followed some minutes of desperate battle while the British cavalry fought their way through the reeling mass of their enemies, their swords clashing and ringing against the black steel of cuirasses and helmets. In that wild *mélee* all ranks had equal chances; and many officers of high rank were in the thick of the fray. The Duke of Marlborough himself had ridden with the charge; ardent in battle but always cool and collected, he rode unharmed through the fight. The senior officers of his opponents were less fortunate. Major-General Don Andrea de Beritta, commanding the Spanish cavalry, was killed, as also was his second-in-command. Two Lieutenant-Generals, the Marquis d'Alégre and the Count de Horn, were unhorsed and taken prisoners. The French commander, the Duc de Roquelaure himself, only escaped death or capture by sheer luck, for his horse was killed beneath him. In the first rush the Prince Philip Regiment of Carabiniers had been completely broken, and both their Lieutenant-Colonel and his second-in-command were disabled and captured. The Colonel of the Wolframsdorff Regiment of Cuirassiers and the Lieutenant-Colonel leading the Carabinier-Guards met the same fate. A fierce fight raged round the standard of the Bavarian

*" . . . amongst the Horse, Brigadier Cadogan's Regiment particularly distinguished themselves, having had the Honour to Charge first. They defeated four squadrons of Bavarian Guards . . . and took four standards." (Official Despatch.)

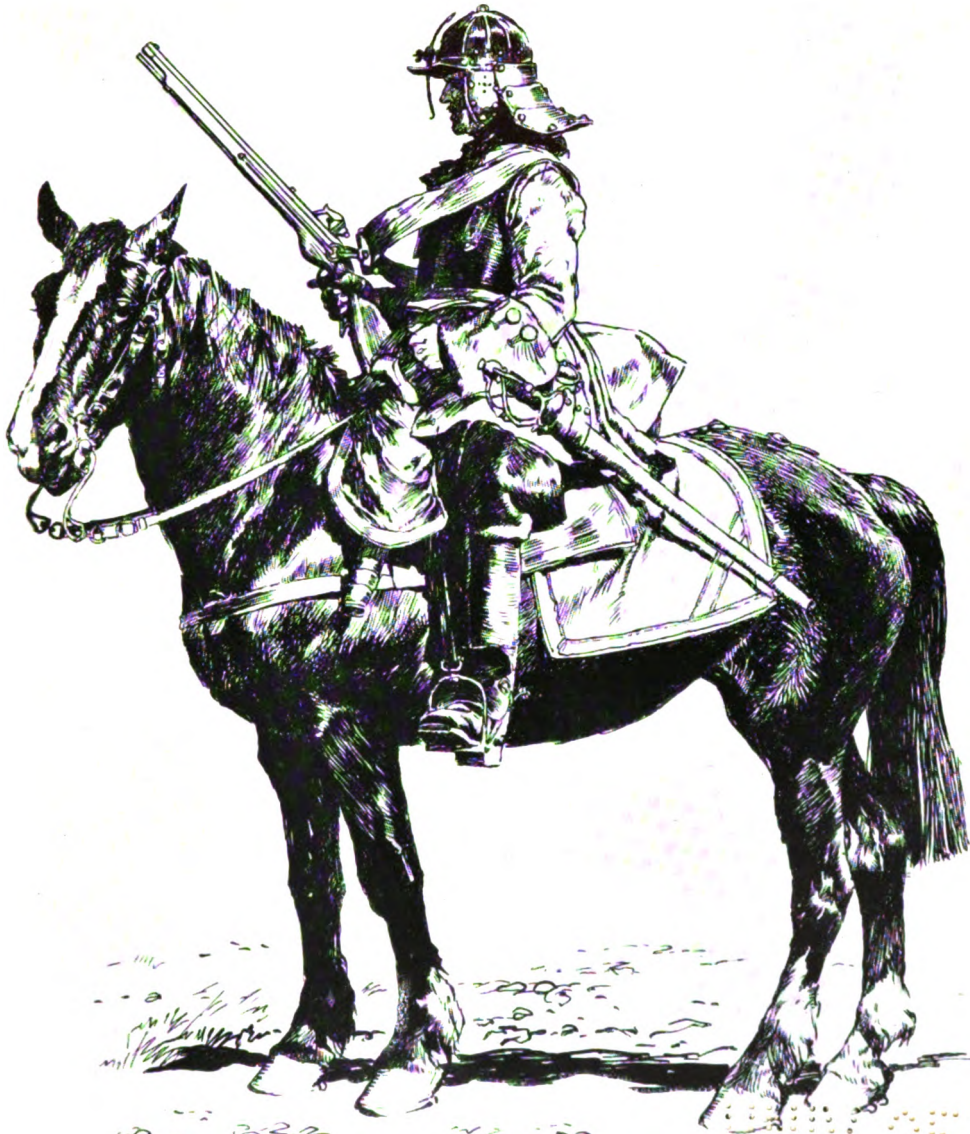


Colour of uniform, etc., as for the officer (but with white braid instead of silver). Accoutrements of yellowish buff leather.

This drawing shows the method of carrying and using the carbine, which in an attack was fired from the saddle at point-blank range before the trooper drew his sword and closed with the enemy.

TROOPER OF BAVARIA.

In the period of Maria Theresa.



Anton HOFFMANN-MÜNCHEN

TROOPER OF BAVARIAN CUIRASSIERS
In the period of Marlborough's Campaigns

From "Das Heer des Blauen Königs."

TO YIN
ALPHABET

Horse-Grenadiers before it was secured by some of Cadogan's Horse; as also were the standards of the other two squadrons of the Bavarian Household Cavalry. One squadron standard of the Prince Philip Carabiniers was taken; another was seized, only to be recaptured by a brave trooper of the Arco Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

Then behind the British the seven supporting squadrons of Dutch and German cavalry galloped up and plunged into the swaying fight; and under that new pressure the Bavarian cuirassiers gave way. The whole mass of the enemy surged backwards in rout, dissolving into a torrent of fugitives galloping wildly out of the battle across the open ground behind.

Hastily rallying at sound of trumpet, the left flank squadrons of the Allied cavalry swung outwards and charged down upon the flank of the French guns and infantry facing the sunken road. The blue-coated French artillerymen and the green-coated foot soldiers of Los Rios broke before them and were cut down or hunted away to the low ground by the river. The French battery was ridden over, and the guns† were seized with shouts of triumph by the Allied infantry who now swarmed up out of their position in the sunken road.

While the Allied cavalry rallied, the routed Spaniards and Bavarians likewise drew rein. Burning with anger at their defeat the Bavarian officers rallied their men. Five fresh squadrons came cantering up, including the Life Guards of the Elector of Cologne;‡ and, heartened by that reinforcement, the Bavarians rode in again for a second fight.

Apparently the enemy's renewed attack struck some of the Allied squadrons in the act of reforming, and for a few minutes the issue hung in the balance. The Duke of Marlborough himself was in serious danger, for a huge Bavarian officer galloped up and slashed at the British leader, but with a stroke so wild

*"Bayerische Kriegs-und-Heeresgeschichte," Vol. I, p. 25.

†These guns were of special and remarkable design, triple-barrelled. They were sent home as trophies to be copied; but somehow they never were copied and the unique design disappeared.

‡This may be inferred from the fact that the Cologne troops are not mentioned as forming part of Roquelaure's initial force in either the French or the Bavarian accounts; but their losses subsequently recorded show that they must have been hotly engaged. The arrival of five fresh squadrons at this stage of the fight is specially mentioned in Taylor's account.

that he lost his seat and fell headlong from the saddle, to be ignominiously secured as a prisoner by the Duke's trumpeter. Then the whole second line of the Allied Cavalry came thundering up the slope into the fight and the Bavarians were again driven back, this time in hopeless disorder. Hotly pursued by the red-coats, the routed cuirassiers fled in wild confusion past or actually through the ranks of their supporting infantry,* who by that time had arrived on the scene of action.

Happily for themselves, the twelve battalions under the Count de Caraman were fine troops. Veteran South German soldiers in the service of France, the Regiments of Alsace, Furstemberg and La Marck in their gay uniforms of light blue† showed in that crisis a steadiness of which any troops might be proud. Their commander, the Count de Caraman, found himself abandoned by his own horsemen and faced by strong forces of hostile cavalry flushed with victory and supported by large numbers of advancing infantry. Wisely he decided to retreat, and withdrew his twelve battalions in the formation of a great hollow square. Such of the Allied cavalry as came to close quarters were beaten off by well-ordered volleys from the light-blue ranks;‡ but the Duke of Marlborough held back his cavalry from making any general attack. None knew better than he the

*" . . . le General Hompesch . . . chargea avec un nombre si superieur la cavalerie de l'Electeur qu'il la rompit. Elle se rallia devant l'infanterie de M. de Caraman, et fut encore attaquée si brusquement qu'elle fut rompue une seconde fois et abandonna l'infanterie dans la plaine." (*Historie Militaire de Louis le Grand.*) The Bavarian account is equally explicit. " . . . the Franco-Bavarian cavalry . . . was able to offer very little resistance to the attack of the English. . . . Twice beaten back, it rallied a third time in front of the oncoming infantry, but a renewed attack of the English cavalry destroyed its fighting power so that it scattered in all directions, and the infantry under this attack (also) took to flight." (*"Bayerische Kriegs-und-Heeresgeschichte,"* Vol. I, pp. 27-28.)

†"Bleu turquin," according to "*Les Uniformes de l'Armée Française,*" shown in the plates as being a rather lighter shade than the Bavarian's sky-blue; but the similarity to the Bavarian uniform led Parker to state that Caraman's battalions were Bavarians. Staudinger, however, states definitely that no Bavarian infantry were engaged. The facings of the three regiments were respectively red, black and yellow.

‡That there was some sharp fighting, so that many of Caraman's soldiers were left on the ground, is evidenced by the statement in Overkirk's official report that "The Bavarian cavalry . . . consisted of 24 squadrons and is almost entirely ruined; as also the two regiments of Alsace and La Marck." On the other hand the *Historical Record of Regiment Alsace* in the "*Histoire de l'Infanterie Française*" contains the following passage: " . . . à signaler particulièrement le 18 Juillet, 1705 . . . la brigade d'Alsace se voit un instant entamée et chargée par la cavalerie de Marlborough. Les 4 bataillons se forment rapidement en carrés, ouvrirent sur l'ennemi un feu de mousqueterie terrible et font une retraite admirable." The steadiness of Caraman's battalions during this retreat is recorded with admiration by Parker and other British witnesses.

power and value of the mounted arm; but the good order of Caraman's soldiers showed that they would not easily be broken, and he had no wish to waste his splendid cavalry in a doubtful attack; also as yet he was uncertain as to the movements of the enemy's main body. So Caraman's battalions withdrew unmolested in good order, and presently passed out of sight behind the rising ground to the south-west.

Meanwhile the main body of the Allied army was fast coming up, long columns of infantry and guns filing in succession across the river and through the captured entrenchments to the ground where the cavalry fight had been won. The troops were enthusiastic over the victory, but all were much fatigued after the long night march; and the Dutch leaders were in favour of a halt for rest. Their arguments overbore Marlborough's personal desire to exploit the success already gained, and, after overawing the small garrison of Tirlemont into hasty surrender, the Allied armies went into bivouac.

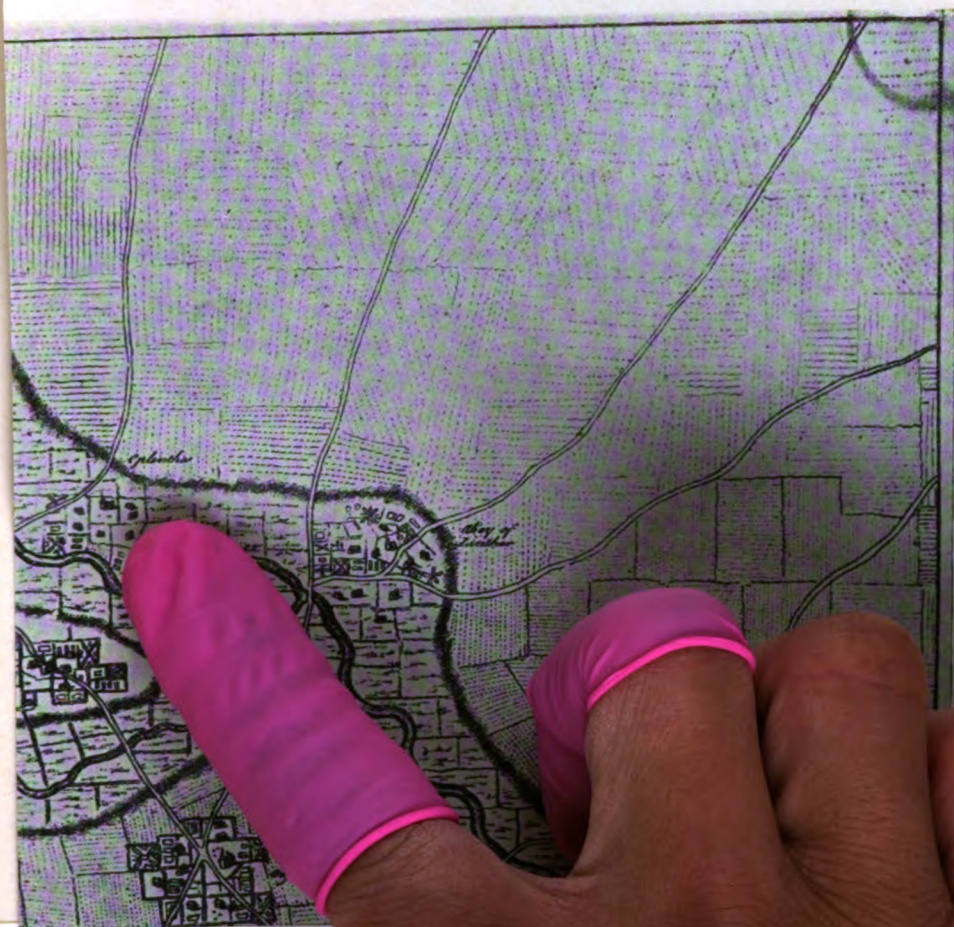
Thereby they missed, as Marlborough had divined, a great opportunity; for on hearing that the whole Allied army had broken through the lines, had routed the Bavarian cavalry and were deploying in order of battle on the defending army's northern flank, the French and Bavarian leaders had decided on instant retreat. Even as the bivouac tents of the Allies were springing up in ordered rows between Elixem and Tirlemont, the French and Bavarian brigades were hastily abandoning their positions and were hurrying westwards in long straggling columns which would have been very vulnerable to a flank attack. But as no attack was attempted their retreat was safely made, and by the next morning they were out of immediate danger and in a good position near Louvain behind the line of the River Dyle.

The action at Elixem was therefore not in any sense a decisive engagement. Nevertheless it was strategically important in that it resulted in the abandonment of the strong lines behind which the French army had lain safely during the previous years; and tactically it was a fine feat of arms. As is usual in cavalry actions, the victors' losses were light compared

with those of the vanquished. The Allied casualties did not exceed 200. The losses of the Bavarians and their fellows were estimated by French historians at between 700 and 800, by the British as over 1,000; in any case the completeness of the defeat is attested by the fact that the prisoners taken included two generals of high rank and a dozen other generals, brigadiers or colonels whose names are recorded, besides fourteen majors or captains and about forty subalterns; and that the captures also included ten pieces of artillery and nine cavalry standards.

Tactically this victory of Marlborough's cavalry bears a resemblance to the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava, though on a larger scale. Strategically it was as important in its results as were Beaumont or Willems. As a fine example of "cavalry spirit" it can be classed with Warburg, Emsdorff, or Sahagun. From any point of view the fight at Elixem deserves to be recorded amongst the finest actions of British cavalry.





NOTES

OUR SERVANT THE HORSE.

An Appreciation of the part played by animals during the
War, 1914-1918.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE, K.C.M.G., C.B.,
F.R.C.V.S.

Late Director of Veterinary Services, British Expeditionary
Force, France.

THIS pamphlet gives an admirable account of the "horse-power" employed by our armies during the Great War, the sources from which it came, the causes of wastage, and the means used to check and repair this wastage. Too little is known even in the army itself of the stupendous work carried out by our Veterinary Services during the War, and of the share which they contributed to our ultimate victory, and Major-General Sir John Moore's pamphlet should be studied by all who are interested in horses and horse-management on a large scale. Incidentally, it should be noted that the proceeds of the sales of the pamphlet will be entirely devoted to the fund for rebuilding the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, a task which is long overdue. Sir John Moore, as a Governor of the College, has this cause very much at heart, and with a view to making known as widely as possible the great need of ensuring its success, he is distributing a free copy of the pamphlet to every subscriber to the CAVALRY JOURNAL, in the hope that they may help him to interest others in the work. Further copies may be obtained free on application to the Secretary, Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, London, N.W1. If the response is good, Major-General Sir John Moore intends to recommend to the Board of Governors that under the rebuilding scheme a loose box bearing

the name of Earl Haig should be provided and maintained as a tribute to his memory. This would be most appropriate, as the honour of Honorary Associate of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons (the governing body of the veterinary profession) was conferred on him after the War in recognition of his constant solicitude for the well-being of the animals of his Expeditionary Force, and his determination to place army veterinary services on a high plane of efficiency.

CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

The Royal United Service Institution have published a most interesting booklet entitled "A Hundred Years of the Fighting Services" to commemorate the Centenary of the Foundation of the Institution.

The booklet is illustrated and most attractively got up and will appeal to a very wide circle of readers, but especially to members of the Services. The price is 1s., or 1s. 3d. post free.

CORRECTION.

It is regretted that on page 198 of the April, 1931, number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL it was stated that 2nd Lieut. T. T. Ryan was killed. We are glad to be able to say that this gentleman is still very much alive.



REGIMENTAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

3rd Hussars. Lucknow.

POLO.

Owing to the outbreak of influenza amongst the horses, no polo was possible during January and the first half of February. This outbreak of influenza has quite spoilt the season.

Ponies were just got fit in time for the Subalterns' team to go to Meerut. They got through the first round, beating the 60th Rifles 8-0, but were beaten in the next round by the Black Watch 5-4. The latter subsequently beat the 7th Cavalry, which at the time of going to Press brings them into the semi-finals.

Team.

1. Mr. W. U. Ritson.
2. Mr. A. J. Crewdson.
3. Sir D. W. Scott, Bt.

Back. Mr. P. H. Labouchere.

RACING.

Captain Tudor, Captain Salmon and Mr. Crewdson have all been riding successfully in the Gymkhana Meetings, and Captain Salmon rode over fences in the Lucknow Civil Service Cup Meeting and the Meerut Spring Meeting.

Mr. C. A. Peel took his horse "Ettrick" down to Calcutta where he won a Rs. 3,000 race on February 28, starting at 15 to 1.

REGIMENTAL SPORTS AND HORSE SHOWS.

The Sports were cancelled and no competitors were sent to the Delhi Horse Show, owing to the influenza.

SHOOTING.

Colonel W. R. Tylden-Wright shot a male tiger of 9 ft. 4 ins. when shooting with H.E. The Governor of United Provinces, at Kaladhungi in the Kumaon Foothills.

Mr. C. A. Peel also shot a tiger, a good male of 9 ft. 7 ins., in a block in the Ramnagar District of the Kumaon Foothills. He and Major Sanford who were shooting together also got some quite good sambhar.

We have done better this year with the duck and snipe than during the two preceding years that the Regiment has been stationed at Lucknow, the total bag to date being 2,828 head, including geese, duck, snipe, quail, partridge, sand grouse, pea-fowl and hares.

CRICKET.

Result of Squadron Cricket Shield.

"HQ." Wing v. "MG." Sqn. : "HQ." Wing won by 74 runs.

"A" Sqn. v. "B" Sqn. : "A" Sqn. won by 57 runs.

"HQ." Wing v. "A" Sqn. : "HQ." Wing won by an innings and 95 runs.

BOXING.

East Indian Railway Boxing Tournament held at Lucknow, February, 1931. (Open to the British Army and Auxiliary Force, India.)

Result.

1st Round.—Seaforth H. v. H. L. Infantry; East Yorks Regt. v. D.C.L. Infantry; 3rd Hussars v. K.R.R. Corps; Cameron Regt. v. Cheshire Regt.

2nd Round (Semi-finals).—Seaforth H. v. East Yorks Regt.; 3rd Hussars (14-13) v. Cheshire Regt.

Final.—Seaforth H. v. 3rd Hussars (12-11).

Result.—Seaforth H. (13-10).

1st Bn. 60th King's Royal Rifle Corps Boxing Tournament, February, 1931.

4 Round Special Contests.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Drysdale, 3rd Hussars, knocked out Pte. Cunningham, E.I. Rly., in the 1st round.

Feather Weight.—Tpr. English, 3rd Hussars, beat Cpl. Kreihn, East Yorkshire Regt., on points.

HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

"The Army Quarterly" for April contains an unusually varied assortment of historical articles, as well as others of more topical interest on mechanization, the role of fighting armoured vehicles in war, and other matters of moment. Lieutenant-Colonel Hume contributes an interesting paper on "The Role of Modern Mobile Protective Forces," his thesis being that the part played by such forces in the future will be greatly extended, and that their increased mobility and delaying power will enable them to do much to ensure success in the first stages of an encounter battle. He foresees the replacement of protective cavalry by strong mobile detachments of all arms, with greatly extended duties and responsibilities, and operating far ahead of the advanced guards of the main columns. His arguments are worth consideration by every cavalry soldier.

The two principal articles in the April "Fighting Forces" are a detailed and well-mapped narration of the battle of Virton by Major Burne, which will repay close and careful perusal, and a broad-minded sensible article on India by an anonymous writer, pleading that England should frankly accept and make the best of the recent progress made by that country in the direction of self-government. Naval and Air articles, lighter matter, and regular features appear as usual.

The January number of the Army Historical Research Society contains four interesting items. An extract from the journal of Lieutenant Grey of the Bengal Artillery describes how he brought the siege train which was used in the siege of Delhi in 1857 up from Ferozepore, a distance of 270 miles, in

26 days, and this in the worst of the monsoon weather. The second is an account of the experience of Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron while a prisoner in the hands of Tippoo Sahib of Mysore in 1782-4; the third gives a brief account of the contents of the papers of General George Murray, Wellington's Quartermaster-General in the Peninsular; and last of all comes a sketch of the career of General David Ochterlony, the conqueror of Nepal.

The April number of this periodical is devoted almost entirely to an instalment of the Indian Mutiny diary of Lieutenant Lang of the Bengal Engineers, dealing with the storming of Delhi and the operation round Agra; and with an account of the defence of London in the Civil War period, based on the recently published Ordnance Map of XVIIth Century England. Both are of remarkable interest.

"The Air Force Quarterly" for April contains two articles of military interest, the first instalment of a brief account by General Fuller of "The Grand Strategy of the World War" and some suggestions by Wing-Commander Leigh-Mallory for the maintenance of air superiority in a land campaign. The air articles and photographs are well up to the high standard this journal has set itself.

"The Royal Artillery Journal" pays the CAVALRY JOURNAL the compliment of reprinting an article, "Logic," which appeared in its pages in October, 1930. General Fuller discusses the artillery of classical times, and Major Becke the evolution of the creeping barrage, while Major Brownlow contributes a brightly suggestive article on the co-operation of artillery with tanks in the attack.

"The Royal Engineers' Journal" for March contains a very valuable lecture by Major-General Sir F. Maurice on the "Organization of the Higher Command in War" which deserves perusal and provokes thought. He stresses the great advance made in the matter since the haphazard pre-1914 days

and the disastrous confusion of the Great War, but there is much still to be done before we can be said to have reached a true solution of this vital problem in the conduct of war. Major Everett enlightens us as to some of the varied and little known duties of sapper officers in war, and there are two interesting articles by Colonel Thackerey on his experiences in the Indian Mutiny, and on the measures taken to deal with the floods at Catterick Camp last August.

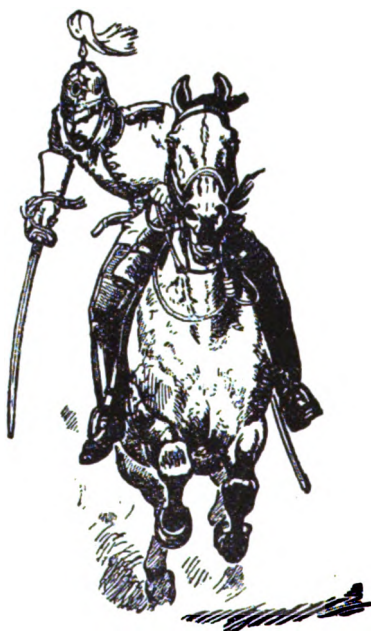
“The Canadian Defence Quarterly” for January includes among its excellent series of items of purely Dominion interest, a paper on the Tannenberg Campaign, some notes by a Canadian Officer on training with the London University O.T.C., and two articles on the Soviet Five Years’ Plan and on the Indian situation.

“The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps” for May contains an interesting note by Colonel A. G. Todd on British thoroughbreds past and present, showing what great and steady improvement has taken place in the breed in the last two centuries. There are a number of valuable items on veterinary practice of technical interest.

“The Journal of the United Service Institution of India” for April includes an article by Major Wakely entitled “John Jorrocks, Airman,” and putting forward the novel suggestion that air reconnaissance of likely hunting areas is of great use to masters of foxhounds, especially on taking over new country. It would be interesting to have the views of the original Mr. Jorrocks on this proposal! Articles of mainly Indian interest, tactical, administrative, or historical, make up the bulk of the number.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following :—

<i>The Scarlet and Green Journal</i>	16/5th Lancers	1930
<i>The Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps</i>	...	April, May, June, 1931
<i>The Royal Tank Corps Journal</i>	April, May, June, 1931
<i>The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps</i>	April, May, June, 1931
<i>The XI Hussars Journal</i>	March, 1931
<i>The Ypres Times</i>	April, 1931
<i>The Wasp</i>	April, 1931
<i>The Faugh-a-Ballagh</i>	April, 1931



FOREIGN MAGAZINES

The outstanding article in the United States "Cavalry Journal" for March-April, is one entitled "Cavalry Now and to Come," by Major A. D. Surles of the 3rd Cavalry, an article, which appears, from the few words of introduction by which it is headed, to contain embodied in it the official views of the Chief of Staff, General MacArthur. The writer admits that our old cavalry tactics have gone for ever, but at the same time he maintains, and gives very sound and forcible reasons for his opinion, that "just so long as the foot-soldier remains for open warfare conditions, and is not superseded by marvellous yet-to-be-invented machines that substitute completely for his legs, the horse is going to be present in those future campaigns as that foot-soldier's superior in mobility; mounted upon him there will be a new and formidable power. While the animal itself has ceased to be a weapon in the charge, except in the most isolated and fortunate instances, his is still the only power yet devised that, throughout the twenty-four hours of the day, in fair weather and foul, through forest and stream and over mountains, can outmarch and out-manceuvre the foot-soldier four and five to one." Major Surles then proceeds to develop this thesis. In the Great War the main defects of the cavalry arm, restricting its value, were its deficiency in fire power, its antiquated methods of supply, the unsuitability of its communications, and the slowness of movement of the cavalry and its accompanying artillery. In the future each regiment of United States cavalry will have at its disposal 64 machine guns and 1,048 rifles; there will be in

use before long a continuous two-way radio telephonic and telegraphic set to be operated by one man; in the days to come horse-drawn light wagons will be used only immediately in rear of the troops, while motor trucks, provided with arrangements for attachment when necessary of teams, will handle the rest of the supplies; finally, as regards the increase in mobility, the writer urges that cavalry will never again in a major operation be called upon to make long marches on the backs of its horses. Cavalry has now in front of it, first, the Air Force and then behind that a purely mechanical force moving at greater speed than the horse can command. The cavalry then must cover the longer marches in the fastest transportation available, "in passenger cars if they can be had, and our horses will arrive *porté* or by marching when they can." Cavalry in fact, having made the long march, will act dismounted or with its own armoured cars, "until our horses arrive and we close to short marches from large bodies of the enemy."

Among other interesting papers in this March-April issue is an account of the work of the American troops in China during the Boxer trouble, and one dealing with the experiences and impressions of a cavalry subaltern during the Santiago Campaign.

The March-April number of the "Revue de Cavalerie" opens with a long paper by Lieutenant-Colonel "X" on "La cavalerie des grandes unités tactiques. Les groupes de reconnaissance"—a subject to which we find many French military writers returning from time to time; and in this article the writer deals more or less collectively with the *group de reconnaissance* of the Army Corps and also of the Infantry Division. The subject is divided into the employment of these groups prior to the battle, during the period immediately preceding contact, a time of special significance since on its development the action of the actual and resultant battle may frequently and in large measure depend; and further divided into the time while the battle is in progress and after its conclusion. The main value of such a paper as this is less perhaps in the lessons to be drawn

from it, than as a sign of the very great importance attached to the subject generally by French military writers, from whose *collective* views, rather than from those of any particular individual, valuable lessons may be drawn.

Chef d' Escadron Chailey does well to invite the attention of his countrymen to the large and growing number of German military societies, which, though described by the German authorities as eminently pacific in constitution and intention, more or less provide something of a danger to the peace of Europe, the more because nearly every one of these societies does not fail in expression of hostility towards the French nation. The present article describes the evolution and activities of the German "Reitervereine," and concludes by the statement that in her various military societies Germany possesses no small number of very excellent schools of preparation for war, and the writer authoritatively asserts that the "Reitervereine" would be of the greatest service in assisting in the rapid mobilization of a really formidable body of cavalry.

"La fin de l'escadron de Gironde" is the very spirited and moving story of the adventures, and practically the wiping out, of a very weak squadron of the 16th Dragoons, which in the early part of September, 1914, was detached from the 5th Division of French cavalry in the direction of Soissons, with orders to observe all that was there passing and to operate against enemy convoys and small parties. The squadron, under command of Lieutenant Gironde, was very weak, no more than 60 strong including officers, and men and horses were all greatly fatigued by their exertions in the past month, during which they had been marching and fighting in General Sordet's cavalry corps. The story is admirably told; surrounded on all sides by enemy bodies, Lieutenant Gironde and his men made every endeavour to fight their way back to their division, losing men and horses at every moment, until at last only two officers remained of that gallant band, and these would have also fought it out to the end had their *chivalrous* foes not threatened to put to death the

French peasants who had succoured them, unless they surrendered.

A writer in the issue of the "Schweizer Kavallerist," dated 25th February of this year, gives some interesting figures of the number of horses used by the chief Powers engaged in the late Great War, and of the losses of these incurred. France, so we are told, put 1,800,000 horses in the field in the course of the war and of this number she lost 758,507, no fewer than 180,000 of them being expended in the first five months of the campaign. Of General Sordet's Corps it is stated that in one division only two-thirds of its horse-strength remained available at the end of the first three weeks! Germany made use during the four years of war of 2,500,000 horses and lost 900,000, while Austria employed in all 2,005,837 horses of which 1,500,000 perished, the larger proportion of this wastage being incurred during the first three months of the 1914 operations. The greater part of this loss was in no way owing to wounds incurred or death in action, but at least 80 per cent. of the wastage was due to other and largely preventible causes.

The issue of the "Militär Wochenblatt" of the 4th March contains a brief but informing paper on the employment in combination of cavalry and tanks. The writer quotes with approval the British regulations on this subject, and appears to be of the opinion that the greatest value will be derived from the combined operations of these arms, first, in the retreat, when the cavalry will delay the enemy pursuit and give time for the tanks to work round and operate effectively against the flanks of the pursuers; and, secondly, on those occasions when a surprise may be attempted. In the future, so the writer holds, surprise operations by large cavalry bodies will seldom be possible, but such attempts may be very fruitful of success when carried out by smaller cavalry bodies, safeguarded and supported by the fire of the attendant tanks.

The number dated the 18th March contains a letter from the well-known German General of Cavalry, von Poseck, which is

in effect something of the nature of a protest against the representation of the horse which figures on the Memorial which has been raised by public subscription in Germany to the horses which lost their lives in the Great War. The work is from the hand of the sculptor, Professor Limburg, and while General von Poseck has no fault to find with the general design of the Memorial, he complains that the horse represented on the pedestal does injustice to the noble animal which it is intended to honour. The horse hereon is an exhausted wreck, with every rib showing and its head hanging low. In this country, too, we have heard complaints about the charger designed for one of *our* memorials, and can sympathize with the views the General expresses.

In the issue for the 28th March, Rittmeister von Recum reviews somewhat belatedly the volume of our "Cavalry Training" published early in 1929, and sums up his impressions of our methods and practices with the kindly remark that "it is very evident that the Englishman lays more stress upon and attaches greater importance to security and concealment than to the obtaining of information!"



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

“Light Horse Harry Lee.” By Thomas Boyd. (Scribners.) 12s.

The main interest of this biography for British readers lies in the first portion, describing Lee's share in the War of American Independence, during which he took part in Greene's operations against Cornwallis in the South; and it is regrettable that the absence of a map makes the narrative difficult to follow. Lee's subsequent career in politics belied the promise of his earlier achievements as a soldier and he ended his life in exile, after having been imprisoned for debt and receiving crippling injuries in an obscure political riot. Yet he held high offices of state in his time of prosperity, being elected successively Governor of Virginia and member for Congress, and in his later years he fathered a son, Robert Edward, who in the American Civil War was to establish the name of Lee among the great commanders in history. Mr. Boyd tells the story of the elder Lee's ill-starred career well and vividly; but for British readers the intimate and obscure post-Revolution politics of the United States lack something in interest, and it is impossible not to feel that his hero is hardly of the necessary stature to merit a detailed biography.

“In the Wake of the Tank.” By Lieutenant-Colonel G. Le Q. Martel. (Sifton Praed.) 15s.

Colonel Martel's book is one of the very few which can be said to be indispensable to every soldier who desires to keep himself abreast with the progress of mechanical warfare. The author, though himself a sapper, has lived with, thought about, and worked for tanks ever since their first appearance in battle in 1916. Here he has set himself to tell the story of the development of the A.F.V's. from that day to the present time; and

admirably well he has told it, in such simple, non-technical language as to be comprehensible to any one with the slenderest mechanical knowledge, and with a wealth of useful illustrations, which makes it even clearer and more interesting. Colonel Martel is a tank enthusiast, but not a tank visionary; his concern is essentially with things as they were, and are; rarely does he indulge in any prophecies as regards the future, near or remote. Yet his story also shows in passing how many of what seemed at one time remote visions have now become realities and what startling progress has in fact been made by the British Army in its first fifteen years of mechanization. One can also gather from his pages, though he himself is too modest to say so, how much indebted the Army is to Colonel Martel's own enthusiastic yet practical brain for many items in this story of progress in mechanical warfare. This book itself is not the least of his services; it must certainly be included, with the official work, irreverently called the "Purple Primer," among the list of publications which every thinking soldier and every student of war must read and absorb.

"The Battle of Dora." By H. E. Graham. (William Clowes.)
5s.

A short while ago Mr. Graham published a brief work on anti-tank tactics entitled "The Defence of Bowler Bridge," modelled on General Swinton's well-known Boer War pamphlet "The Defence of Duffer's Drift." In "The Battle of Dora" he is on the side of the angels, and deals in equally breezy and vivid manner with the work of an armoured brigade in an imaginary campaign against an enemy not equipped for mechanical warfare. He cheerfully admits to having loaded the dice against this enemy, the Martians, and to having sometimes allowed fortune to favour the "tank merchants," the Anglians; but whatever bias he may have shown is not so great as to spoil either his story or his doctrines. Indeed the whole picture strikes one as no unlikely presentation of what might happen in a contest between a mechanized force, such as we hope to have in any future war, and a Continental foe not possessing and

unable to possess such a force. The little volume was written before the recent appearance of the official pamphlet on "Mechanized and Armoured formations"; but the author's experiences with the first Experimental Armoured Force have led him to conclusions so little differing from those in the pamphlet that his readers need not fear being subtly impregnated with unorthodoxy and can rely on being entertained as well as instructed by a perusal of his pages. The book can be most heartedly recommended.

E. W. S.

"A History of the 17th Lancers, Vol. II, 1895—1924." By Major G. Micholls. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) 30s.

The first volume of this history, admirably written by the Hon. John Fortescue, carried the record down to the year 1892, when the Regiment had first settled down at home on its return from its third tour of Indian service. The early portion of the story recounted the events in which the Regiment had taken part during some half-dozen or more campaigns and expeditions; while the writer of this second volume has no more than two wars to deal with—that in South Africa and the Great War. During the four years the latter endured, the 17th Lancers remained throughout on the Western Front and had consequently no opportunities for mounted action.

During the remainder of the thirty years of the life of the Regiment with which this volume deals, the 17th Lancers served for the most part at home, and the writer has consequently but little to record beyond the frequent moves from one garrison to another.

It is not easy for any writer to follow so practised an author as Sir John Fortescue, but one cannot read the account of the two campaigns given in the present volume without feeling that they are somewhat inadequate, that they are to some degree wanting in the personal touch; they contain few stories of the good work and actions of individuals. Further, while in the first volume the author never failed to describe the events which led up to each campaign, Major Micholls has rather over-carefully avoided doing so in his contribution to the Regimental

History; two lines suffice for the introduction to the Boer War, while that to the Great War of 1914-19 is but very little longer. A generation has already grown up which knows nothing whatever of the causes which brought Great Britain into conflict with the Dutch Republics, and it is only a matter of time before the reasons for the European conflict will equally be forgotten; surely then a Regimental History should tell "those who come after" what sent the Regiment to the slaughter.

This volume contains many mistakes—inexcusable mistakes—in regard to the spelling of proper names; the man who held the appointment of Inspector General of Cavalry in the early nineties was Keith Fraser, *not* Keith Frazer, while the distinguished soldier who brought the Indian Corps to France in 1914 was not General *Wilcox*. There are also many other errors in the spelling of place-names in France and South Africa.

There are some excellent portraits of former Colonels, while the maps are adequate and the appendices contain an abundance of interesting and useful information. H. C. W.

"Hounds will meet . . ." By Richard Ball. (Country Life.) 12s. 6d. net.

This book describes the various types of hunting men and women, most of whom are common to all Hunts. Some hunt for pleasure, some for business, some to do a deal in horseflesh, and some to carry on the family tradition. There are those who take the first opportunity to go home unobserved and those who stay to the bitter end. Mr. Ball has depicted with a rare insight the personalities of these persons. Every Hunt has its Bruisers, its Boasters, its Amazons and its Farmer's Joe. The type is constant and it is only in detail that they vary. Sixteen plates by Lionel Edwards illustrate the volume. O. J. F. F.

"Memoirs of Marshal Foch." (Heinemann.) 25s.

The publication of these memoirs was, we are informed, decided upon by the Marshal's relatives owing to the controversy aroused by the appearance of Clemenceau's account of his war Premiership containing vigorous attacks on the Marshal's

conduct of the War. The decision was perhaps not entirely a wise one, for the book as it stands is neither complete nor reliable in all matters of fact. The account of the period 1915-1917 is very briefly summarised, and does not seem to have come from Foch's own pen; and this is regrettable, though no doubt comprehensible by reason of the fact that it was precisely at this period that his achievements and his reputation lay under a cloud of misfortune. As regards certain incidents in 1914 also, his narration is in direct conflict with other more trustworthy authorities, e.g., in the case of the famous interview with Lord French on October 31. There is no map for the Lorraine operations in August, and there are too many examples of typographical and topographical errors in the text.

When all this has been said, the fact remains that the work is—coming even in part from Foch's pen it could hardly fail to be—of great interest and value to the military student and historian. The Marshal's own characteristic qualities, his energy, his self confidence, his power of firing and inspiring others, his patriotic and religious faith, his clarity of thought and pen—are evident in every page. They are not perhaps all that is required to make a great military genius under present day conditions of war, and they led Foch himself to more than one setback in the field and in his career. One feels more than once that his faith in the offensive as a sovereign remedy for any and every crisis tended to become a dogma divorced from reality; and that his belief in the supreme virtue of the will to conquer sometimes clouded his military vision of things as they were. It was fortunate for him and for the world that in the situation in the West in 1918 these qualities were just what was needed to ensure victory, at a time when both sides were at an intolerable strain, to the one which would not admit itself beaten. The story of how this victory was achieved is the most valuable part of the book; it is one which only Foch himself could have written and cannot but be of vivid and authoritative interest, whatever modifications in points of detail future research may render necessary.

"The Life of Field Marshal Sir John French, 'First Earl of Ypres.'" By his son, Major The Hon. G. French. (Cassell.) 15s.

There has long been a real need for a biography of the first commander of the B.E.F. in the Great War; but one is tempted, after reading this and certain other lives of great men, to wish for the passing of a law which would prevent such men's descendants from writing their illustrious ancestors' lives—and that solely in the interest of the reputations of the subjects themselves. There might be a subsidiary clause in the law making it illegal for high commanders as well as other ranks to keep private diaries in war; for the extracts from his father's journal, published by Major French, if they do not so irretrievably damage the writer's reputation as in the case of Sir Henry Wilson, certainly do it no service and are of interest mainly as an example of human fallibility and disappointment. The book, lacking as it does any sort of map and evincing a quite surprising neglect of other sources on the wars with which it deals, can hardly be considered as more than a personal tribute by a devoted son to a much loved and admired father, who did splendid service in arms for his country, but in whom it is absurd, in the light of our present day knowledge, to seek a parallel to Napoleon or Wellington. Lord French's command of the B.E.F. in 1914 won him at the time a great reputation and the gratitude of his countrymen, and that not undeservedly; but it is now accepted that our army owed its achievement, at Mons, Le Cateau, the Marne and Ypres less to superlatively fine leadership than to its own magnificent military qualities, which admittedly Lord French had himself done much to foster and maintain. The publication of his work in 1914 went far to confirm that view, and involved its author in a series of bitter and regrettable controversies which Major French, with nothing new to say about any of them, has chosen to revive rather than allow to rest undisturbed. It is a matter for regret that with such excellent intentions and the best will in the world, the son should not have succeeded in doing greater service to his beloved father's reputation.

E. W. S.

"An Introduction to Polo." By "Marco." (Country Life, Ltd.) 15s.

An enthusiastic young beginner once asked me how long it would take him to learn polo, and his face fell considerably when I told him that I had been learning for 30 years, and was still learning. Every keen polo player is anxious to improve his game, and he cannot do better than study the best works on the game. Here is a book which is really easy to follow. It was compiled with the object of helping beginners, but it certainly goes a long way beyond that, and should improve the game of every medium and low handicap player who takes the trouble to study it. Now, what are the principal features of this book as compared with former standard works? It is written in the simplest of language and can be understood by the veriest novice. The slow motion pictures and the chapter on striking the ball should go a long way to remedy the weak point of English polo, namely, inaccuracy in hitting the ball. There are hundreds of young polo players in England who are excellent horsemen, and really know the game, but fail at the critical moment, through their inability to place the ball exactly where they want it to go. The reason of this is that they have never really learned how. I have read this book from start to finish, and although my polo days are over, it makes me long to start all over again. I strongly advise all young players to get this book and really study it.

T. T. P.

The following have also been received, and will be reviewed in the next issue of the Journal :—

"The Official History of the Australian Army Medical Services in the War of 1914-1918." By A. G. Butler. (High Commissioner for Australia, Strand, W.C.2.) 12s. 6d.

"Saddle Room Sayings." By William Fawcett. (Messrs. Constable & Co.) 8s. 6d.

"The Art of Riding." A Text-Book for Beginners and Others. By Lieut.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. (Messrs. Methuen & Co.) 7s. 6d.

SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

THE KADIR CUP

Before the War it was commonly said that the same man would never win the Kadir Cup twice. Two individuals have now won the Kadir on three occasions, and this year they met in the final. This fact rather refutes the idea that the Kadir Cup is a question of luck. Admittedly, in order to win the Kadir Cup, luck has to be on one's side, as Captain Richards, this year's winner, and Mr. Parr, who was unsuccessful, will admit. However, to anyone who watched this year's Kadir it was quite obvious that Captain Scott Cockburn and Captain Richards have reduced pigsticking and the Kadir Cup to a fine art. The final was worthy of its renowned contestants, and produced a first-class hunt and expert spearing. Captain Scott Cockburn led over a nasty wet nullah, but on better going, the far side, Richards on the faster horse got up and speared.

There was a large and representative entry of 48 spears with 48 first nominations and 30 second nominations. The absence of 4th Hussars, who have gone to York, and members of the Indian Civil Service was much regretted. Formerly the Indian Civil Service were the staunchest supporters of pigsticking, and in many districts it was due to their keenness that pig were preserved. It is to be hoped that under the new constitution they will have more time to devote to pigsticking. The large entry of officers of the 10th Royal Hussars, who have recently arrived in Meerut, and the success of Captain C. B. Harvey in reaching the semi-finals was very popular.

The Royal Calcutta Turf Club have now presented a very handsome challenge cup for the Kadir Cup, which is now indeed a cup as those present on the last night will testify.

The Hog Hunters Light Weight and Heavy Weight Cups were run after lunch on the final day. Captain Adey's Bayleaf with his owner up proved an easy winner of the heavy weight race. There were a number of falls, but Captain Avery was the only person damaged.

The light weight race produced many falls and a thrilling finish; the three most fancied horses, Mr. Barnett's Spider, Captain Atherton's Bolarum and Captain Peto's Jack Pott were, however, left standing, and a hundred yards from home all appeared to have a chance. Spider was in front and going best, but was being challenged by Bolarum and Jack Pott. Fifty yards from the winning post there was a small nullah into which all these horses fell. Captain Peto remounted and finished second.

FIRST ROUND

Heat 1

- | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Mr. D. W. Neilson (R.A.) | .. | .. | Julius |
| 2. | Major S. W. Marriott (R.A.V.C.) | .. | .. | Refus |
| 3. | Mr. E. S. Lindsay (R.A.) | .. | .. | Sandgrouse |
| 4. | Capt. C. D. Phillips (3rd Hrs.) | .. | .. | Mustapha |

Umpire : Mr. Benson

On the line for about half an hour. Slipped on the larger of two pig running together ; changed on to the smaller. Heat called off, re-formed and slipped on smaller pig. A very jinking hunt. Marriott and Neilson prominent, but all well up. Spear to Phillips.

Heat 2

- | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|----|----|----------------|
| 1. | Mr. H. Grattan (R.E.) | .. | .. | Kitty |
| 2. | Capt. V. Warden (R.H.A.) | .. | .. | Prince Charlie |
| 3. | Capt. H. Mc. A. Richards (R.A.) | .. | .. | Manifest |

Umpire : Capt. Scott Cockburn

Slipped shortly after the start on a big boar, which got up in front of the line. All away together over flat maidan. Richards speared in the run up.

Heat 3

- | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|----|----|-----------|
| 1. | Mr. K. Chavasse (R. Irish Fus.) | .. | .. | Moria Rhu |
| 2. | Mr. C. D. Miller (10th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Buchanan |
| 3. | Capt. C. M. O. Sawers (R.D.H.) | .. | .. | Benjamin |
| 4. | Mr. J. F. S. Rendall (R.A.) | .. | .. | Just Pooh |

Umpire : Capt. Scott Cockburn

On the line most of the morning without getting a hunt. Shortly before lunch the heat was sent away after a fast pig which gave a good hunt over rough country. All had chances. Spear to Sawers.

Heat 4

- | | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Mr. J. F. Adye (R.A.) | .. | .. | Necklace |
| 2. | Mr. G. A. Peyton (15th/19th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Kharsavine |
| 3. | Mr. G. Colchester (R.H.A.) | .. | .. | Sally |
| 4. | Capt. A. St. J. Avery (2nd Lcrs.) | .. | .. | Danny |

Umpire : Major Brunskill

Soon slipped on a small boar. After a short fast hunt with all up Peyton speared.

Heat 5

- | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|----|----|----------|
| 1. | Mr. D. R. Reinhold (13th Lcrs.) | .. | .. | Duke |
| 2. | Capt. R. H. P. Addington (R.A.) | .. | .. | Mandarin |
| 3. | Mr. C. H. Parr (I.T.D.) | .. | .. | Generous |
| 4. | Capt. J. Scott Cockburn (4th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Carelow |

Umpire : Major Marriott

Slipped on a sow breaking forward which was lost in thick toothbrush grass. Slipped again on sow which broke back through the elephants. Scott Cockburn on first but missed, and Parr took up the running and speared.

Heat 6

- | | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------|----|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Capt. C. Peto (9th Lcrs.) | .. | .. | .. | Jack Pott. |
| 2. | Major R. P. Smith (R.A.V.C.) | .. | .. | .. | Wallace |
| 3. | Mr. J. M. Roberts | .. | .. | .. | Toni |
| 4. | Mr. P. H. J. Tuck (R.A.) | .. | .. | .. | Marry Ryan |

Umpire : Mr. Benson

On the line for about an hour. Slipped on a 27-inch boar making for the Sherpur Nullah. Pig swam the nullah, and Roberts following fell. Peto on most of the time, but missed his chance and Tuck speared.

Heat 7

- | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Major G. S. Brunskill (K.S.L.I.) | .. | .. | Toby |
| 2. | Capt. W. E. Carver (10th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Town Crier |
| 3. | Mr. M. W. Barnett (3rd Hrs.) | .. | .. | Panther |
| 4. | Mr. M. N. E. MacMullen (10th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Fusilier |

Umpire : Mr. Adye

Babu Hollaad a pig back from the line, and after chasing it through thickish grass the heat was slipped. Mr. MacMullen and Mr. Barnett on in turns till the latter speared.

Heat 8

- | | | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|----|----|-----------------|
| 1. | Hon. A. Grenfell (9th Lcrs.) | .. | .. | Australian Star |
| 2. | Capt. G. H. B. Wood (R.D.H.) | .. | .. | Ajax |
| 3. | Major M. B. King (R.A.M.C.) | .. | .. | C.22 |
| 4. | Capt. G. E. Portal (2nd Lcrs.) | .. | .. | Pax |

Umpire : Mr. Neilson

On the line for about hour and a quarter. Slipped on a nice pig. Wood doing most of the work. Pig lost : picked up by umpire and heat re-slipped. Portal missed a chance, and the pig was lost again ; after he had been lost and picked up again several times with the aid of the Umpire, Grenfell speared.

Heat 9

- | | | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|----|----|--------------|
| 1. | Mr. D. D. C. Tullock (R.A.) | .. | .. | Machine Gun |
| 2. | Capt. R. L. Simpson (18th Lcrs.) | .. | .. | Silver Blaze |
| 3. | Capt. F. R. Wetherfield (R.A.) | .. | .. | Levell |
| 4. | Mr. C. M. Clarke (3rd Hrs.) | .. | .. | Cleopatre |

Umpire : Capt. Richards

On the line for some time before seeing a hog. A sounder eventually broke, but the heat on the left being nearest got off on a sow from it. This heat was, however, soon after slipped on another sow from the same sounder, and shortly after both heats crossed, resulting in some confusion, and both runs had to be washed out. Later slipped on an indifferent jinkin pig, resulting in a long and jinking hunt in light grass. It was anybody's pig, and Wetherfield eventually secured the spear.

Heat 10

- | | | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Lord Grenfell (60th Rifles) | .. | .. | Tambourine |
| 2. | Capt. T. G. Atherton (R.D.H.) | .. | .. | Full Note |
| 3. | Mr. A. Wingfield (10th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Jonathan |

Umpire : Mr. Benson

On the line for about a quarter of an hour. Slipped on a 29-in. boar. Wingfield led on the run up. All on in turn. Spear to Grenfell.

Heat 11

- | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Mr. T. ff. M. Darling (R.A.) | .. | .. | Cutty Sark |
| 2. | Mr. E. P. Pettit (9th Lcrs.) | .. | .. | Gold Finch |
| 3. | Mr. E. R. Benson (R.A.) | .. | .. | Billy |

Umpire : Major Brunskill

On the line for a long time, before being tossed on a nice sow. After a good hunt the pig crossed the line of another pig, hotly pursued by another heat.* There was considerable crossing and dangerous riding, with luckily no casualties, but both heats had to be called off. A good pig viewed later proved to be already heavily wounded, and had to be killed by the heat. At last they were slipped on a small pig, which gave a very good hunt. Benson fell and Pettit got the spear after doing most of the hunting.

* See report on Heat 10 above.—EDITOR

Heat 12

- | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|----|----|--------|
| 1. | Capt. W. G. Petherick (3rd Hrs.) | .. | .. | Busty |
| 2. | Major J. A. Aizlewood (4/7th D.G.) | .. | .. | Updown |
| 3. | Capt. J. G. Bruce (6th G.R.) | .. | .. | Toby |

Umpire : Mr. Ayde

Heat slipped on a smallish jinky sow in rather thick grass and poached egg. After all had chances the pig was lost. Slipped on another sow ; Bruce mostly in front and eventually speared.

Heat 13

- | | | | |
|----|--|----|--------------|
| 1. | Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. E. Wardrop (A.H.Q.) | .. | Rocket |
| 2. | Capt. C. B. Harvey (10th Hrs.) | .. | First Chance |
| 3. | Mr. G. H. Grosvenor (9th Lcrs.) | .. | Nimrod |

Umpire : Major Marriott

Slipped on a small pig breaking back through the elephants. Harvey on first but, falling, let in Grosvenor, who did most of the work and speared.

SECOND NOMINATIONS

Heat 14

- | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|----|----|---------|
| 1. | Mr. A. Wingfield (10th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Joe |
| 2. | Mr. F. R. Wetherfield (R.A.) | .. | .. | Poggie |
| 3. | Capt. H. Mc. A. Richards (R.A.) | .. | .. | Centaur |
| 4. | Capt. J. Scott Cockburn (4th Hrs.) | .. | .. | Prawn |

Umpire : Mr. Adye

Heat slipped on what proved to be a smallish and extremely jinky sow, which quickly ran into very rough poached egg. Anybodys' pig, two speared the ground heavily and one dropped his spear. Scott Cockburn eventually speared this craven among women.

Heat 15

- | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|----|----|-------------|
| 1. | Capt. J. G. Bruce (6th G.R.) .. | .. | .. | Scipio |
| 2. | Capt. V. Warden (R.H.A.) .. | .. | .. | Dorset Duck |
| 3. | Mr. G. Colchester (R.H.A.) .. | .. | .. | Bill |
| 4. | Mr. D. W. Neilson (R.A.) .. | .. | .. | Baitiff |

Umpire : Major Marriott

Slipped on a pig which broke at the left rear of the line. After a long run up heat slipped on level terms. All on in turn spear to Warden.

Heat 16

- | | | | | |
|----|--|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Mr. D. D. C. Tullock (R.A.) .. | .. | .. | Beaver |
| 2. | Hon. A. Grenfell (9th Lcrs.) .. | .. | .. | Dolorina |
| 3. | Mr. M. N. E. Macmullen (10th Hrs.) .. | .. | .. | St. George |
| 4. | Leit.-Gen. Sir A. E. Wardrop (A.H.Q.) .. | .. | .. | Artist |

Umpire : Mr. Benson

Slipped on a smallish pig after about half an hour on the line. A really good fast hunt all on in turn. Mr. MacMullen speared.

Heat 17

- | | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|----|----|--------------|
| 1. | Capt. W. E. Carver (10th Hrs.) .. | .. | .. | Black Beer |
| 2. | Mr. T. F. Adye (R.A.) .. | .. | .. | Bayleaf |
| 3. | Mr. C. H. Parr (I.A.D.) .. | .. | .. | Golden Syrup |
| 4. | Capt. T. G. Atherton (R.D.H.) .. | .. | .. | Bolarum |

Umpire : Major Brunskill

Were slipped on a 30-in. boar, difficult going. All spears had a chance in turn, but the rough ground made spearing difficult. Finally, Mr. Parr speared after a very good hunt.

Heat 18

- | | | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|----|----|----------|
| 1. | Mr. M. W. Barnett (3rd Hrs.) .. | .. | .. | Spider |
| 2. | Mr. P. H. J. Tuck (R.A.) .. | .. | .. | Schooner |
| 3. | Mr. G. A. Peyton (15th/19th Hrs.) .. | .. | .. | Shooting |
| 4. | Mr. C. D. Miller (10th Hrs.) .. | .. | .. | Abdulaal |

Umpire : Major Brunskill

Slipped on a sow in thicker grass than usual ; the heat did well to spear. Peyton did most of the hunting, when it looked as if the pig must be lost. After a good hunt he eventually speared.

Heat 19

- | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|----|----|-----------|
| 1. | Mr. E. P. Pettit (9th Lcrs.) .. | .. | .. | Jackie |
| 2. | Major S. W. Marriott (R.A.V.C.) .. | .. | .. | Harlequin |
| 3. | Mr. G. H. Grosvenor (9th Lcrs.) .. | .. | .. | Beynard |
| 4. | Mr. E. R. Benson (R.A.) .. | .. | .. | Seagrave |

Umpire : Capt. Scott Cockburn

A long time on the line. Eventually, always at the end of day, as the line approached Mirampur. All on together but a jinky pig and the heat rather scattered. Spear eventually to Marriott.

Heat 20

1. Capt. C. B. Harvey (10th Hrs.) Bullet Head
2. Captain G. H. B. Wood (R.D.H.) Walleye
3. Capt. A. St. J. Avery (2nd Lcrs.) Benmore

Umpire : Mr. Benson

In reserve for about twenty minutes. Slipped on a 28-in. sow almost immediately after coming on the line. A run up of about 200 yards over maidan and then a jinking hunt in light grass. Spear to Harvey.

Heat 21

1. Mr. E. S. Lindsay (R.A.) Roman Punch
2. Capt. C. Peto (9th Lcrs.) Old Bill
3. Mr. T. F. S. Rendall (R.A.) Skewjack.

Umpire : Mr. Parr

Heat slipped on a sow. All close up. Lindsay got in on a jink and quickly speared.

SECOND ROUND

FIRST NOMINATIONS

Heat 1

1. Mr. G. H. Grosvenor (9th Lcrs.) Nimrod
2. Capt. C. D. Phillips (3rd Hrs.) Mustapha
3. Mr. E. P. Pettit (9th Lcrs.) Gold Finch
4. Hon. A. Grenfell (9th Lcrs.) Australian Star

Umpire : Major Brunskill

After about an hour on the line the heat were slipped on a good boar. Phillips lost ground at the start, but the other three had a very fast neck-and-neck hunt in difficult country. Each had an equal chance till the pig fell in front of Grenfell, who speared.

Heat 2

1. Mr. M. W. Barnett (R.A.) Panther
2. Capt. H. Mc. A. Richards (R.A.) Manifest
3. Mr. C. A. Peyton (15th/19th Hrs.) Kharsavine

Umpire : Capt. Scott Cockburn

On the line in the morning and after an hour slipped after a fair boar. Richards and Peyton fell together, and Barnett lost the pig. After lunch, when the lost horses had been collected, the heat was sent after a big boar. He was lost for a time and "no heat" given. Later, he was picked up, and the heat again slipped. Spear to Richards.

Heat 3

- | | | | | | |
|----|------------------------------|----|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Mr. C. H. Parr (I.A.S.) | .. | .. | .. | Generous |
| 2. | Lord Grenfell (60th Rifles) | .. | .. | .. | Tambourine |
| 3. | Capt. J. G. Bruce (6th G.R.) | .. | .. | .. | Toby |

Umpire : Mr. Adye

Unfortunately, Grenfell was forced to scratch Tambourine owing to lameness. A big boar was hunted forward to the heat through thick elephant grass by Miller. After giving him some law the heat was slipped, but immediately on getting on terms, with both spears neck and neck, the pig broke back towards the thick grass, and Bruce turning rather quicker speared.

Heat 4

- | | | | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|----|----|----|------------|
| 1. | Mr. F. R. Wetherfield (R.A.) | .. | .. | .. | Lovell |
| 2. | Capt. C. M. O. Sawers (R.D.H.) | .. | .. | .. | Benjamin |
| 3. | Mr. P. H. J. Tuck (R.A.) | .. | .. | .. | Marry Ryan |

Umpire : Mr. Neilson

On the line for three hours. Slipped on a small boar over "bikel maidan." Tuck on first. Wetherfield got in on the first jink, pig stumbled and both Tuck and Wetherfield missed easy chances. The Sawers on till he speared. A very fast heat.

SECOND NOMINATIONS

Heat 5

- | | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|----|----|----|-------------|
| 1. | Capt. C. B. Harvey (10th Hrs.) | .. | .. | .. | Bullet Head |
| 2. | Major S. W. Marriott (R.A.V.C.) | .. | .. | .. | Harlequin |
| 3. | Mr. E. S. Lindsay (R.A.) | .. | .. | .. | Roman Punch |
| 4. | Capt. V. Warden (R.H.A.) | .. | .. | .. | Dorset Duck |

Umpire : Mr. Benson

On the line for three hours in the morning. Heat slipped on a fair boar, running about forty yards in front of two smaller pig. Small pig jinked right; so did Warden and Lindsay who, having misunderstood Umpire's instructions, cannoned heavily into Marriott and Harvey, knocking them completely off the line. Heat called off but boar not found again. On the line after lunch a good boar broke from the Mukarrampur grass over maidan. Then followed an amazing exhibition. Certain spectators, forgetting for the moment that the primary object of the Kadir is to run off heats and not general pigsticking, chased and killed the pig, followed by whistles and yells from the general public, and oaths from the "powers that be." A livid heat then pursued a good boar which had been lightly speared. After a long gallop up the heat was slipped. Lindsay fell almost at once. Pig lost in a small thick patch. Heat called off and, though the pig broke over maidan, could not be slipped, as Lindsay was unmounted. Finally, slipped on the larger of two very small pig. Pig jinked left, so did Marriott, but the others went on after the other pig, effectively carrying out one member who appeared to be trying vainly to swing left on to the proper pig. Heat called off and re-slipped on the original pig. A fast jinking hunt. Lindsay missed his spear. Harvey speared well and Marriott immediately afterwards.

Heat 6

- | | | |
|----|--|---------------|
| 1. | Mr. G. H. Parr (I.A.S.) | Golden Syrup |
| 2. | Mr. M. N. E. Mac-Mullen (10th Hrs.) .. | St. George |
| 3. | Capt. J. Scott Cockburn (4th Hrs.) .. | Prawn |
| 4. | Mr. G. A. Peyton (15th/19th Hrs.) .. | Shooting Star |

Umpire : Mr. Adye

Heat slipped on a smallish boar by agreement. Parr and Scott Cockburn well up, and the former had a jab which possibly gave a glancing wound, but could show no blood. Scott Cockburn speared but, being doubtful of showing blood, speared again, making certain.

SEMI-FINALS

Heat 1

- | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. | Capt. J. G. Bruce (6th G.R.) | Toby |
| 2. | Hon. A. Grenfell (9th Lcrrs.) | Australian Star |
| 3. | Capt. H. Mc. A. Richards (R.A.) .. | Manifest |

Umpire : Mr. Benson

Slipped on a 27-in. boar from standing start. Grenfell on first. Pig jinked right. Grenfell and Richards neck and neck, both speared. Richards a fraction of a second earlier.

Heat 2

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. | Capt. Scott Cockburn (4th Hrs.) | Prawn |
| 2. | Capt. C. M. O. Sawers (R.D.H.) | Benjamm |
| 3. | Capt. C. B. Harvey (10th Hrs.) | Bullet Head |

Umpire : Mr. Parr

Heat slipped on a fairish boar. Scott Cockburn made the running. Sawers got in on a jink and just missed spearing. On the next jink Scott Cockburn speared after Harvey had missed a chance.

FINAL HEAT

- | | | |
|----|--|----------|
| 1. | Capt. J. Scott Cockburn (4th Hrs.) | Prawn |
| 2. | Capt. H. Mc. A. Richards (R.A.) | Manifest |

Umpire : Mr. Parr

Heat slipped on a real good boar, running alongside a wet nullah. When passed the pig took to the water. Scott Cockburn first over the nullah took the lead with Richards close up. A half circle jink enabled Richards to get on and spear.

THE HOG-HUNTERS' CUPS

Heavy Weight Race

- | | | |
|----|--|-------|
| 1. | Mr. T. F. Adye's Baylsaf (Royal Artillery) | Owner |
| 2. | Mr. K. Chavasse's Moria Rhu (R. Irish Fus.) | Owner |
| 3. | Capt. R. L. Simpson's Silver Blaze (18th Lancers) .. | Owner |

Also ran : Capt. A. St. J. Avery's Danny (2nd Lancers) fell ; Mr. E. P. Pettit's Jackie (9th Lancers) fell but remounted and completed the course ; Capt. T. G. Atherton's Full Note (R. Deccan Horse) fell but remounted and completed the course ; Mr. G. H. Grosvenor's Reynard (9th Lancers) fell.

Light Weight Race

1. Mr. E. P. Pettit's Gold Finch (9th Lancers) Owner
2. Capt. C. Peto's Jack Pott (9th Lancers) fell but remounted and completed the course Owner

Also ran : Capt. A. St. Avery's Benmore (2nd Lancers) fell ; Mr. W. M. Barnett's Spider (Royal Artillery) fell ; Mr. A. Wingfield's Jonathan (10th Hussars) fell ; Major F. W. Marriott's Rufus (R.A.V.C.) fell ; Mr. J. M. Robert's Toni fell ; Capt. T. G. Atherton's Bolarum (R. Deccan Horse) fell ; Capt. C. M. O. Sawers' Benjamm (R. Deccan Horse) fell ; Mr. T. ff. M. Darling's Cutty Sark (Royal Artillery) fell ; Capt. E. S. G. Howard's Mr. Swizzle (Royal Artillery) fell ; Mr. C. M. Clarke's Cleopatra (3rd Hussars) fell.

Extract from Major C. H. Wallace, D.S.O., R.A., Assistant Editor, CAVALRY JOURNAL, Muttra's Memo. of the 30th January, 1931 :—

"The sporting concern of Muttra during the last three months has been the opening of the pigsticking season and the prospects for 1931.

Though Muttra received some rain in 1930 the quantity was deficient. There was enough for the autumn fodder harvest, which was plentiful, and so relieved the famine conditions, but insufficient to fully revive the cover in the pig jungles and the Kadir after the previous two years' drought. Prospects of pig returning in any quantity to their old haunts are, therefore, black.

The season opened in the Canal country on the 20th of November, 1930. This day was blank ; cover which should have been unrideable was very light. No pig were even seen. One pig was killed opposite Muttra Island on the 26th November. The island itself did not hold, was very light, and a large field has been cleared and cultivated on it. The Christmas camp was held in the canal country and Kosi from the 24th to the 30th of December. Four days out of six were blank, though one or two pig were occasionally seen. On the last two days two heavy fighting pig were found in sugar cane and killed.

Kocla Jheel is bare, but a strip of grass along the river bank is heavy and holding a few pig. Two good pig were seen when the grass was beaten, but were lost.

Jaisingphura was light and rideable on the 10th of January !!! Held a few pig and one was killed.

The total bag to date is only five.

On the 16th of January, at a General Meeting of the Tent Club, it was decided that the Muttra Cup should not be held outside Muttra District, and that owing to extreme lightness of the country and shortage of pig it could not be held in 1931."

EQUITATION SCHOOL HORSE SHOW—SAUGOR, 1931

The Equitation School Horse Show, which is affiliated to the National Horse Breeding and Show Society of India, was held on 17th and 19th March on the Saugor Race Course.

The number of entries was satisfactory although in several classes—especially the chargers and country bred horses—the quality of the entries was disappointing, while a high standard was set in others by Mr. Scott's stable, notable amongst which were Surfrider (by King of the Wavelets out of Miss Ryby registered in the Stud Book) and Royal Duchess (by Royal Recruit out of Sunseeker registered in the National Pony Society's Stud Book). Unfortunately, owing to the epidemic of horse influenza the Police were unable to enter any ponies this year.

A Handy Hunter competition was again held in Leicestershire proving very interesting to both spectators and competitors. There were about forty entries and the standard of performance over a fairly stiff course with a time limit was high.

The committee were fortunate in having Major Jobson, A.R.D., and Lieut.-Col. Carlisle, R.A., to assist in judging.

In addition to the Challenge Cup for British Officers jumping, presented by the Officers, 2nd Lancers (G.H.), cups were given by Their Excellencies the Viceroy, the Governor of C.P., and the Commander-in-Chief, the Commandant and the Officers of the Equitation School Staff, His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur, and Messrs. P. Orr & Sons, Ltd.

CLASS I. *Cantonment Tonga Ponies.*

1. No. 18.
2. No. 8.

The condition of the ponies and the turnout of the two winners was excellent.

CLASS III. *Troop Horses—Indian N.C.O. Students.*

1. L.Dfr. Bal Bir Singh's b aust m Chameli.
2. L.Dfr. Ghulam Mohd's gr aust g Harnagar.

A good class of horse, the winner and second well trained.

CLASS IV. *Troop Horses—British N.C.O. Students.*

1. Sgt. Banner's ch cb g Ginger.
2. Bdr. Lavery's ch aust g Taffy.

A fair class with nothing outstanding.

CLASS V. *Indian Officers' Chargers.*

1. Jem. Chhail Ram's b aust g Kiwi.
2. Jem. Medh Singh's b aust g Khima.

A moderate class except for the winner which showed distinct superiority both in conformation and training.

CLASS VI. *Pigstickers.*

1. Lieut. Lindsay's br aust g Skewjack.
2. Capt. Wilson's gr aust g Mistletoe.

A well-filled class. The winner outstanding and well trained.

CLASS VII. *Jumping Indian Officer and N.C.O. Students.*

1. Jem. Medh Singh's b aust g Khima.
2. L.Dfr. Sheo Karan's b ch g Payara.

The final was rather disappointing after some very good eliminating rounds. Several competitors rather rushed some of their fences, jumping into them and thus spoiling a good round.

CLASS VIII. *Jumping British N.C.O. Students.*

1. Bdr. DeVere's ch aust m Countess.
2. Cpl. Scaife's b ch g Two Speed.

The standard of this event was good, the winner losing only $1\frac{1}{2}$ points in the two eliminating rounds and 3 points in the two final rounds.

CLASS IX. *Jumping B.O. Students.*

1. Lieut. Idris' b cb g Bay Rum.
2. Lieut. Bullivant's b cb g Tiptree.

The winner and second jumped in excellent style. Several of the remainder had good rounds until they came to the double gates of the railway crossing where the horses were inclined to rush and jump uncollectedly.

CLASS X. *Jumping Equitation School Staff.*

1. Jem. Dharam Singh's b cb g Mumtaz.
2. R.S.M. Watt's gr aust g Bishop.

As in the previous year, an old stager lost first place by misjudging one jump, the double oxer costing Bishop 4 points in an otherwise clear round. The winner jumped well losing only $3\frac{1}{2}$ points in the two rounds.

CLASS XI. *Open Jumping.*

1. Cpl. Scaife's b cb g Two Speed.
2. Jem. Dharam Singh's b cb g Mumtaz.

The winner and second in classes 7, 8, 9 and 10 were chosen for this event and some excellent jumping was witnessed. Cpl. Scaife having lost $3\frac{1}{2}$ points in the first round, knocked the laths off the gate only in the second, thus losing 4 points in all; while Dharam Singh was second with $4\frac{1}{2}$ points. Lieut. Idris tipped the laths only of three jumps in his first round but unfortunately knocked down the first gate of the double at his second attempt, thus gaining third place.

CLASS XII. *Handy Hunter Competition.*

1. Lieut. Courage's b cb g Milk Punch.
2. Lieut. Clarke's gr aust g Plus Fours.

This was a most interesting competition for British Officers arranged in "Leicestershire," no one being allowed to try out the course beforehand. It included eight jumps, a gate to be opened and shut mounted, and rails to be removed and replaced dismounted, with a time limit of three minutes. The winner gave a very smooth and finished performance losing only one point,

while Plus Fours and Lieut. Roney Dougal's b aust g Sirdar tied for second place with five each. In the run off Plus Fours showed consistently good form by doing another very good round, thus gaining second place.

CLASS XIV. *Ponies likely to make Polo Ponies.*

1. Lieut. Scott's ch eng m Royal Duchess.
2. Lieut. Scott's ch eng m My Puppet.

A very good class, the winner being a beautiful English mare of excellent quality and up to great weight.

CLASS XV. *Polo Ponies—Light Weight.*

1. Major O'Donel's ch cb g Tich.
2. Lieut. Scott's br e m Pinprick.

A well-filled class of good average quality, the winner and second being very high class Polo Ponies.

CLASS XVI. *Polo Ponies—Heavy Weight.*

1. Lieut. Scott's ch e m Colinetta.
2. Lieut. Archer Shee's b arg g Carnation.

There were only a few entries but the standard was good, the winner being a very high class pony.

CLASS XVII. *Horses—English and Colonial.*

1. Lieut. Scott's ch e m My Puppet.
2. Lieut. Scott's ch e m Colinetta.

This class was well supported, the general standard being good and the first two of outstanding quality and breeding.

CLASS XVIII. *Horses—Country Bred.*

1. Lieut. Pope's b cb g Johnnie.

There were too few entries in this class to justify a second prize. The winner was a nicely made compact little horse but the general standard was poor.

CLASS XIX. *Chargers—British Officer Students.*

1. Lieut. Wright's br cb g L'Amour de Meurice.
2. Lieut. Mellor's b aust m Clorane.

A very disappointing class as regards numbers and quality with nothing outstanding.

CLASS XX. *Best Stable of Three—Horses or Ponies or both.*

1. Lieut. Scott's stable consisting of Surfrider, Royal Duchess and My Puppet.
2. Major O'Donel's stable consisting of Tich, Gigolette and Fairy House.

A good class in which the two placed stables were outstanding, the winning entry including the best horse and the best pony in the show.

CLASS XXI. *Ladies' Hacks.*

1. Lieut. Scott's ch e g Surfrider, ridden by Miss Pritchard.
2. Capt. Gilpin's ch aust m Columbine, ridden by Mrs. Gilpin.

The few entries in this class proved themselves to be excellent Ladies' Hacks with perfect manners and withstood, amongst other things, the ordeal of having a judge's topee waved in their faces. The excellent quality of Surfrider, however, gave the judges little difficulty in choosing him as winner.

CLASS XXIII. *Children's Ponies.*

There were only five entries for this class which was won by Master Owen Heape's Judy, a well-made pony, well ridden.

CLASS XXIV. *Best Pony in the Show.*

Won by Lieut. Scott's ch eng m "Royal Duchess, a beautiful pony setting an extremely high standard in her class.

CLASS XXV. *Best Horse in the Show.*

Won by Lieut. Scott's ch eng g Surfrider, a weight carrying horse of high quality and substance.

At the end of the Show, Mrs. Dening very kindly gave away the cups.

THE CHARGER AND TROOP HORSE TESTS, HELD AT EQUITATION SCHOOL, SAUGOR,

ON THE 26TH, 27TH AND 28TH MARCH, 1931

These Tests are divided into three parts and are designed to discover the ideal type of horse for active service in India. The tests demand condition, stamina and manners.

To complete all three parts satisfactorily a horse must be well-trained, handy and sufficiently sound to withstand the hard work of a campaign.

The tests are open to all students on the seven months' course at the Equitation School, and consist of :

- (1) A Horsemastership Test consisting of a long distance ride over varying country followed immediately on completion, by a circuit of a Jump and Assault Course.
- (2) A Manege Test.
- (3) A circuit of a wingless Jump Course.

British Officer Students (The Charger Test) have to ride thirty miles at an average speed of eight miles per hour on two consecutive days, the whole sixty miles being completed within twenty-four hours.

British N.C.O. and Indian Officer and N.C.O. Students (The Troop Horse Test) ride twenty miles at the same average speed. The remaining conditions are the same for both the Charger and Troop Horse Tests. The Manege Test for British Officers demanded a slightly higher standard of training than the corresponding test in the Troop Horse Competitions.

The number of British Officer entries was good, several competitors entering more than one horse, in which case the competitor was allowed to nominate a substitute, carrying the same weight as the owner for the long distance ride. The owner himself had to complete all other parts of the test, including the Jump and Assault Course on each horse entered in his name.

On 26th March, British Officer competitors were started from Saugor at two minute intervals and proceeded *via* "checks" on the Jhansi Road, at Baheria and at Sarairi villages to camp at Karrapur. On 27th March, starting at the same intervals and in the same order the competitors returned to Saugor *via* "checks" on the Banda Road and at Parsonria.

Competitors made their own arrangements as to route, pace, watering, etc., between these "checks." Marks were deducted at the rate of ten marks per minute if the allotted time was exceeded. It was left to competitors to decide whether to increase the pace and thus arrive in time to rest or groom their horses before starting the Jump and Assault Course, after which horses were immediately inspected by the officials for fitness, condition, galls, etc. All horses were inspected by the same officials before leaving Saugor.

They were inspected by a Veterinary Officer at the Camp at Karrapur as to their fitness to continue the test.

From the British Officer students, of whom there are thirty, forty horses were entered. Of these thirty-one started and twenty-two finished, the remainder being disqualified for lameness.

In the Troop Horse Test the entries were as follows :—

Seventeen British N.C.O's. out of a total of twenty-one students.

Thirty-seven Indian Officers and Indian N.C.O's. out of a total of thirty-nine students.

Of this number eleven British N.C.O's. and thirty-three Indian Officers and N.C.O's. completed the course. In the Troop Horse Test competitors riding twenty miles proceeded on a circular course with "checks" on the Banda Road and at Gura village and returned to Saugor on the same day.

In both the Charger and Troop Horse Tests all competitors, immediately after arriving from the "long distance ride," proceeded over a "Jump and Assault Course" situated in "Leicestershire," which is composed of natural and artificial fences built to represent a fair hunting country. This course which consisted of seven fences, and four dummies to be attacked with a sword had to be completed within 1½ minutes. This entailed moving at a "controlled gallop" and allowed no time for refusals which were heavily penalised. This applied equally to ineffective thrusting at the dummies. Ten marks were deducted for each second over time on this course. There were actually very few cases of "refusing" or "over time."

At the end of the "Long Distance Ride" and the "Assault Course," the leading competitors in both the Charger and Troop Horse Tests were only separated by a few marks. The total marks for the combined events amounted to 300 marks.

On 28th March the "Manege Test" and the "Wingless Jump Course Test" were held. The former test was allotted 150 marks and the latter 100 marks. The former demanded a high standard of training in both horse and man, and owing to the large number of marks divided up amongst the fifteen exercises required—with twenty-five marks added for the "Smoothness" of

the performance—considerable differences appeared in the marks gained by competitors, indicating the likely winners of the tests before the final competition over the “Wingless Jumps” took place.

“The Wingless Jump Course” consisted of seven jumps—a post and rails to be jumped twice, a brush fence, a stile, a gate, a double oxer and a wall, all these fences were from 3 ft. 6 ins. to 3 ft. 9 ins. high and 10 ft. wide.

The final winners were :—

The Charger Test (British Officers).—Lieut. H. B. Scott, The Royals, b cb g Bradshaw.

Troop Horse Test (British N.C.O's.).—Cpl. G. A. Johnson, The Royals, bl aust g Royal.

Troop Horse Test (Indian Officers and N.C.O's.).—Dafadar Tej Singh, Skinner's Horse, b aust g Rus Bedle.

Lieut. Teja Singh, 2nd Rajindra Lancers, won the Challenge Cup presented by the Officers of Probyn's Horse for the best result gained amongst privately owned horses on his g aust g Raja.

THE CHETWODE CUP

This Cup was presented in 1929 by General Sir Philip Chetwode, Bt., G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., for a competition between the winners of the Charger and Troop Horse Tests to decide “The Best Trained Horse and Student of the Year.”

The competition which consisted of a “Manege Test” a circuit of an “Assault Course” and of a “Jump Course”—none of which had been practised beforehand—was won by Dafadar Tej Singh (Skinner's Horse), on b aust g Rus Bedle.

C.I.H. LOW HANDICAP TOURNAMENT—SAUGOR, 1931

This was held on 16th, 18th and 20th March.

Owing to horse influenza not having properly subsided in the district, there was only one outside entry—the 15th Lancers—from Jubbulpore.

Six teams were raised by the Equitation School amongst the Staff and Students.

By the conditions of this Tournament teams are limited to a handicap of 9 goals.

Audax, the only team which had played together before and had won at Lucknow last November, was the favourite and drew a bye.

In the first day's play Minimax, starting with $\frac{1}{2}$ goal on the handicap, eliminated 15th Lancers by $6\frac{1}{2}$ goals to 4. The 15th Lancers were rather a one-man side.

Sofas, who conceded 2 goals, defeated Sepulchres by 5 goals to 3.

Dodos, playing level with the Equitights, won by 4 goals to 2.

In the semi-finals Audax, giving $2\frac{1}{2}$ goals, had a runaway victory against Minimax, and won by 9 goals to $4\frac{1}{2}$.

Dodos beat Sofas by 4 goals to $2\frac{1}{2}$, the latter getting $\frac{1}{2}$ goal on the handicap.

In the final it was the popular idea that Audax would win easily, particularly as Dodos' main stay, Colonel Dening, had lamed his ponies in the first round. However, this fine player, though unable to bombard Audax goal in his usual style, contrived to control the game, and his spoiling tactics were responsible for gaining a well-deserved victory by the odd goal to his team.

Dodos, 1 goal up on the handicap, won by 3 goals to 2.

Though the number of entries did not warrant a subsidiary tournament, there being only three teams knocked out in the first round, one was run for the benefit of giving all "starters" a second game.

The first tie was played off between 15th Lancers and Sepulchres, the latter (+ $1\frac{1}{2}$ goals) won by $8\frac{1}{2}$ goals to 2.

In the final game Equitights, conceding $2\frac{1}{2}$ goals, were far too strong for the Sepulchres, whom they beat by 7 goals to $3\frac{1}{2}$.

Teams :

<i>15th Lancers</i>		v.	<i>Sofas</i>	
(1) Mr. J. C. Courtney	0		(1) Mr. N. A. Courage	0
(2) Capt. D. M. Killingley	1		(2) Hon. W. Edwardes	1
(3) Capt. J. A. Greenway	4		(3) Capt. W. G. M. Thompson	4
(4) Mr. J. H. Fell	0		(4) Mr. J. W. C. Platt	1
	<hr/> 5			<hr/> 6
	<hr/>			<hr/>
<i>Dodos</i>		v.	<i>Equitights</i>	
(1) Mr. K. M. Idris	1		(1) Mr. N. T. Loring	0
(2) Mr. Hanuman Singh	0		(2) Capt. R. Wilson	2
(3) Bt. Lt.-Col. R. Dening	6		(3) Major S. O'Donel	2
(4) Mr. M. W. S. Widdicombe	0		(4) Mr. L. Williams	3
	<hr/> 7			<hr/> 7
	<hr/>			<hr/>
<i>Minimax</i>			<i>Audax</i>	
(1) Mr. E. W. H. Clarke	0		(1) Mr. R. Peake	2
(2) Mr. Teja Singh	2		(2) Mr. H. B. Scott	2
(3) Mr. R. F. Mellor	0		(3) Mr. G. W. Blake	1
(4) Mr. J. P. Archer-Shee	2		(4) Capt. E. L. P. P. Gilpin	4
	<hr/> 4			<hr/> 9
	<hr/>			<hr/>
<i>Sepulchres</i>				
(1) Mr. B. G. Wells	0			
(2) Mr. O. M. Bullivant	0			
(3) Capt. J. V. Topham	1			
(4) Mr. M. W. Barnett	1			
	<hr/> 2			
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MEERUT INTER-REGIMENTAL WEEK

INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO

Teams :

9th Lancers
 (1) Mr. G. P. Roberts
 (2) Mr. R. Perry
 (3) Mr. G. E. Prior-Palmer
 (back) Mr. G. H. Grosvenor

Skinnners' Horse
 (1) Capt. E. D. Holder
 (2) Capt. E. J. Fulton
 (3) Capt. A. E. Dean
 (back) Capt. W. A. Broadfoot

Royal Deccan Horse
 (1) Capt. C. A. Cairns
 (2) Capt. G. H. B. Wood
 (3) Capt. R. N. Nunn
 (back) Capt. J. L. Wardle

15/19th Hussars
 (1) Major N. W. Leaf
 (2) Capt. W. R. N. Hindle
 (3) Mr. J. G. Leaf
 (back) Capt. J. Cockayne-Frith

Central India Horse
 (1) Capt. M. Cox
 (2) Capt. R. George
 (3) Major A. H. Williams
 (back) Capt. A. Alexander

10th Hussars
 v.
 (1) Capt. C. B. Harvey
 (2) Mr. D. Dawnay
 (3) Capt. G. H. Gairdner
 (back) Mr. J. Archer-Shee

2nd Lancers (G.H.)
 v.
 (1) Capt. G. H. Wilkinson
 (2) Capt. H. B. Dalrymple Hay
 (3) Capt. R. A. de Salis
 (back) Capt. A. H. St. J. Avery

P.A.V.O. Cavalry
 v.
 (1) Mr. G. T. Wheeler
 (2) Capt. P. R. Tatham
 (3) Mr. P. B. Sangar
 (back) Mr. R. G. Hanmer

7th Light Cavalry
 v.
 (1) Mr. S. M. Husain
 (2) Lt.-Col. J. A. C. Kreyer
 (3) Capt. J. I. Muirhead
 (back) Capt. W. H. Gardiner

15th Cavalry
 v.
 (1) Mr. W. W. A. Loring
 (2) Capt. J. A. Greenway
 (3) Capt. C. E. Pert
 (back) Major E. G. Atkinson

DRAW :

Skinnners' Horse C.I.H.	}	C.I.H. 4-3	}	C.I.H. 9-0	}	C.I.H. 8-4	}	C.I.H. 5-4
R.D. Horse 2nd Lancers	}	2nd Lcrs. 7-3	}	10th Hrs. 5-2	}	15th Lcrs. 11-3	}	
10th Hussars 7th Cavalry	}	P.A.V.O. 9th Lcrs.	}	P.A.V.O. 6-4	}	15th Lcrs. 9-4	}	
		15/19th Lcrs. 15th Lcrs.	}	15th Lcrs. 9-4	}		}	

SUBALTERNS' TOURNAMENT

Teams :

Royal Dragoons
 (1) Mr. A. H. Pepys
 (2) Mr. H. B. Scott
 (3) Mr. R. Peak
 (back) Mr. H. W. Lloyd

15/19th Hussars
 (1) Mr. E. H. Moon
 (2) Mr. — Taylor
 (3) Mr. G. J. Leaf
 (back) Mr. W. Rankin

3rd Hussars
 v.
 (1) Mr. M. V. Ritson
 (2) Mr. A. J. Crewdson
 (3) Sir D. W. Scott, Bt.
 (back) Mr. P. H. Labouchere

7th Light Cavalry
 v.
 (1) Ahmad Jan
 (2) S. M. Husain
 (3) Gurbachan Singh
 (back) Tara Singh

(1) Rawal Shri Dilwar Singh Ji
(2) Nawabzada Mumtaz Ali Khan
(3) Kunwar Shea Datt Singh
(back) Hira Lall Atwal

(1) Sir A. R. Wilmot
(2) Mr. P. F. Prideaux-Burne
(3) Mr. A. H. McConnell
(back) Mr. J. F. S. McClaren

(1) Mr. G. P. Roberts
(2) Mr. R. Perry
(3) Mr. G. E. Prior-Palmer
(back) Mr. G. H. Grosvenor

(1) Mr. J. H. Orr
(2) Mr. G. T. Wheeler
(3) Mr. P. B. Sangar
(back) Mr. R. G. Hanmer

(1) Mr. S. Whitbread
(2) Mr. K. H. Collen
(3) Lord Grenpell
(back) M. W. Heathcote-Amory

(1) Mr. G. Colchester
(2) Mr. E. L. Fanshawe
(3) Mr. J. A. R. Colam
(back) Mr. F. W. Vogel

(1) Mr. F. N. W. Gore
(2) Mr. E. G. D. Kennedy
(3) Mr. D. N. O'Halloran
(back) Mr. C. T. Findlay

(1) Mr. A. D. Wingfield
(2) Mr. H. H. Jones
(3) Mr. D. Dawnay
(back) Mr. J. P. Archer-Shee

(1) Mr. J. C. Courtney
(2) Mr. C. W. Ridley
(3) Mr. W. W. A. Loring
(back) Mr. J. H. Fell

[illegible]

The first game of the Tournament was between the C.I.H. and Skinner's Horse. The C.I.H., who were the winners of the Tournament, only narrowly avoided defeat by a team whose handicap was 12 goals less than theirs. At half-time the score was one all, and it was not until the fifth chukker that the C.I.H. asserted their superiority. Even then Skinner's Horse was not defeated, as Broadfoot scored two goals in the last chukker. The C.I.H. rode off winners by 4 goals to 3. Broadfoot played brilliantly, and had the "middle piece" of Skinner's Horse team been stronger they might have won the Tournament.

The game between the 10th Hussars and 7th Light Cavalry was a really good galloping one. The 7th Light Cavalry were badly handicapped, through Muirhead not being able to play on account of sickness. They were defeated 5-2, but the score is not indicative of the closeness of the game. G. H. Gairdner played very well for the winners, as did Kreyer and W. H. Gardiner for the losers.

The 15/19th Hussars, who were last year's Inter-Regimental finalists and also this year's Prince of Wales' finalists, failed to come up to expectations in the game against the 15th Lancers. The 15th Lancers won by 9 goals to 4, and showed themselves to be a hard-hitting and well mounted side.

The game between the P.A.V.O. Cavalry and 9th Lancers was marred by an accident to Mr. G. E. Prior-Palmer, who fractured a bone in his ankle. This seriously handicapped the 9th Lancers, as he was the mainstay of his side, who would have had a very good chance of winning the Subalterns' Tournament had he been able to play.

In the semi-finals the 10th Hussars put up a very good fight against the C.I.H., who defeated them by 8 goals to 4. Gairdner played brilliantly and worked very hard.

In the other semi-final the 15th Lancers easily defeated the P.A.V.O. by 11 goals to 3, and so avenged themselves for last year's defeat. The P.A.V.O. were, of course, severely handicapped by the absence of Capt. G. Carr-White, who is at the Staff College and was unable to play.

The final between the 15th Lancers and the C.I.H. produced a tremendous struggle, and it was generally agreed that it was the best game that has been seen in this Tournament since the War. The C.I.H. won by 5 goals to 4, after an extra chukker with widened goals. The 15th Lancers' defeat was not due to their inferiority as a team, but to the remarkable way in which luck favoured the winners towards the end of the game, and to the failure of the 15th Lancers to make more use of the superiority which they definitely established early in the game. Major E. G. Atkinson, who has only just recovered from a very severe fall, played magnificently, and was undoubtedly the best player on the ground. He played consistently well throughout the whole Tournament, and always managed to be in such a position that he did not have to play those strokes which he now finds difficult. Pert also played very well.

For the C.I.H. Cox played a very good game, but the other members of the team were a little disappointing. However, they managed to win, as they always seem to, and one wonders if they will ever be beaten as when defeat seems imminent, they always pull out a little more and just win.

First chukker.—The Central India Horse were well away from the throw-in and scored their first goal through George. C.I.H. 1 ; 15th Lancers 0.

Second chukker.—The 15th Lancers made several attacks but failed to score. Shortly afterwards a fine shot by Atkinson went behind. The Central India Horse then got away, but George missed. Loring, for the 15th Lancers,

had another shot at the Central India Horse goal, but also failed to score. C.I.H. 1 ; 15th Lancers 0.

Third chukker.—After midfield play for a while the 15th Lancers attacked. Alexander's mishitting near the goal gave Greenway a chance to send the ball through. C.I.H. 1 ; 15th Lancers 1.

Fourth chukker.—Soon after the start of this period the 15th Lancers attacked and scored their second goal. Alexander of the Central India Horse got away but failed to score. The 15th Lancers, on the whole, had the best of the game in this chukker, and were unlucky not to score from a good shot by Loring. 15th Lancers 2 ; C.I.H. 1.

Fifth chukker.—Pert scored for the 15th Lancers. Williams took a sixty yards hit against the 15th Lancers but failed to score. Shortly afterward George scored the C.I.H. second goal. 15th Lancers 3 ; C.I.H. 2.

Sixth chukker.—A run by the C.I.H. forwards brought the score level. Alexander, with a brilliant goal, put the C.I.H. in front. The 15th Lancers attacked, and the joint efforts of Atkinson and Pert resulted in another goal. The 15th Lancers were again attacking when the bugle sounded. 15th Lancers 4 ; C.I.H. 4.

Extra chukker with widened goals.—The 15th Lancers attacked and were unlucky not to score in a melee in front of the C.I.H. goal. Cox and George got away and scored the winning goal off a 15th Lancers' pony.

Umpires : Brigadier H. A. Tomkinson and Major J. A. Aizlewood.

RACING

The Indian Cavalry Steeplechase was won by Captain Benn's (Probyn's Horse) Galtee Princess, ridden by Captain Atherton (Royal Deccan Horse), who was largely responsible for reviving this race, and also rode the winner of the Governor's Cup.

The results of closed and jump race and the Meerut Spring Meeting were :

1. THE GOVERNOR'S CUP (Rs.2,500). Distance (about) two miles over the Steeplechase Course.

Capt. Benn's grey Galtee Princess (Prince Philip—Galtee Maid) 10 st. 1 lb.

	Capt. Atherton	1
Capt. Hudson's brown Magog, 11 st. 6 lb.	Mr. Lamb	2
Capt. Gage's bay John Brown, 9 st. 5 lb.	Mr. Kirton	3
Capt. Tucker's chestnut Upon, 9 st.	Capt. Salmon	4

Won by a neck ; a head between second and third ; four lengths between third and fourth. Time : 4 minutes 3/5 seconds.

Betting.—3 to 1 against Magog, 4 to 1 each Passing Show, Half Note, Lucifer and Upon, 5 to 1 Galtee Princess, 6 to 1 John Brown.

2. THE MEERUT HURDLES (Rs.2,100). Distance two miles over eight flights of hurdles.

Major Bennie's b e g Brown Ash (Happy Warrior—Auntie Ash), 9 st. 8 lb.	
	Capt. Jones 1
Lt.-Col. Conder and Major O'Donel's gr e g Fillet, 11 st. 4 lb.	Mr. Sherston 2
Major Arnold's b e g Calva, 10 st. 8 lb.	Ringstead 3

Won by a head ; four lengths between second and third. Time : 3 minutes 34 4/5 seconds.

Betting.—Evens Fillet, 6 to 4 against Calva, 3 to 1 Brown Ash.

3. INDIAN CAVALRY CHASE (Rs.2,050). Distance (about) two miles over the Course.

A Challenge Cup (which cannot be won outright) presented by Colonel Broom, a Cup value Rs.250 presented by General Sir John Shea, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Rs.1,000 presented by the R.C.T.C. and Rs.800 from the Meerut Race Fund. The Cup and Rs.1,200 to the winner, Rs.400 to the second and Rs.200 to the third.

Capt Benn's gr e g Galtee Princess (Prince Philip—Galtee Maid), 11 st. 1 lb.	
	Capt. Atherton 1
Capt. Dean's b aust g Passing Show, 13 st. 2 lb.	Capt. Wood 2
Mr. Lamb's sh aust g Moon Magic, 10 st. 4 lb.	3
Capt. Tucker's ch aust g Upon, 9 st. 7 lb. (car. 11 st. 2 lb.)	Owner 4

Won by five lengths ; five lengths between second and third ; ten lengths between third and fourth. Time : 4 minutes 6 2/5 seconds.

Betting.—6 to 4 against Galtee Princess, 5 to 1 Lucifer, 8 to 1 Passing Show, 5 to 1 Moon Magic, 6 to 1 Upon.

4. THE MEERUT CHASE (Rs.2,300). Distance (about) two and a half miles over the Steeplechase Course.

Mr. Calder's b aust g Var Plum (Unknown), 10 st.	Mr. Alford 1
Capt. Carles' b aust g Kelly, 10 st. 9 lb.	Fownes 2
Capt. Gage's b aust g John Brown, 10 st. 6 lb.	Mr. Kerton 3
Capt. Cox's ch aust g Lucifer, 10 st. 7 lb.	Capt. Jones 4

Won by a head ; five lengths between second and third ; a distance between third and fourth. Time : 5 minutes 19 1/5 seconds.

Betting.—2 to 1 against Kelly, 3 to 1 Magog, 4 to 1 Lucifer and John Brown, 5 to 1 Half Note, 6 to 1 Var Plum.

5. THE DEVINDRO CUP (Rs.2,050). Distance one mile.

Major O'Donel's ch e g Hakidula (Haki—The Moonstone), 11 st. 2 lb.	
	Capt. Cox 1
Major-General Betthell and Capt. Newill's ch e g Honeymooner, 11 st. 11 lb.	
	Capt. Newill 2
Major Arnold's gr e g Count Stefan, 9 st. 13 lb.	Mr. Alford 3
Major Bennie's b e g Brown Ash, 10 st. 10 lb.	Capt. Harvey 4

Won by one length ; two lengths between second and third ; two lengths between third and fourth. Time : 1 minute 42 1/5 seconds.

Betting.—5 to 4 against Count Stefan, 8 to 1 Hakidula and Honeymooren, 7 to 1 Brown Ash and 10 to 1 Argentina.

6. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CUP (Rs.6,500). Distance one and a half miles. Mr. Kashi Charan's b cb g Truthful (Owen Roe—Speak the Truth), 9 st. 8 lb.

	Dobie	1
Mr. Cox's ch cb g Honeydew, 8 st. 2 lb.	O'Neale	2
Mr. Shield's b ch g Rathowen, 8 st. 3 lb.	Ringstead	3
Mr. Bashasher Nath Khanna's b cb g Billy Ryan, 7 st. 1 lb.	Tymon	4

Won by one and a half lengths ; two and a half lengths between second and third ; four lengths between third and fourth. Time 2 minutes 10 1/5 seconds

Betting.—2 to 1 against Rathowen, 3 to 1 Truthful, 4 to 1 Caretaker and Winter, 6 to 1 and more others.

EQUITATION SCHOOL SAUGOR POINT-TO-POINT MEETING

APRIL 1ST AND 4TH, 1931

Owing to the prevalence of horse influenza earlier in the course the dates of fixtures had to be changed. This necessitated the Point-to-Point taking place almost immediately after the Charger Test. Some of the Chargers and Troop Horses were in consequence not as fit for galloping as they might have been, and a trifle more than the normal amount of grief resulted. Unfortunately Bdr. McLeod of the 12th Field Battery broke a leg on the second day. This was the only serious casualty, but a lot of Students must have had the opportunity of learning that a fall need not be the "h'awful thing" which Jorrocks depicted. One horse with a badly damaged tendon was the only serious horse casualty. An interesting feature is the very large proportion of wins and places secured by Indian bred horses, in spite of the fact that there were few of them running.

An innovation this year was the running of the Open Race in two divisions, light and heavy weight, in order to accommodate more Students. The number of entries in each division proved that this was appreciated.

The entire course of three miles is in view of the stands on Makronia ridge, and the going, over the recently cut corn fields, is as good as one can wish for in India.

FIRST DAY'S RACING

1. THE 2ND LANCER CUP. Catch weights, 12 st. Distance three miles. For Indian Officers of the Equitation School.

Seven started. Four fell and did not finish.

Kiwi (Jemadar Chhail Ram, 19th Lancers) was first past the post by a couple of furlongs, but was disqualified for jumping the wing of a fence outside the flag.

Rustam, bay aust g (Jemadar Zorawar Khan, Hyderabad State Forces)	1
Slow-Indizi, bay aust g (Jemadar Sher Khan, The Guides Cavalry)	2

2. **THE OPEN RACE, LIGHT WEIGHT DIVISION, 24TH PUNJABIS CUP** Catch weights, 11 st. Distance three miles. Open to Members of the I.C.S., Police, I.F.S. and Officers of the Army on full pay.

Twelve started, of whom seven finished.

Spider set a fast pace throughout and won by a distance. A distance between second and third and the whole field very strung out.

Spider, bay cb g (Mr. Barnett, 3rd Hussars)	1
Carlos, bay cb g (Capt. Thompson, 19th Lancers)	2
Rose Marie, bay aust m (Mr. Loring, Skinner's Horse)	3

3. **THE HAMBRO CUP.** Catch weights, 12 st. Distance three miles. For British Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Equitation School. Six started of whom two refused and one fell.

Jacksie, bay aust m (Bdr. Gallacher, 4th Field Battery, R.A.) led up the straight for home but fell at the last fence.

Rufus, bay aust g (Sgt. Banner, 9th Q.R. Lancers) was second past the post but was disqualified for missing a flag.

Black Dick, blk cb g (Bdr. Frost, "S" Field Battery, R.A.)	1
Cherry, bay aust m (Bdr. Heritage, 56th Field Battery, R.A.)	2
Ego, br aust g (B.S.M. Quinn, "E" Ammunition Column, R.H.A.)	3

4. **THE NETHERAVON CUP.** Catch weights, 12 st. Distance three and a half miles. For horses the bona fide property of Officers of the Equitation School.

Nine started and seven finished.

Some better class horses running and the best race of the day. The field, with Mr. Clarke's Plus Fours in front, kept well together till after rounding the turning flag for home. Plus Fours was beat before the last half mile, and Charleston took the lead to win two fences from home.

Charleston, bay s.a. g (Mr. Scott, The Royals)	1
Tetcott, bay aust g (Mr. Widdicombe, 3rd Cavalry), ridden by Mr. Courage, 15/19th Hussars	2
Skewjack, br aust g (Mr. Lindsay, R.A.), ridden by Mr. Blake, Hodson's Horse	3

5. **THE POONA HORSE CUP.** Catch weights, 11 st. 7 lb. Distance three miles. For Indian Other Ranks of the Equitation School.

Fifteen started, nine finished. The jockeys a trifle inclined to ride a finish at every fence.

Shera, ch aust g (L/Naik Mohd Zordad Khan, "N" Battery, R.H.A.)	1
Bahadur, blk aust g (Dfr. Mohd Ismail Khan, 15th Lancers)	2
Gazi Mansuk, bay cb g (Dfr. Bhan Singh, Poona Horse)	3

6. **THE OPEN RACE. HEAVY WEIGHT DIVISION, 24TH PUNJABIS CUP.** Catch weights, 12 st. 7 lb. Distance three miles.

Twelve started. A good race. Two fell in the water, which was about 5 feet deep. Caller fell half-way round, but was remounted and came through the field, going strong, when they entered the straight. Severn took the lead

from a bunched field just before the water, and retained it to the end, though challenged by Caller two fences from home.

Severn, ch cb g (Mr. Wells, R.H.A.)	1
Caller, bay cb g (Mr. Lindsay, R.A.), ridden by Mr. Rendall, R.A.	2
Tidy, bay aust g (Mr. Lindsay, R.A.)	3

SECOND DAY'S RACING

The second day of the meeting was confined to team races, the rule in these being that for a team to win, its full complement must complete the course.

7. **THE ROYAL DECCAN HORSE CUP.** Team to carry 34 st. Distance three miles. Teams of three from British N.C.O. and Indian rides.

Each of the two British N.C.O. and of the four Indian rides entered one team, making a field of eighteen. It was in this race that Bdr. McLeod had the misfortune to break a leg. He and another rider bumped as they jumped the last fence. The other man fell and Bdr. McLeod dismounted to find himself with a broken leg. One horse fell in the water and was only extricated with difficulty by aid of the ropes and the fatigue party. The first three men home were separated by a length only, Bahadur (Dfr. Mohd Ismail, 15th Lancers) drawing past Two Speed (Cpl. Scaife, The Royals) on the post. Three rides out of six got their full team home and fourteen riders out of the eighteen finished the course.

" F " Ride (Indian Officers)	1
" H " Ride (Indian Other Ranks)	2
" J " Ride (Indian Other Ranks)	3

8. **THE NORMAN CUP.** Team to carry 47 st. Distance three miles. Teams of four from British Officer Rides.

Each of the three rides had entered two teams but minor casualties on the first day's racing prevented the second teams of " A " and " C " Rides from starting.

Sixteen horses started, of these only five got round without a fall of some sort, but fourteen completed the course. There was a " mix up " and about five horses down at the first fence past the stand. It was here that Mr. Archer Shee, 10th Hussars, fell and lost his horse, putting " C " Ride team out of the running. The entire head stall fell off Mr. Blake's mount, but with that " firm elastic contact " so essential to the true equitator ; he managed to hold the snaffle up in its mouth throughout the course, and finished third. Mr. Rendall, R.A., in " A " Ride took a heavy fall entering the straight for home, when running third. He had to be brought in on the stretcher, but luckily no bones were broken. Mr. Barnett's Spider and Mr. Scott's Charleston both in the same team, rode a finish over the last fence for first place. Charleston fell, but was remounted and finished, making " B " Ride first team the winners. " B " Ride second team, being the only other team to get four men home, secured second place.

2000



By the courtesy of Mr. C. F. Beaven.

AN OFFICER OF THE 7th (QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS

(CIRCA 1830-1841)

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[illegible]

It was in the very early part of the Nineteenth Century that four of the then existing regiments of Light Dragoons were converted into Hussars—the 10th in 1800, the 11th in 1801, the 15th and 18th in 1807, and the other two in 1810. These four regiments were to be clothed and equipped in the Hussar style, and on the 25th December, 1807. At this time were issued that all ranks of these Corps were to wear moustaches; but the carrying out of these orders was attended with some difficulty, for we find that a Lieut. Colonel of one of these regiments wrote to the Adjutant-General's instructions that "officers will, nevertheless, be allowed to wear moustaches, it being disapproved of in this respect from the frequent loss of the hair, as they are usually cut off."



AN OCEANIC SCENE. BY J. H. BASS.

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1931

AN OFFICER OF THE 7TH (QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS
(Circa 1830-1841.)

THE original of the picture here illustrated is in the possession of Mr. C. P. Beaven of the Bedford Gallery, and is said to be a portrait of one of two officers who commanded the 7th Hussars during the years above mentioned—Lieut.-Colonel Charles John Hill, who held command from 1833 to 1837, or Lieut.-Colonel John James Whyte, who commanded from 1837 to 1839.

It was in the very early years of the Nineteenth Century that four of the then existing regiments of Light Dragoons were converted into Hussars—the 10th in 1803, the 7th in 1805, and the 15th and 18th in 1807, and the order directing that these four regiments were to be clothed and equipped as Hussars is dated the 25th December, 1807. At the same time instructions were issued that all ranks of these Corps were to cultivate moustaches; but the carrying out of these orders appear to have been attended with some difficulty, for we find that a Royal Duke, who was Colonel of one of those regiments, found it necessary to issue instructions that “officers will, until further orders, discontinue to wear moustaches, it being difficult to observe uniformity in this respect from the frequent leaves of absence granted, when they are usually cut off!”

For the first twenty years and more after its conversion from a Light Dragoon to a Hussar regiment, the 7th wore the blue jacket and the blue pelisse which appear to have formed the normal uniform of our Hussar regiments, and which is given in full detail in the Dress Regulations for 1822; but in 1831, King William IV decided that the whole army should for the future be dressed in scarlet, blue being retained for the colour of uniform of the Navy only. A compromise was made in the case of the regiments of Hussars which were permitted to retain their blue jackets, but were directed to wear a scarlet pelisse instead of the blue one they had worn since their conversion from Light Dragoons. In the Dress Regulations, then, dated 1st August, 1831, the new scarlet pelisse for Hussars is thus described :—

“Scarlet cloth, braided similarly to jacket, with gimp and Russia braid; collar four inches deep of fur according to regimental pattern; cuffs three inches deep and a narrow edging entirely round the other parts of the pelisse with inlets to the sleeves and welts, richly ornamented on the sleeve, side seams, welts and hips, crimson silk lining, rich dead gold platted necklines, relieved with bright gold sliders and olivet ends.”

This pelisse was worn until early in 1842, when orders were issued for its colour to be changed back again to the original blue.



THE CAVALRY AT ARRAS, 1917

By MAJOR T. PRESTON, M.C., T.D., Yorkshire Hussars.

AT the beginning of April, 1917, the hopes of the cavalry in France were high. The 1916 Somme battle, offering practically no chance for mounted troops, had been a disappointment; but in March the Germans had carried out a retirement on a wide front, and the cavalry had, to quote the C.-in-C.'s despatch, "an opportunity to perform its special duties," though only in small bodies.* This was the first open fighting since the autumn of 1914 and it seemed to augur well for the future. The British and French Armies were about to launch powerful offensives; many more guns and tanks were now available; this time the German lines might really be broken. The cavalry regiments had had no serious casualties since the Second Battle of Ypres; their standard of training had reached a high level; if the day of the "gap" was indeed at hand, all ranks were ready for it.

* * * * *

The Plan.—The part the cavalry was intended to play in the Battle of Arras will be best understood by referring to Sketch A, and by quoting extracts from Instructions dated 1st April, 1917:—

"Instructions issued to the Cavalry Corps for the offensive operations to be carried out by the Third Army.

1. The general intention of the operations is to drive the German Armies out of France and Belgium.
2. The general plan for the offensive consists of the following operations:—

(a) The First Army is to capture the Vimy Ridge simultaneously with the attack of the Third Army, and

*Certain units of the 4th and 5th Cavalry Divisions.

will secure the front Commandant's House (one mile south-east of Thélus)—Givenchy.

The Third Army will break through the enemy's defences on the front Mercatel—Commandant's House (one mile south-east of Thélus). The Third Army will then capture the German defensive line which runs from Arras to Cambrai (the Hindenburg Line) by attacking it in flank and rear, and will continue to operate towards Cambrai.

- (b) At a date which will be notified later, the Fifth Army will deliver an attack on the Hindenburg Line from the direction of Quéant, with the object of breaking the enemy line at that place.
- (c) The attacks mentioned above will have the further purpose of drawing the enemy reserves, so as to help an attack by the French Armies, with large effectives, with the purpose of breaking the enemy line."

The Instructions went on to give the composition of the Third Army in the coming attack; the Cavalry Corps was to consist of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Cavalry Divisions and the 17th Infantry Division. The 5th Cavalry Division was to be held in G.H.Q. reserve, whilst the 1st Cavalry Division was to go to the First Army, to exploit any success after the Vimy Ridge was captured.

In actual fact, however, the 1st Cavalry Division (less the 9th Brigade) was transferred to the Third Army on the afternoon of the first day of the battle, and was administered throughout by the Cavalry Corps.*

The mission of the Cavalry Corps was :—

"To seize and hold the line Riencourt—Cagnicourt—Dury—Etaing, with a view to further operations toward Cambrai.

Air reports show that the so-called Quéant—Dury—Vitry-en-Artois† line does not exist as a trench system south of Dury.

*As things turned out, only two of the fifteen cavalry brigades in France were seriously engaged, namely the 6th and 8th Brigades of the 3rd Cavalry Division.

†Usually called Drocourt-Quéant line.

As soon as the infantry attacks have reached the high ground north-west of Héninel and that of Monchy-le-Preux, the cavalry will move forward to its first objective.

First Objective.—*The 2nd Cavalry Division* will take and hold the high ground on the right bank of the River Sensée between Fontaine-lez-Croisilles and Vis-en-Artois, both exclusive. It will cover its right flank on the general line Wancourt—Fontaine-lez-Croisilles. The main Arras-Cambrai road will be exclusive to this division. Its zone of reconnaissance will be south and exclusive of this road as far as La Brioché Farm, and from there along the line Sauchy Lestrée—Haynecourt—Ramillies, all exclusive.

The 3rd Cavalry Division will take and hold the line Vis-en-Artois—Boiry Notre Dame, both inclusive. The main Arras-Cambrai road is allotted to this division, but will not be available west of Les Fosses Farm. Zone of reconnaissance will be north and inclusive of the main road as far as La Brioché Farm, and from there along the line Sauchy Lestrée—Haynecourt—Ramillies, all inclusive.

The 17th Division will follow the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions closely."

If the situation permitted of any further advance, it was to be directed to the north of Cambrai, between that town and the Sensée and Escaut Canals.

Two days later (3rd April, 1917) the Third Army issued further Instructions to the Cavalry Corps, in which the following paragraphs occur :—

"The situation should become clear between the time when our troops reach the Brown line and the time when they are advancing to the Green line.

Should it appear likely that cavalry can be employed with advantage, orders will be issued for the advance of the Cavalry Corps.

The telegraphic or telephonic order for this will be,
'Cavalry Advance.'

Commanders of leading cavalry brigades must know in

what way the VI Corps intends to use its corps mounted troops.

First Objective of Cavalry Corps will be the line Chérisy—Vis-en-Artois—Boiry Notre Dame, which must be reached before dark on the first day if possible.

As soon as the Cavalry Corps is relieved by infantry (of the VI or VII Corps or the 17th Division) on this front, the Cavalry is to advance to the line Cagnicourt—Dury—Etaing.

If the enemy should retreat, touch is to be maintained with him by patrols."

The position of the so-called Black, Blue, Brown and Green lines can be seen on Sketch A. The Brown, or Wancourt—Feuchy, line, was the last organized trench line; beyond it there was no obstacle to the movement of mounted troops. The Green line, about two miles further east, was an imaginary line drawn approximately north and south just beyond Monchy-le-Preux hill. It was hoped that, with zero hour at 5.30 a.m., all these lines would be captured on the first day in sufficient time for the Cavalry Corps, advancing on a two-division front astride the main Cambrai road, to push on to its first objective (two miles beyond the Green line) before darkness fell. The 17th Division was placed under Cavalry Corps for the express purpose of taking over any line reached by the mounted troops, and so enabling them to go on further; but the cavalry were not to wait for this particular division to relieve them on the first objective; they were free to hand it over to the first division that came up.

* * * * *

During the days before the attack, the routes by which the cavalry would approach our front line were reconnoitred, and special companies of dismounted men were sent on to prepare cavalry tracks, with bridges to span the trenches. These were to be wide enough to take wheels, or cavalry in sections, and were to be marked with small coloured flags. The 3rd Cavalry Division was to pass through Arras by the streets along its northern edge, emerging by the cemetery and Faubourg St.

Sauveur and proceeding thence along "Cavalry Track A" just north of the main Cambrai road; whilst the 2nd Cavalry Division was to come out on "Cavalry Track B" through Faubourg Ronville, south of the town. By the evening of 8th April, the 1st, 3rd and 2nd Cavalry Divisions were concentrated respectively in the areas Frévin-Capelle (about 7 miles north-west of Arras); Gouy-en-Artois (about 8 miles W.S.W.); and Pas (about 15 miles S.W.); Cavalry Corps Headquarters being at Duisans. The 4th Cavalry Division was further south, in the Fifth Army area, and does not come into the story.

The Third Army disposed of the VII, VI and XVII Corps from right to left, each comprising four divisions.

* * * * *

The First Day—9th April.—The infantry attack was launched at 5.30 a.m., and the Black line was taken by 6.10 a.m. according to programme. At 7.30 the advance was resumed against the Blue line, which was timed to be captured by 8.15; but owing to strong parties of the enemy on Observation Ridge and in the Railway Triangle, it was not in our possession until 12 noon. The situation was, however, considered sufficiently promising to order the cavalry up, and during the morning the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions moved to positions immediately west of Arras, the latter division halting on Arras race course, where the horses were watered and fed.

At 2.40 p.m. the infantry had so far progressed that Third Army telephoned to Cavalry Corps, "Cavalry Advance"; but it was not until about 4 p.m. that the heads of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions were able to pass through the streets of Arras and begin crossing our original front line. (The dismounted companies who had been detailed to make the cavalry tracks, had completed these through the enemy front line system by 2 p.m.)

In the meantime the 1st Cavalry Division had likewise moved forward. Originally this division had been intended for the First Army, but this had been altered, and when the battle opened it was under G.H.Q., who at 3.15 p.m. ordered it to send one brigade to the First Army. The 9th Cavalry Brigade was accord-

ingly sent, and they in their turn were asked to detail a regiment* to act with the Canadian Corps. The remainder of the 1st Cavalry Division now took its orders from Cavalry Corps, who at 4.15 telephoned it to move one brigade along the north bank of the Scarpe, as the other two divisions were advancing south of that river. The 1st Cavalry Brigade was accordingly moved up through Athies.

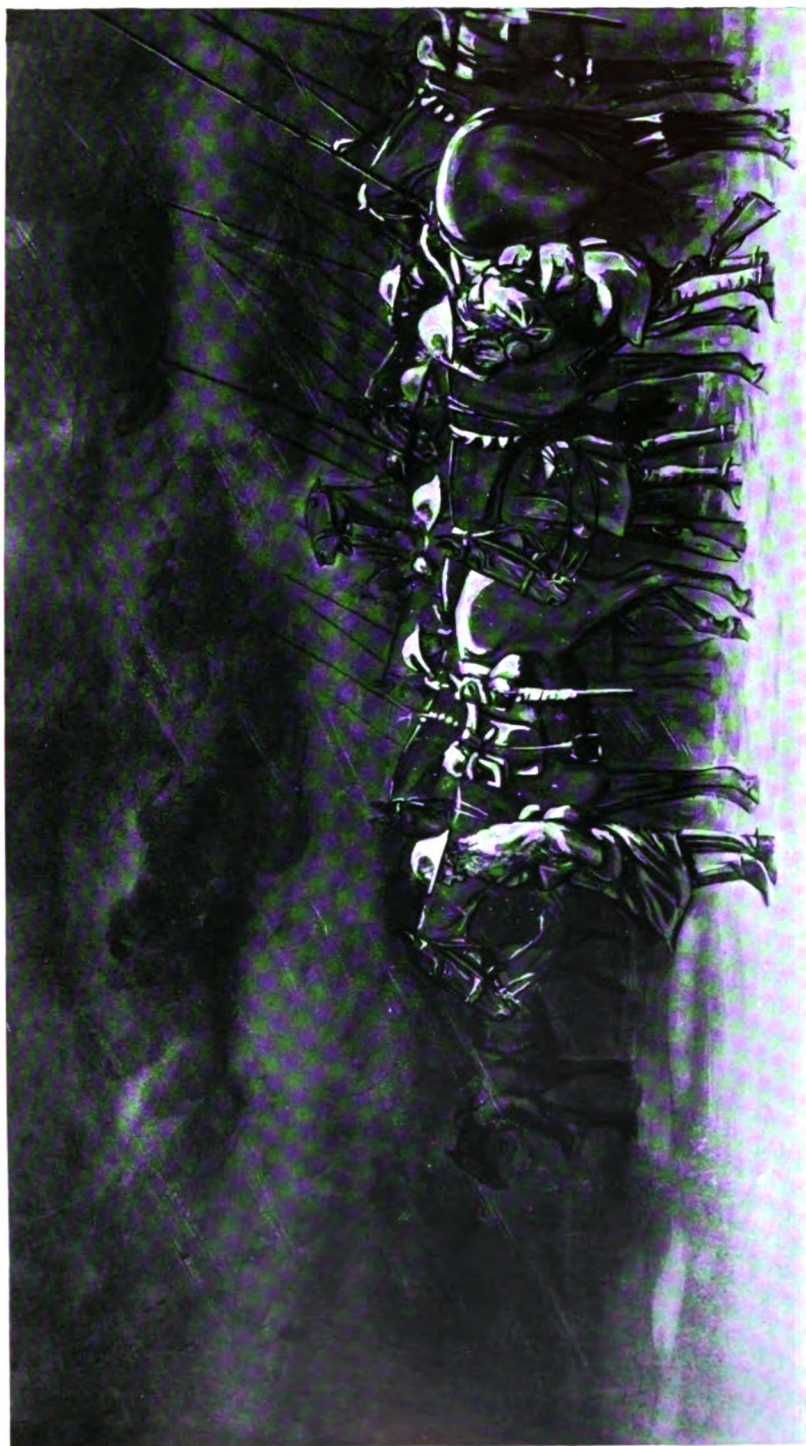
Before 5 p.m., however, it became evident that the Brown line had not yet been captured, and it was soon obvious that there would be no chance for cavalry action on this day. After a halt of several hours just east of Arras, the cavalry divisions were moved back through the town late at night and bivouacked in the fields west of it, the 3rd Cavalry Division being again on the race course.

So far the weather, although very cold for the time of year, had been fine; but in the evening of the 9th it broke, and there were heavy storms of sleet and driving snow, with a bitter wind. These conditions prevailed for many days; it would be difficult to conceive of worse weather for important operations. Besides imposing great hardships on men and horses, the snow in particular interfered with observation and movement, especially of artillery. "It would be hard to over estimate the importance of the resultant delay in bringing up our guns, at a time when the enemy had not yet been able to assemble his reserves, or to calculate the influence which a further period of fine weather might have had upon the course of the battle."†

It must be explained that the left flank of the Third Army, north of the Scarpe, had got on much further than the centre and right, and was practically on the Green line east of Fampoux by the close of the first day. South of the river, however, much of the wire in front of the German third line (the Wancourt-Feuchy line) was still uncut, this being largely due to the difficulty in getting our guns forward over the newly-captured ground. Notwithstanding this, the 37th Division made considerable progress during the night 9th-10th and gained a footing on the north-western slopes of Orange Hill.

*The 19th Hussars were sent, but were hardly used at all.

† Despatches.



By the courtesy of Major Hubert A. Lake.

CAVALRY BEFORE ARRAS, APRIL 1917

10th April.—About 10 a.m. all three cavalry divisions were again moving forward, with orders to be ready to exploit any success by the infantry, who were timed to deliver a general attack at noon. This attack completed the capture of the enemy's third line south of the Scarpe, but further attempts to advance were held up by machine gun fire from Wancourt, Guémappe, and Monchy.

At about 3 p.m. the 6th and 8th Cavalry Brigades (3rd Cavalry Division) moved forward to the Feuchy Chapel-Feuchy road, halting just west of it; here they sustained a few casualties in men and horses from shell-fire. During the afternoon snowstorms, driven by an icy wind, swept across the country at frequent intervals. Both brigades had sent on officers' patrols to gain touch with the infantry, and from the 8th Brigade two squadrons (one of 10th Hussars and one of Essex Yeomanry) managed to work along the south bank of the Scarpe almost as far as Pelves Mill. The former squadron under Capt. Gordon-Canning tried to gallop forward, but was driven back by machine-gun fire, and both squadrons withdrew in a blinding snowstorm. In their case the snow was a blessing in disguise, for it helped to hide them from the Germans, and they thus lost fewer men than they would otherwise have done. Meanwhile armoured cars tried to push down the main Arras-Cambrai road and came into action, one being ditched near Les Fosses Farm.

North of the Scarpe, the 1st Cavalry Division received orders at 4 p.m. to close up on its leading brigade (the 1st) with the object of occupying Plouvain and Greenland Hill and thus protecting the left flank of the Army south of the river; it was soon found, however, that the infantry were held up east of Fampoux which made any further cavalry advance impossible in this direction. It may be noted here, that neither the 1st nor the 2nd Cavalry Divisions made any further progress during the operations. Various patrols did excellent work under very trying conditions in their endeavour to find an opening, and a number of casualties were incurred by the leading brigades during their long period of waiting in shelled areas; but from now onwards the story is concerned only with the 6th and 8th

Brigades of the 3rd Cavalry Division in the centre, that is between the Arras-Cambrai road and the Scarpe.

As the evening of the 10th April closed in, liaison officers from these two brigades, who were forward with the infantry, kept sending in reports. Orange Hill was now in our possession, but Monchy-le-Preux was evidently still strongly held, and at 6 p.m. the 37th Division reported that the situation west of that village "was not rosy." At 6.35 p.m., at a meeting between the Third Army Commander and the Cavalry Corps Commander, it was agreed that the cavalry should make a determined effort to get Monchy that night, and that there might be an opportunity to work wide round the flanks in co-operation with the infantry. As, however, the infantry (37th Division) were held up by shell and machine-gun fire all along their front, no chance to co-operate arose.

The cavalry brigades bivouacked for the night 10th-11th in the positions shown on Sketch B. It snowed most of the night; there was no shelter of any kind, and the shell-holes and mud made the ground in such a state that the horses could not be picqueted. There was nothing hot to eat or drink, and the more forward units were intermittently shelled. The 10th Hussars in the 8th Brigade were particularly unfortunate, losing 9 men and 51 horses killed.

11th April—The Action at Monchy.—At 2.30 a.m., all units concerned were notified that the enemy was holding the line Wancourt — Guémappe — Monchy — Pelves — Mount Pleasant Wood (just west of Rœux)—Railway station I.13 central, and that this line would be attacked at 5 a.m. Should the infantry attack be successful, the 3rd Cavalry Division was to pass through at 6 a.m. and try to attain its objectives at all costs.

The plan of Major-General Vaughan, commanding this division, was to advance in the first instance to the line Bois du Vert—Keeling Copse—Pelves Mill, with the 6th Cavalry Brigade (Br.-Gen. Harman) on the right and the 8th (Br.-Gen. Bulkeley-Johnson) on the left; they were to pass south and north of Monchy respectively, and it was left to the brigadiers, who were in touch with the infantry by means of patrols and liaison

officers, to decide the actual moment for advancing. Touch was also maintained on the right with the 5th Cavalry Brigade (which however was unable to move forward), and on the left with the VI Corps cavalry, the Northamptonshire Yeomanry.

At 5 a.m. the infantry duly attacked, and for some time no news came to hand; at 5.50 a.m. the 37th Division reported that its centre brigade was held up by machine-gun fire and could not get into Monchy, and that two tanks were being sent up. At 7.10, the 8th Cavalry Brigade learnt that the 112th Infantry Brigade had entered the western outskirts of Monchy and was holding about half the village.

At 7.55 a.m., the 6th Cavalry Brigade sent the following message back:—

“112 Brigade report Monchy has fallen, also considers it safe to say La Bergère has also fallen. 3rd D.G. patrols report Monchy held by us but our troops apparently have not gained eastern edge. Heavy hostile artillery barrage 100 yards west of Monchy.”

The 8th Cavalry Brigade had received this news at the same time, and its commander immediately despatched a message to 3rd Cavalry Division which ran:—

“In consequence of information that Monchy is now taken I am sending off Tenth and Essex to try and get their objectives. They are both going south of Orange Hill as M.G. fire from the river is as bad as ever and holding up the infantry. My report centre will be south end of summit of Orange Hill.”

It was just about 8 a.m. when Br.-General Bulkeley-Johnson, having sent off this message, assembled his C.O.'s and gave them the following verbal instructions:—

“Seize the ridge Bois des Aubepines to Pelves Mill; Essex Yeomanry on right, Tenth Hussars on left. When this is achieved, proceed to first objective, namely Bois du Sart—east end of Pelves, including Hatchet and Jigsaw Woods. Dividing line between Essex and Tenth, north side of Keeling Copse—north end of Hatchet Wood—south edge of Jigsaw Wood. To each leading regiment,

two subsections machine guns. Rest of brigade to follow in the order, G. Battery R.H.A., Blues, remainder of Machine Gun Squadron."

Lieut.-Colonel Whitmore,* O.C. Essex Yeomanry, asked for half an hour in which to confer with Br.-General Harman (6th Cavalry Brigade) and with Lieut.-Colonels Burt and Hardwick, commanding respectively the 3rd Dragoon Guards and the 10th Hussars who would be on the right and left of the Essex.

* * * * *

The moment for action had come, and the leading regiments, weary of waiting and chilled after two bitterly cold days and nights in the open, responded with relief. From their starting point near the Feuchy Chapel road, nothing could be seen of the fighting; the bare slopes of Orange Hill, with a thin covering of snow, lay a thousand yards in front, and hid the country beyond from view. Very few of the leaders knew much about the situation; but with the future shrouded in uncertainty, one thing alone was beyond doubt—that if the task set them was humanly possible, these gallant cavalymen would do it.

* * * * *

The leading regiments set their advanced squadrons in motion almost exactly at 8.30 a.m. Each squadron—with a subsection of two Vickers guns attached—rode forward in line of troop columns, preceded by one troop, which in its turn threw out patrols to gallop on to local objectives. Let us first follow the fortunes of the 3rd Dragoon Guards who were directed on the high ground just south of Monchy. Colonel Burt sent off B Squadron (Capt. Holroyd-Smith), followed after a short interval by C Squadron (Major Cliff) which came up on the right. After one intermediate bound, they reached their objective, coming suddenly on a party of Germans who were digging in, in front of four guns; the enemy left the guns and fled. The squadrons were now roughly on the line La Bergère—south edge of Monchy, where very few of our infantry could be found. A certain number of casualties were suffered owing to heavy shell

*He commanded the Essex Yeomanry until April, 1918, then the 10th Hussars, and was the only Yeomanry officer to command a Regular cavalry regiment. He was Yeomanry sub-editor of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL until recently.

and machine-gun fire from the Guémappe direction, but the cavalry held the position dismounted, the led horses being sent a short distance to the rear. The remaining squadron of the 3rd D.G's. moved a little later to a point some 300 yards north-east of Les Fosses Farm.

In the meantime the 8th Cavalry Brigade had also begun its advance. The leading Essex Yeomanry squadron (Lieut. J. C. Chaplin) closely followed by the leading 10th Hussars' squadron (Capt. Gordon-Canning) moved forward over the southern end of Orange Hill; but when half-way to the enclosures north-west of Monchy they met with a severe artillery barrage and also with machine-gun fire from the north; the latter apparently came from Mount Pleasant Wood and other points across the Scarpe. Both squadrons therefore changed direction half-right and entered Monchy village at its north-western end, just as the remainder of the two regiments, each with a section from the 8th Machine Gun Squadron, was crossing the southern slopes of Orange Hill where several men and horses were hit by shell-fire. The ground, pitted with numerous shell-holes and heavy with snow and mud, slowed down the pace of the horses; on the other hand the H.E. shells partly buried themselves in the mud, and so did not burst with such damaging effect.

The movement of the two regiments into Monchy village, though no doubt unavoidable in view of the machine-gun fire from the north, meant that they were jammed into a defile, and one which being on high ground was a landmark for every German battery in the neighbourhood. The result was that it was subjected to a very severe bombardment, and the H.E. shells striking the houses and paved streets burst with more shattering effect than had been the case in the muddy fields, and inflicted terrible losses among men and horses.

In the first instance the leading Essex Yeomanry squadron, proceeding through the village, moved to the north-eastern exit along the sunken road to Pelves, whilst the 10th Hussar squadron moved to the northern outskirts. On emerging into the open however, both squadrons were held up by heavy machine-gun

fire, and from that moment any idea of a mounted advance was definitely at an end.

Hotchkiss rifles from both regiments, and Vickers guns from the Machine Gun Squadron, were quickly brought up and distributed in positions covering all approaches to Monchy from the east and north, and the now dismounted cavalymen set themselves to secure the ground they had won. At first there appeared to be no infantry in the village, but small parties belonging to the 111th and 112th Brigades were later discovered in cellars, thoroughly exhausted.

Soon after arriving in Monchy, Lieut.-Col. P. E. Hardwick, commanding the 10th Hussars, was severely wounded (as also was his adjutant, Capt. V. J. Greenwood, later) and Lieut.-Col. Whitmore then took charge of all the troops in the defences.

Br.-General Bulkeley-Johnson, some twenty minutes after his leading regiments had started their advance, rode forward with his brigade major and Machine Gun Squadron commander to make a personal reconnaissance. Coming under machine-gun fire, the party dismounted, handed over their horses, and went a short distance further on foot. On reaching a point some 500 yards north-west of Monchy, however, the Brigadier was killed, the command of the brigade devolving on Lieut.-Col. Lord Tweedmouth, Royal Horse Guards; this was about 9 a.m.

It was some time before any definite information got back to brigade and divisional headquarters. An aeroplane dropped a situation map near 3rd Cavalry Division H.Q., at 9 a.m., showing our troops in possession of Guémappe and about 600 yards east of Monchy: this was quite incorrect. Another airman, who made a forced landing about 11 a.m., reported that the Germans were digging in on the line St. Rohart Factory—Keeling Copse—Pelves, and this was confirmed as regards the southern part by patrols of the 3rd D.G.'s.

Orders were accordingly issued that the 6th and 8th Brigades were to make no further advance until the hostile artillery behind the Bois du Vert and du Sart had been dealt with; to hold the line mainly with machine-guns and automatic rifles; and to withdraw the bulk of the men and horses to the rear. It

was some time, however, before this order reached the front line, and similarly it was very difficult to get messages back from there, owing to the heavy barrage put down west of Monchy by the enemy guns. Colonel Whitmore had sent various messages, the fourth of which, timed 11.10 a.m., ran as follows :—

“ Have sent several messages conveying all information of E.Y. and X.R.H. What remains of those regiments are holding on to the north-east, east and southern exits of the village. Require both M.Gs. and ammunition. Am afraid we have had many casualties. Counter-attack expected. Colonel Hardwick and several officers wounded. Reinforcements required as reserve. Majority horses casualties.”

Another despatched at 11.45 read :—

“ We are badly in need of reinforcements and machine guns. Artillery barrage from 0.2 a. I.9 to 0.2 central would be useful.”

Shortly before noon an attempt was made to send up the Blues with the remaining four guns of the 8th M.G. Squadron, but the moment they appeared on Orange Hill, they were heavily shelled and compelled to withdraw at a gallop after sustaining several casualties; two machine-gun pack horses were hit and in spite of efforts to recover the guns, both were lost in the snow and mud. Seen from Orange Hill, Monchy village looked like a smoking furnace, and it seemed incredible that anything could be alive in it. Later, about 2 p.m., one Blues' squadron under Major the Earl of Pembroke, with one subsection of machine-guns, again tried to get into Monchy; this time the machine-gunners succeeded in reaching the village, but the Blues had to withdraw. As things turned out, it was just as well that no more troops got into Monchy; it would probably have meant many more casualties, and the survivors of the 10th Hussars, Essex Yeomanry, 8th M.G. Squadron and infantry were able, by grim determination, to hold their ground. On more than one occasion the enemy was seen to be massing in the small woods to the east, but our guns were fortunately directed upon them and no counter-attack materialised.

Reverting to the 6th Brigade on the right, Br.-General Harman found it necessary, about 2.30 p.m., to send up one squadron of North Somerset Yeomanry (Major West) with four machine-guns, to help the 3rd D.G's., as a body of the enemy were advancing towards La Bergère.

Valuable help was given throughout the day by C and G Batteries R.H.A., though their observation was much hampered by the heavy snowstorms; the latter battery had one gun and its team knocked out by a direct hit.

It was found very difficult to remove the surviving led horses in Monchy, owing to the streets being so blocked with wounded and dead ones. Many badly wounded horses had had to be shot by an Essex Yeomanry officer who was specially detailed for that purpose.

Early in the afternoon, as it had become clear that there was no more chance for cavalry action, arrangements were put in hand to relieve them by infantry. Orders to the 2nd Cavalry Division to withdraw west of Arras were issued at 2.55 p.m., whilst in the 3rd Cavalry Division the 7th Brigade (which had not been engaged) was moved back at 5 p.m. It was not till midnight that the 37th Infantry Brigade (12th Division) took over the defences of Monchy, and even then about 50 men of the 10th Hussars, under Capt. Palmes, had to be left until the following night. The village, which had been practically intact when the 8th Cavalry Brigade entered it on the morning of the 11th, was reduced to ruins by the evening. The ordeal through which the garrison had passed was made worse by lack of water. Several men collected snow and melted it to make tea, and horses could be seen licking snow off one another's backs.

During the night 11th-12th—another night of bitter cold—the various units of the 6th and 8th Brigades made their way back independently to Arras race course.

Medical Arrangements.—Although the work of the regimental medical officers was beyond all praise (especially that of Captains Wood and Stork, M.O's. of the 10th Hussars and Essex Yeomanry, who were in Monchy throughout the 11th April) there were serious hitches in connection with the Field

Ambulances, which resulted in a large number of wounded being left in Monchy when the 3rd Cavalry Division handed over to the infantry.* It must be explained that a Cavalry Field Ambulance was divided into heavy and light sections, the duty of the latter being to establish an advanced dressing station as far forward as possible during an action, but in a sufficiently safe place to admit of horse ambulances coming up to it. The procedure was that a wounded man, after being given, as it were, "First Aid" at his regimental aid post, was taken back to the advanced dressing station, where further attention was given, and whence he was passed back to the rear by horse ambulance as quickly as possible.

About two months before the Arras operations, it was decided to equip Cavalry Field Ambulances with "pack mounted sections" which, it was thought, would be able to get further forward in cavalry fighting than the horse ambulances could. These pack mounted sections had as a rule 2 officers, about 6 orderlies, and 2 pack-horses, one carrying a bundle of light jointed stretchers and the other petrol tins full of water, in panniers. Unfortunately on 11th April the pack sections proved a failure. There were too few orderlies; a stretcher could not be taken off the pack horse without undoing the whole bundle, which was difficult to fasten up again quickly; the poles of the jointed stretchers would not fit into the canvas when the latter got wet; the petrol tins broke through the boxes they were carried in; different parts of stretchers were on two pack-horses, which were not together when wanted. In the 8th C.F.A. section, 3 horses were killed and 2 wounded, rendering the section immobile.

Apart from the question of equipment, there was "a lack of touch between the A.D.M.S. and the divisional advanced report centre, and between the A.D.M.S. and the light sections C.F.A.†" This meant that the principal medical officer of the division was not kept posted as to the progress of the battle, or the orders which were issued.

*This incident is fully dealt with in "Official History of the War, Medical Services, General History, Vol. III."

†Official Medical History.

The 37th Division established an advanced dressing station near Feuchy Chapel, and 18 light ambulance wagons went there at 1.30 p.m. (11th April); this seems to have been the furthest point to which wagons managed to get. The A.D.M.S. 3rd Cavalry Division ordered an advanced dressing station to be formed at Les Fosses Farm, but for some reason this was not done; the 6th and 8th C.F.A's. could not establish one any further forward than the Bois des Bœufs, or about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in rear of Monchy; this was formed about 2.30 p.m. Two hours later the A.D.M.S. met the officers commanding the 6th and 8th C.F.A's. with their pack mounted sections, but neither told him they wanted any extra help. What followed is not clear, but the A.D.M.S.'s. diary records that the light sections of the C.F.A's. were withdrawn west of Arras at 9 p.m., although as we have already seen, the cavalry in Monchy were not relieved until midnight and a number of wounded were still in the cellars and dug-outs.

When this state of affairs was discovered, the D.A.D.M.S. of the Cavalry Corps went himself with a stretcher party to Monchy, bringing back Colonel Hardwick and 30 more wounded men during the night 12th-13th. About 40 had to be left till the following night, when they were taken out by a dismounted party from the 6th Cavalry Brigade.

Retrospect.—On the morning of the 11th April the infantry on the La Bergère-Monchy position were in no condition to meet a hostile counter-attack if one had been launched, so it is very probable that the arrival of the 6th and 8th Cavalry Brigades prevented this ground from being retaken by the Germans. This may be held to justify the losses incurred; but the view was expressed afterwards that the situation was not one for cavalry, that the attempt to send them through a gap against such opposition was bound to fail, and that it should not have been made. Looking back, however, it is suggested that such a criticism was not reasonable, and that neither more nor less could have been done than was done. It has to be remembered that in the offensives of 1915 and 1916 the cavalry (through no fault of their own) had had no chance of a break-through; this made it essen-

tial that if and when such a chance did come, the fullest advantage of it must be taken. The infantry and other arms must never be able to say that the cavalry were unwilling to take risks.

Here at Arras the Third Army commander—himself a cavalryman—had surely every reason for desiring the mounted troops to make a determined effort. A wide breach had been driven through all the enemy's organized trench lines;* except for the very incomplete Drocourt-Quéant line some 8 or 9 miles ahead, there was no obstacle to the movement of large bodies of cavalry. As it happened, they were stopped by the severity of the enemy's fire, but this could not be known beforehand; the only way to test the strength of the opposition was to advance against it, and moreover to do so in sufficient force to brush it aside if it proved to be slight. In the case of the 3rd Cavalry Division, there was surely no alternative but to make the attempt; and after all, the casualties, though regrettable, were proportionately no higher than in many infantry attacks; out of 45 regiments in the Cavalry Corps, only three suffered at all severely.†

A more interesting question, though one more difficult to answer, is, if the weather had been fine, could the Cavalry Corps have carried out the mission originally assigned to it? We have seen how, in the C.-in-C.'s opinion, the delay in moving the guns forward on the afternoon of the 9th April, due to the snow and mud, had a far-reaching effect on the fighting which followed. Had our artillery been able to cut the wire of the Wancourt-Feuchy line earlier, it is very probable that the infantry would have secured the Monchy position, if not on the 9th, at any rate on the 10th. In that case the enemy would have had less time to bring up reserves, and the cavalry advance might not have been held up, as it was on April 11th when all surprise effect was gone.

*Ludendorff in his Memoirs says: "April 10th and the succeeding days were critical days. A breach 12,000 to 15,000 yards wide, and as much as 6,000 yards or more in depth is not a thing to be mended without more ado."

†See Appendix 3.

Another effect of the weather on the cavalry which cannot be overlooked, was that the heavy "going" prevented the leading squadrons from really galloping when they came under fire. It was proved several times in the war that cavalry suffered comparatively little from machine-gun fire so long as the pace was fast. Had there been normal April weather and dry ground during these operations, it is quite possible that (with no wire or trenches to stop them) the open fields north and south of Monchy could have been crossed by the cavalry at full gallop without excessive casualties, in which case the Bois du Sart and other small woods would have been captured before the Germans had time to dig in.

To sum up, therefore, it is suggested that given better weather conditions, the Cavalry Corps might well have succeeded in the task which was set for it, though it is not possible to estimate what the full effects would have been.

* * * * *

On 15th April, Brig.-General Bulkeley-Johnson was buried at Gouy-en-Artois with military honours,* trumpeters being sent from his old regiment, the Royal Scots Greys; it was a pouring wet afternoon. He had commanded the 8th Cavalry Brigade since its formation in November, 1914, and possessed the complete confidence and affection of all ranks, who now felt that they had lost a real friend as well as a brigadier. Many still recall, as a proud memory, the time when they were privileged to serve under such an inspiring leader.

* * * * *

Lance-Corporal Harold Mugford of the 8th Machine Gun Squadron (formerly Essex Yeomanry) was firing his Vickers gun in Monchy on the morning of 11th April, when he was wounded in the jaw by a fragment of shell, but continued to fire until another shell broke both his legs. His companions started to carry him to the rear, but he urged them to leave him and attend to the gun. Later when lying outside the dressing

*Lieut. Hon. G. S. Dawson-Damer, 10th Hussars, was buried at the same time.

station, he was again wounded in the arm. By some mistake—partly owing to the fact that both his section officer and sergeant were wounded—he was reported as missing or killed, and it was not until the summer that his squadron learnt by chance that he was in hospital in England, both his legs having been amputated. He was then recommended for the D.C.M., but was ultimately awarded the V.C. He is still alive, and attended the Prince of Wales's dinner to V.C.'s in 1929.

* * * * *

The following extract from the war diary of the 4th Machine Gun Squadron (2nd Cavalry Division) gives some idea of the weather and its effect on the horses :—

“Twelve horses died during night 11th-12th from exposure and exhaustion. There was a regular blizzard all night, and our lines were in a somewhat exposed position, which was unavoidable. The horses seemed just to drop and become unable to get up again. Some few of them we were able to get up, and if one could get them on the move in time they seemed to come round. We eventually turned the majority of the poorer-conditioned ones loose, and let them move about as they liked, and I believe had this been done sooner, in spite of the risk of losing horses, that the casualties would have been reduced.

A really good feed, which was not available, would also have been a great help to the horses in withstanding the really awful weather conditions.”

Apropos of horses, the writer of this article had as chargers during these operations two of his own hunters, bred at home from the same mare. These horses, a mare and a gelding, stood the weather remarkably well, and indeed scarcely lost any condition. They got through the whole war and were then repurchased from the Army; the mare bred four foals and lived to the age of 23, when her health failed and she had to be destroyed. Such a record of service with the same owner is surely very unusual.

Appendix 1

CAVALRY CORPS ORDER OF BATTLE, 9TH APRIL, 1917

CAVALRY CORPS .. Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. T. McM. Kavanagh,
K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.

1ST CAVALRY DIVISION: Major-Gen. R. L. Mullens, C.B.

1st Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. E. Makins, C.B., D.S.O.
Queen's Bays. 5th Dragoon Guards. 11th Hussars.

2nd Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. D. J. E. Beale-Browne,
D.S.O.

4th Dragoon Guards. 9th Lancers. 18th Hussars.

9th Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. D'A. Legard, C.M.G.,
D.S.O.

15th Hussars. 19th Hussars. Bedfordshire Yeomanry.

2ND CAVALRY DIVISION: Major-Gen. W. H. Greenly, C.M.G.,
D.S.O.

3rd Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. J. A. Bell Smyth, C.M.G.
4th Hussars. 5th Lancers. 16th Lancers.

4th Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. T. T. Pitman, C.B.
Carabiniers. 3rd Hussars. Oxfordshire Hussars.

5th Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. C. L. K. Campbell, C.M.G.
Royal Scots Greys. 12th Lancers. 20th Hussars.

3RD CAVALRY DIVISION: Major-Gen. J. Vaughan, C.B.,
D.S.O.

6th Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. A. E. W. Harman, D.S.O.
3rd Dragoon Guards. 1st Royal Dragoons. North
Somerset Yeomanry.

7th Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. B. P. Portal, C.B., D.S.O.
1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards. Leicestershire
Yeomanry.

8th Cavalry Brigade: Brig.-Gen. C. B. Bulkeley-Johnson,
A.D.C.
Royal Horse Guards. 10th Royal Hussars. Essex
Yeomanry.

Note.—Each brigade also contained a Machine Gun Squadron (twelve Vickers guns) and a battery R.H.A. (six 13-pdrs.).

The 4th Cavalry Division (Lucknow, Sialkot and Mhow Brigades) and the 5th Cavalry Division (Secunderabad, Ambala and Canadian Brigades) were not at the Arras battle.

Appendix 2

ORDER OF BATTLE OF
6TH AND 8TH CAVALRY BRIGADES, 9TH APRIL, 1917**6TH CAVALRY BRIGADE :**

G.O.C... .. Brig.-Gen. A. E. W. Harman, D.S.O.
Bde. Major .. Capt. S. G. Howes, 21st Lancers.
Staff Captain.. Capt. J. Blakiston-Houston, 11th Hussars.
3rd Dragoon Guards (Lieut.-Col. A. Burt).
1st Royal Dragoons (Lieut.-Col. F. W. Wormald, D.S.O.).
North Somerset Yeomanry (Lieut.-Col. G. H. A. Ing, D.S.O.).
6th Machine Gun Squadron (Major F. King).
" C " Battery, R.H.A. (Major Hon. H. R. Scarlett).

8TH CAVALRY BRIGADE :

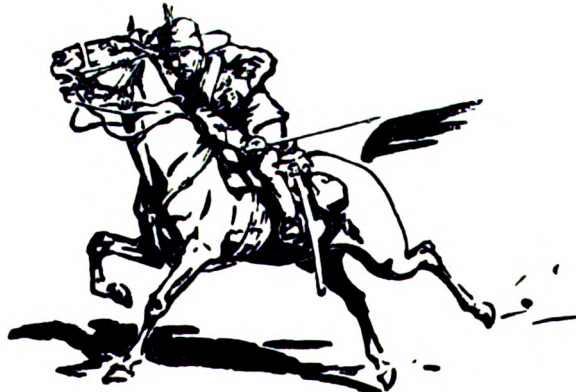
G.O.C... .. Brig.-Gen. C. B. Bulkeley-Johnson, A.D.C.
Bde. Major .. Capt. S. J. Hardy, Royal Scots Greys.
Staff Captain.. Capt. F. Stapleton Bretherton, Duke of
Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.
Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) (Lieut.-Col. Lord Tweed-
mouth, C.M.G., M.V.O., D.S.O.).
10th Royal Hussars (Lieut.-Col. P. E. Hardwick, D.S.O.).
Essex Yeomanry (Lieut.-Col. F. H. D. C. Whitmore, D.S.O.).
8th Machine Gun Squadron (Capt. C. Kerr).
" G " Battery, R.H.A. (Major G. Young, D.S.O.).

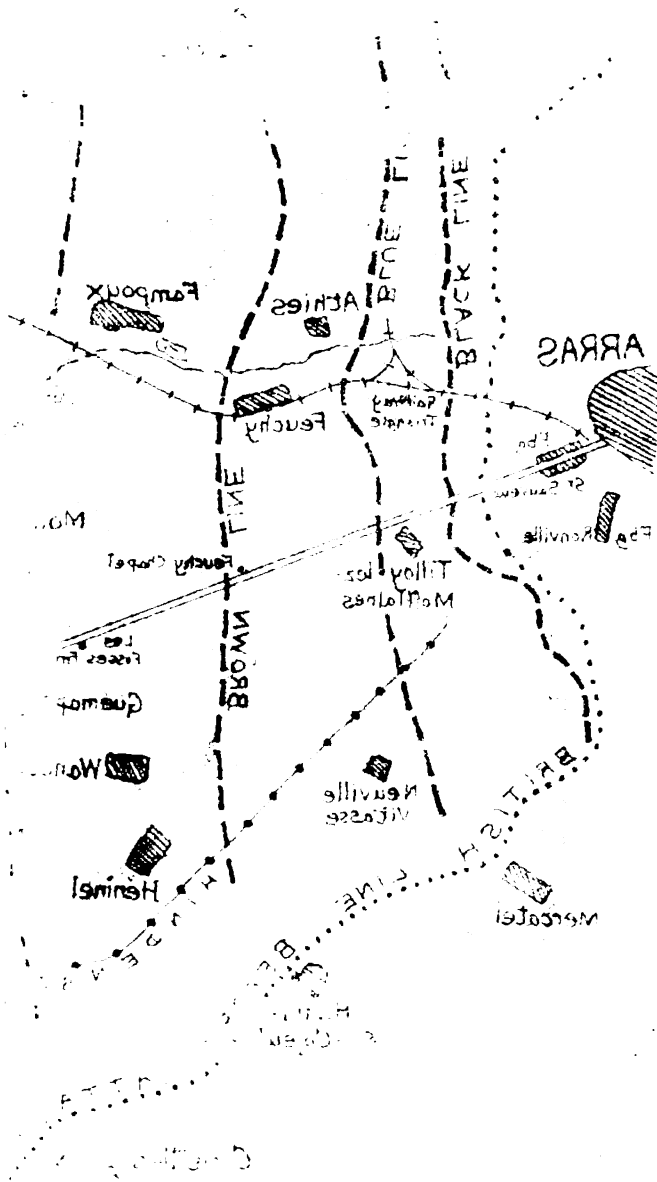
Appendix 3

BATTLE CASUALTIES OF 6TH AND 8TH CAVALRY BRIGADES,
APRIL 9-11, 1917

	<i>Officers</i>			<i>Other Ranks</i>		
	<i>K.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>M.</i>	<i>K.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>M.</i>
6TH CAVALRY BRIGADE:						
Bde. Headquarters ..	—	—	—	—	3	—
3rd Dragoon Guards..	1	2	—	18	75	3
1st Royal Dragoons ..	—	1	—	2	28	—
North Somerset Yeomanry	—	3	—	5	17	—
6th M.G. Squadron ..	—	2	—	3	4	—
"C" Battery, R.H.A.	—	—	—	3	16	—
8TH CAVALRY BRIGADE:						
Bde. Headquarters ..	1	—	—	—	2	—
Royal Horse Guards..	1	3	—	—	17	4
10th Royal Hussars ..	2	7	—	25	150	5
Essex Yeomanry ..	1	12	—	18	94	10
8th M.G. Squadron ..	—	3	—	8	28	2
"G" Battery, R.H.A.	—	2	—	3	14	—
	6	35	—	85	448	24

Note.—The horse casualties are not known in detail, but the 3rd Dragoon Guards had 190 killed, whilst the 10th Hussars and Essex Yeomanry lost about 500 between them and the 8th M.G. Squadron 97.





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"FEARLESS AND STAINLESS"

By CAPTAIN E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C.,
Royal Tank Corps.

It is probable that if the average educated man were asked to select one single historical character as typical of the spirit of knightly chivalry, the name that would most readily occur to him would be that of the Chevalier Bayard. Bayard's reputation as the personification of all the chivalric virtues stands so high as to have become proverbial; and the fuller our knowledge of his life and deeds the better is this fame seen to have been merited. Yet he lived at a time when the high season of chivalry had long passed into an autumnal decline, and his career gleams out like the brief glory of a St. Martin's summer before the chill blast of winter came to blow knight-hood all away.

Perhaps this very fact of the solitariness and splendour of his life amid a *milieu* that was so far other has done no little to preserve his fame for posterity. But an even more potent reason for the survival of his name is to be found in a singular piece of good fortune that befell him in life, but of which till the day of his death he remained, we must suppose, in ignorance. Among his personal retinue there was numbered a biographer of genius; and Dr. Johnson's fame owed no more to Boswell than Bayard's to Jacques de Mailles, sometime archer in his company and later his secretary, who served with him for over fifteen years, and three years after his death published the story of his great character and deeds to the world. "The very Joyous, Pleafant and Refrefhing HISTORY of the

Feats, Exploits, Triumphs and Achievements of the Good Knight without Fear and without Reproach the gentle Lord DE BAYARD," so runs the title page of the book in the English translation which lies open before me as I write; and never did biographer better than de Mailles deserve of his master and subject the title of the Loyal Servitor, under which pseudonym he concealed his identity. The book is from the literary point of view a work of consummate art; from the historical standpoint it leaves more to be desired; much of it, especially the earlier portion, is pure fiction, and as a whole it can hardly be regarded as anything more than an idealistic portrait. Yet it brings Bayard to life for us again, as he moved and spoke and breathed; and it must be, for better or worse, the foundation for any subsequent picture of him, such as the one we are here about to essay.

Pierre Terail, Seigneur de Bayard, was born near Grenoble in Dauphiné, some time in 1476; the exact date is unknown. He died on April 30, 1524, as the result of a wound received in battle a few hours before. Up to 1491 he was in the household of Duke Charles of Savoy, but at the age of fifteen passed to the service of the King of France, in which he remained till the date of his death.

Except for two short interludes in Navarre and on the northern frontier of France, all his active service was done in Italy, where from 1494 to the date of his death and after it, French arms were almost continually engaged. Though they penetrated on occasions as far south as Naples, where Bayard saw his first fight, and as far east as the frontier of the Venetian Republic, their main scene of activity was around Lombardy, which they more than once held and as often lost, and which in the end they were unable to retain. The various belligerents changed sides with bewildering frequency; France and Spain were almost invariably in opposition; but the other great powers, the Pope, the Venetian republic, and the Emperor of Germany, as well as their satellites, the petty princes and city states of Italy, fought now on one side, now on the other, as seemed best for their immediate interests, until

finally after Bayard's death Charles V of Spain got himself elected Emperor of Germany, rallied the weaker powers to his side, and once for all expelled the French from Italy. The fruits of all the campaigns in which Bayard took part, therefore, were transitory; it is not in the fact that his name is indissolubly connected with any great national conquest that the reason for his fame is to be found. Moreover, though he played a part, and a gallant part, on more than one battle-field, at Fornovo, Ravenna and Marignano, none of these were great, much less decisive victories, nor did he ever hold a major command in any of them. Yet his name has survived to become famous, while those of his sovereigns, Charles VIII, Louis XII and Francis I, and of the greatest military commanders of the time on either side, Gaston de Foix and Gonsalvo of Cordova, are familiar only to students of the period.

What is the reason of this enduring fame? It is to be found simply in the fact that Bayard was in truth what the Loyal Servitor, his biographer, so happily and memorably termed him "a knight fearless and stainless," "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

Let us, therefore, instead of retracing in detail the career of this flower of chivalry, devote a few pages to outlining his character, both as man and as soldier.

First of all let us describe his personal appearance. Tall, lean, with dark hair cropped across head and neck, large rather prominent eyes, wrinkled at the corners, long somewhat aquiline nose, wide straight mouth, strong chin, and a pale complexion—such would have been the man who would have met our eyes could we have seen him in the flesh. A keen, frank, soldierly fellow, one would esteem him, not by any means handsome, but certainly attractive and likeable. And such a closer acquaintance with his character would show him to be.

One possible misconception of that character we may dispose of forthwith; when the devoted de Mailles claims that his hero was without stain, we must bear in mind that he was judging by the standards of the time—and that time the murky sunset of the pious Middle Ages, and the flaming dawn of the colourful pagan Renaissance. That day esteemed sexual

morality but lightly, and thought little of irregular relationship between man and maid. In this respect, as de Mailles naively puts it : " the good knight you must understand was not a saint." He never married; but somewhere about 1500, on one of his expeditions about Como, he met a girl, Barbara dei Trechi, by whom in due course he had a daughter. But these times had at least this advantage over ours in this matter, that children were not made to suffer in person and reputation for their parent's sins. Bastards bore in all honour the names and arms of the noble families from which they had sprung, though under the bend sinister; and these families saw to it that they neither starved nor were condemned. So little Jeanne de Bayard, when she came of an age to journey, was sent home to Dauphiné to the charge of her father's sister, grew up, inherited a great dowry at Bayard's death, and married a great nobleman of the neighbourhood, with all her aunts and uncles in attendance. No trace of any stigma on the score of her illegitimacy appears ever to have attached to her pretty innocence.

But if the chivalrous precepts as regards chastity sat none too heavily on Bayard, as on many another gallant knight, there are pleasant and creditable tales told of his relations with the ladies. On one occasion after a banquet at Grenoble he returned to his quarters to find that his servant had brought him for company a pretty young woman of fifteen. She was frightened and tearful, and explained in reply to his questions that her mother by reason of their poverty and hunger had persuaded her to offer herself to him for pay. He took her tenderly by the hand, placed her in safe keeping for the night in the house of a relation, and next morning, sending for the mother, and learning from her that only the girl's lack of a dowry prevented her marriage with a worthy neighbour, handed over six hundred crowns—no small sum even for a rich man, which Bayard never was—and himself saw to the wedding. On another occasion, during the storming of Brescia by the French, he was severely wounded and borne to the house of a rich man who had a wife and two fair daughters of marriageable age.

All the city around was being sacked, and no man's life and no woman's honour was safe; but despite the pain of what at the time appeared a mortal wound, Bayard's first thought was to re-assure his trembling hosts and take measures to secure their safety from molestation. When he had recovered and was about to depart, the lady of the house, hoping to avoid the confiscation of all her goods, which by the laws of war in force at the time were his by right to seize if he would, offered him a present of 2,500 ducats. He refused to take it at first, saying that it was he who was already in her debt for the good cheer he had enjoyed and the attentions that had been shown him; but on being pressed, he accepted it, and sending for the two daughters gave them a thousand pieces each as a wedding present, and handed back the remainder to their mother to be apportioned among the poor religious houses which had been pillaged in the sack of the city.

So much for his relations with the fair sex. To his own he was no less acceptable or admirable. He was apt, indeed distinguished, in all those accomplishments then considered indispensable for a man of his rank. He was a natural athlete, and shone at all the sports practised at that day—jumping, wrestling, and throwing the bars. As a horseman he was pre-eminent even in an age when every man rode perforce, and the majority well. The earliest stories of his youth show him commending himself to the notice of his elders by reason of his expert handling of difficult mounts. Such a sportsman—in the best sense of the modern term—was certain to achieve popularity among his comrades, if his prowess were not marred by undue pride in it; and Bayard was the most unassuming and modest of men, never singing his own praises or presuming beyond what was becoming in him.

This must not be misunderstood to mean that he was deficient in the nice sense of personal dignity and honour that was then a necessary ingredient in the make-up of every gentleman. On the contrary, he was quick to resent a real affront and to demand the satisfaction allowed for by the code of the day. One of the most picturesque episodes in his life was his duel to the

death with Don Alonso de Soto Mayor, who, after having been captured in battle and giving his parole, endeavoured to escape, and alleged as his excuse for this unknightly conduct that he had been ill-treated by Bayard during his captivity. Such an accusation against his honour the true knight could only wipe out by the blood of the accuser, and this Bayard did. But, like many another chivalrous figure of his own and previous times, he was always ready to engage in a tournament arranged for no more serious purpose than good sport and the honour of arms. One of his earliest acts on joining his first company of men-at-arms at Aire was to hold a tournament on a lavish scale, which, with his scanty resources, he could ill-afford. Foolish prodigality, one may say; but Bayard's high spirit, if it loved honour, cared nothing for money, as many an act of his life showed; and he was never known to count the pecuniary cost of a generous action. Moreover a tournament delighted him for its own sake; he was an excellent jousting, and most of us enjoy what we can do well. De Mailles tells us that in his first tournament, as a mere stripling, he was the admired of all beholders; and later in his career, in a day-long combat of eleven French against eleven Spanish knights, arranged in an interval of truce, he and one comrade, after all the remainder of his team had been dismounted early in the day, held the field skilfully and tenaciously until nightfall.

As a final touch to this picture of Bayard's personal character, we must add that he was truly religious. His was not the faith of the zealot, still less of the theologian; it found no expression in works of devotion or acts of ostentatious piety; it was a living motive of all his being and of his every action. Soldier though he was, he had a feeling and kindly heart; poverty, unhappiness, distress made an instant appeal to his charity, and he never failed to relieve it as and when he could. Cruelty revolted him; when he heard of the barbarous way in which certain ruffians under his command had done to death a band of unarmed and helpless citizens after the storm of Legnago, he flew into a black rage, sought out the ring-leaders, and hanged them out of hand. Throughout the whole of his life

and even at the hour of his death, he held ever before his eyes the first precept of the law of chivalry—to honour God and serve true religion.

So much for Bayard the man. What of Bayard the soldier?

The art of war in his day was in a curious state of transition. The days of mediæval warfare, when the mailed horseman was the queen of the battlefield, had begun to pass with the advent of trained and disciplined infantry fit to stand up to and repel his ponderous onslaught; and the introduction of fire-arms, primitive and unreliable though these were as yet, portended his entire disappearance from the scene of war. But that day was as yet far distant; in prestige and to a great extent in actual power, the man-at-arms was still the predominant figure; the rest, archers, pikemen, hackbutters, artillery, mere auxiliaries. The hackbutmen, the earliest musketeers, were in fact so contemned, that it was no unusual thing for quarter to be refused them and for them to be put to death when captured; yet so formidable were they reckoned that it was considered no slur on the courage of a knight if he refused to expose himself to their fire; and Bayard once gained high renown at Brescia by volunteering to lead the assaulting party up the breach which was swept by their musketry. In the open field, however, the burden of the fighting and the bulk of whatever fame was to be gained by it fell without dispute to the heavily armoured knights; and it was by his prowess in knightly qualities that Bayard as a soldier must chiefly be judged.

In these he was indeed without rival; and time and again they won for him a distinction glorious enough yet not in all respects enviable—that of being selected for the most dangerous and thankless post—the command of a rearguard. He himself as he showed in one of his most picturesque feats, the holding of the Garigliano bridge against overwhelming hostile numbers, was capable, with a handful of men or even alone, of keeping a pursuing army at bay; few men could stand against his lance and sword, and the prestige of his skill at arms was itself an asset of great value in imposing caution on a too venturesome

enemy. In a pitched battle or in an assault on a breach he was a tower of strength to his side, a match for any foe and any number of foes in management of horse and arms. But there have lived gallant warriors since, as well as before Agamemnon, and Bayard's fame would not have been kept alive by this alone. He was also a great leader of men.

Perhaps his greatest feat of leadership was his defence of Mézières against the attack of the overwhelming forces of the Emperor, who besieged it by surprise while the armies of France were still unready for its defence. Bayard, with a handful of men of indifferent spirit and quality, faced by a hostile force of 30,000 equipped for the siege, for a whole month stood a sustained and destructive bombardment, held his men to the walls despite the ravages of sickness and a panic rout which robbed him of half his garrison, and left him but 1,500 men in hand; bluffed the enemy by a skilful use of spies and captured letters into cancelling an assault which must have given them the fortress; and finally handed over his charge intact to the relieving force, before the threat of whose coming the besiegers retired disheartened.

In the open field also he showed no less ability as a leader. The brilliant little partisan exploit at Mirandola, which almost gave him possession of the sacred person of the Pope, was an admirably conceived and executed affair, robbed of complete success only by the ill-fortune of an untimely snow-storm. His cunning turning of the tables on the Venetian captain Monfrone and his capture of the Spanish treasurer were other examples of his resourcefulness and energy, and show him to have been possessed in a high degree of the qualities which go to make up a great partisan leader.

Of his calibre as a higher commander we are left without opportunity of judging. That, placed in charge of great armies, he would have rivalled the fame of Gaston de Foix or Gonsalvo of Cordova, the Great Captain, may be doubted. In his last campaign, when in charge for the first time of an important fraction of the army in the field, he was disastrously surprised at Robecco and his command driven in rout; it is

true that he was sick at the time and that his powers at the age of forty-eight were clearly on the decline. But as a subordinate leader he was pre-eminent, and his value was enhanced by his great wisdom in council and the happiness of his relations alike with his superiors and with his equals. Sage, prudent and far-seeing, he savoured the good meat of his advice with the priceless salt of humour and good fellowship, and men listened to him the more readily for his wit and his laughter. As for his men, whom he strove to keep fit and happy in times of idleness by the organization of games and exercises, for whom he had always a ready ear, a jest, and a smile; to whom he was ever a tower of strength and a shining example, whose perils and privations he always shared and laughed at—for them he was without peer as well as without fear or stain. And not only of them may this be said: No honour however high, no rank or wealth could ever have come nearer his heart than the demand made by his King Francis I on the field of Marignano that Bayard should bestow knighthood upon him. "None shall grudge it him," averred the King, "for none have had his fortunes of sharing in so many battles, assaults and encounters, mounted and on foot, and giving such proofs of valour, experience and skill." Only one thing was wanting to complete the sum of honour; and that too Bayard was fortunate enough to earn—the esteem of his enemies. Ludovic Sforza, lord of Milan, so admired his frank and sturdy demeanour when he was brought before him a prisoner that he set him free on the spot. The Emperor Maximilian and King Henry VIII of England, into whose hands he fell after doing his best to retrieve the smirched honour of French arms at the luckless battle of the Spurs, also openly expressed to him their admiration of his gallantry and acknowledged his high reputation. Many a warrior of Spain and Venice did him equal honour when they met him face to face in times of truce or parley. And when at last he lay mortally wounded, it was enemy officers who came to pay him the last courtesies, and an enemy guard that was honourably set around his death-bed. All knew and recognized him as the knight peerless of his age.

Such was Bayard, the last and finest flower of chivalry, the knight without fear and without reproach. He was buried in Grenoble and pious hands carved on his tomb the words :—

“Religion, Kindness, Justice, Love,
Are with thee, noble Bayard, in this grave.”

But the site of the tomb, like that of many another dead hero, has been obscured by the passing of time, and there is now no certainty that the traditional grave is in reality his. So the poet spoke more truth than he knew when he wrote : “Ah, no, the dust that lies here is not the whole of Bayard and his laurels. He lives everywhere; for brave warriors the world is their tomb, and Heaven their resting place.” A fairer and better and more enduring memorial than any words graven on marble is to be found in the concluding sentences of the Loyal Servitor :—

“He loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed, and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him, being fully persuaded that by Him and His infinite goodness all things are ordered, nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himself to Him in prayer. He loved his neighbour as himself and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great alms-giver and gave his alms in secret; he succoured widows in distress, and during his life had given in marriage poor orphan girls, gentlefolk and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth two or three hundred crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself. So graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer and never swerved from speaking truth were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war none excelled him. In conduct he was a Fabius Maximus, in enterprise a Coriolanus, and in courage and magnanimity a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy, gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities

marked him for a perfect soldier; he was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence and a wolf in retreat. In short it would take a good orator his life, to recount all his virtues, and I who am unskilled in learning cannot pretend to it. But I humbly pray all readers of this history to be indulgent to what I have written for I have done my best; though far short of what was due to the praise of so perfect and virtuous a person as the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard; whose soul may God of His Grace receive into Paradise. Amen.”



SOME CAVALRY STANDARDS AND GUIDONS

By CAPTAIN H. BULLOCK, F.R.Hist.S., I.A.

II.—A Mystery Unsolved.

IN 1813 there was published by T. Goddard, of Pall Mall, a splendidly illustrated work by Captain James of the 67th Regiment, of which the full title is "The Military Costume of India in an Exemplification of the Manual and Platoon Exercises for the Use of the Native Troops and the British Army in General." This book, which is now of considerable rarity and fetches £15 to £20 a copy, contains thirty-five large coloured engravings of native officers and sepoy of the Old Bengal Army. In addition there is a fine engraved title page, a facsimile of which in black-and-white is given in Plate II. The original, being in colours, is of course far more effective.

From this illustration it will be seen that the lower portion of the title page consists of a trophy of cannon, colours and other military emblems, surmounted by two lusty but rather incongruous Cupids, one of whom appears to have just removed a wreath of laurels from the elephant's tail in order to replace it in a more fitting position on his trunk or tusks. It is, however, with the colours depicted that we are concerned here. Of these there are four, two large and two small. The two larger ones are infantry regimental colours of the old type, and in the present instance bear no indication of the particular corps to which they belong.

The two smaller colours are more interesting, since, though only about half the surface of each is visible owing to the manner in which the trophy is arranged, enough of the design

PLATE V.
TRUMPET BANNER, EAST INDIA
COMPANY'S TROOPS, BEARING
THE COMPANY'S ARMS

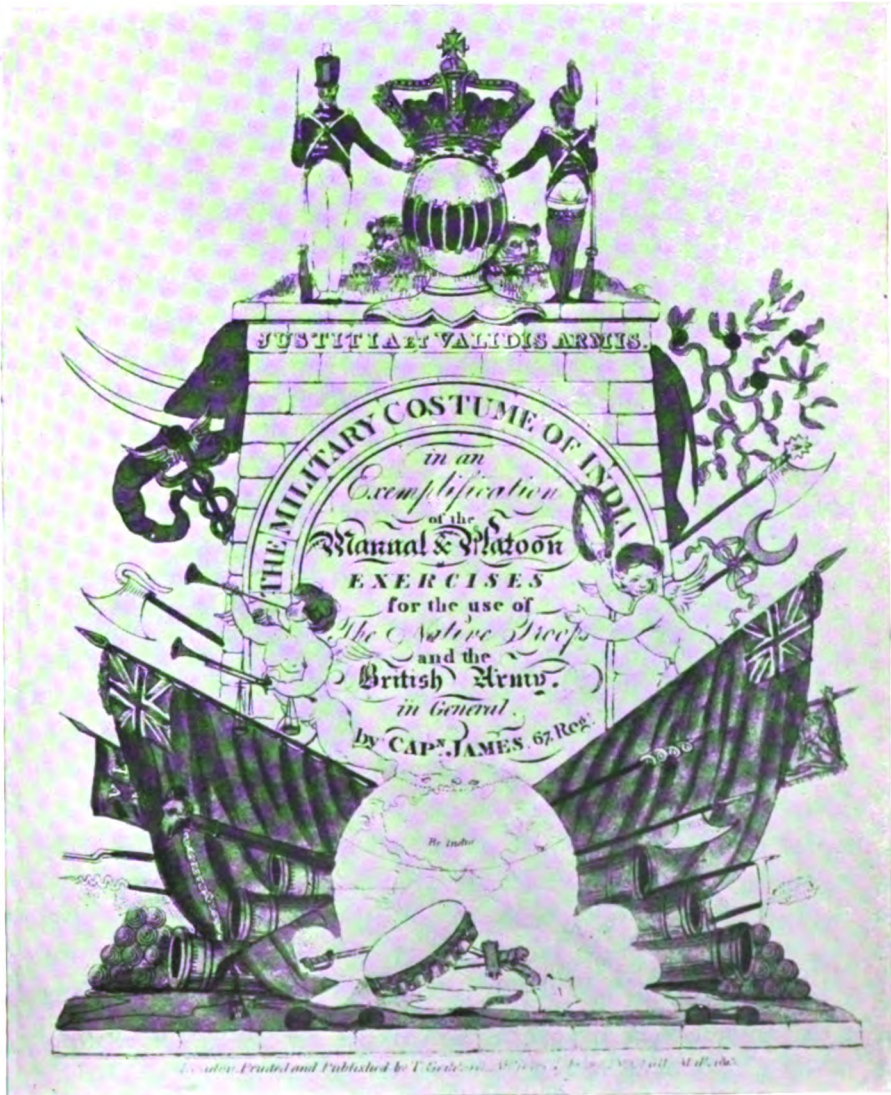
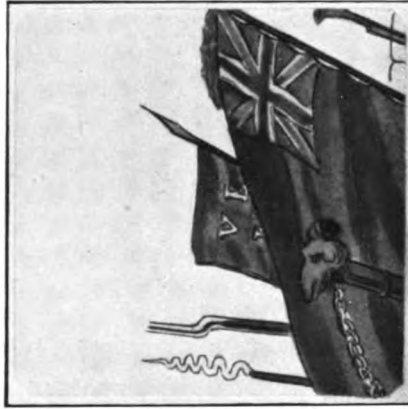


PLATE II.
TITLE PAGE OF CAPT. JAMES'S MILITARY COSTUME OF INDIA, 1813



From James' Military Costume of India, 1813



United East India Company



V Bengal Native Cavalry

PLATE III.

TWO RECONSTRUCTIONS OF A STANDARD IN PLATE II.

can be seen to permit of an attempt being made to reconstruct it as it may have appeared on the original colours. Such reconstructions cannot in the circumstances be free from some element of conjecture; and, indeed, the whole nature of these two small flags is not altogether free from doubt. By their size in comparison with the infantry colours which are depicted side-by-side with them, they would seem to be cavalry standards. The alternative possibility of their being trumpet-banners would seem to be ruled out by the fact that they are clearly seen to be attached to lances or staffs topped with a lance or spear head.

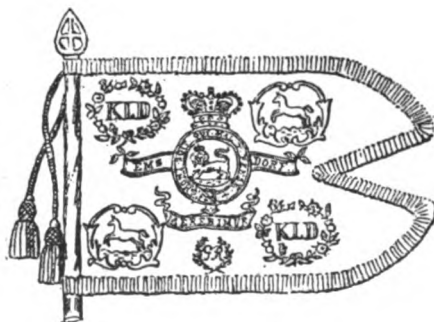
The problem may be examined in more detail with the aid of the enlarged reconstructions which I have had prepared: see Plates III and IV. Of the standard depicted on the left-hand side of the title page I offer two alternative reconstructions, both of which are necessarily conjectural in the sense that no regulations are known by which a design of either of these types was prescribed for cavalry of the Bengal, Madras or Bombay armies. The reconstruction on the left-hand side of Plate III embodies a variant of the East India Company's *bale-mark* or *nishan*, which corresponded roughly with the British Government's broad arrow. This mark figured on the Company's copper coinage and also on their muskets at various times, and stamp collectors will recall it on the first Indian postage stamps issued by Sir Bartle Frere in Sind in the 'fifties.

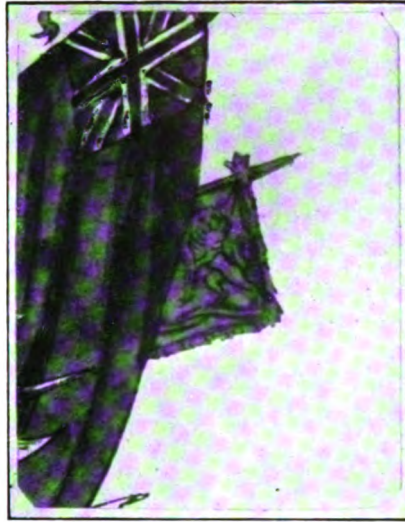
The reconstruction at the right-hand side of Plate III is also based on no more than guess-work, applied to the small portion of the surface of the standard which is visible on the title page. I am told that Captain James, the author, may very possibly have come into contact with the 5th Bengal Native Cavalry a few years before his book was published; and it is therefore not beyond the bounds of possibility that when he was collecting sketches of uniforms he may also have made a drawing of one of that regiment's standards. This, again, is no more than conjecture; but, I hope, reasonable conjecture.

Regarding the design of the standard on the right-hand side of the title page (*vide* Plate II) there is, I think, less room

for doubt. The coat-of-arms is clearly the East India Company's, and beyond these arms there seems to be very little space available for any other inscription or ornament. The reconstruction which I have had prepared (Plate IV) shows the design in more detail. Again, no regulations are known prescribing these arms as the *sole* decoration of an Indian cavalry standard; but many such standards incorporated the Company's arms amongst other emblems and inscriptions. A trumpet banner has survived, and is now in the Museum of the Indian Army Ordnance Corps at Fort William, Calcutta, which bears these arms as its only decoration, as will be seen from Plate V; and it is known that the design of a regiment's drum and trumpet banners has often followed that of its standards. I understand that at the present day more than one regiment, *e.g.* of yeomanry, possesses drum-banners based on the pattern of its former standards.

To sum up, there can be little doubt, I submit, that Captain James depicted two actual Indian cavalry standards carried at the period, but the detailed design of these, and the corps to which they belonged, must for the present remain uncertain. If they *are* Indian cavalry standards, they are very early ones indeed, earlier than any which now exist. The mystery may yet be solved if there come to light any standards, or pictures of or regulations for their design, which are older than those at present known.





From James' Military Costume of India, 1813



PLATE IV.

RECONSTRUCTION OF A STANDARD IN PLATE II.

70 1111
A. 1111

SPORT IN INDIA

By W.E.C.H.

A FEW days ago a senior officer, who has spent most of his service in the East, said that he thought many officers in the Army did not make the best of the opportunities which India undoubtedly offers to the sportsman. This he thought was mainly owing to a lack of knowledge and to a natural diffidence in cross-questioning those who are known to have experience in Indian Shikar. Officers with the necessary experience, he said, might also be difficult to find in the smaller station. Would I write an article?

Of course the officer, who is really keen, will in time find out somehow or other what he wants to know, and I have always found that the experienced shikaris are all out to help one. Piece by piece information is gathered and experience is built up; no magazine article can take the place of personal experience. A general article may, however, be helpful to the beginner and will perhaps give him some clearer idea as to the effect an expedition is likely to have upon his bank balance.

I am not an experienced shikari, but I have spent some portion of the few years I have been in India in trying to find out about the many and varied sports in which one may indulge. I have tried some of these sports, and the memories of the beginner and his difficulties are still fresh in my mind.

The article is written from the point of view of an officer serving in Northern India. Long leave will probably be taken in England, and therefore it is mainly a question of where to go and what to do on two month's privilege leave, or ten day's casual leave. The more distant expeditions are therefore not considered here.

Pigsticking.

Undoubtedly this grand sport must take pride of place, though I fear I have little to say about it.

Unless the novice gets to a station where there is some sort of an established Tent Club he is not likely to be able to sample this exhilarating sport, for he can hardly hope to make a start on his own. If he is lucky enough to get to such a station he will find someone there who will be only too pleased to help him in every way. Baden Powell's and Wardrop's books give all the information and are delightful reading. I admit that the latter's book frightened me considerably when I read it on the troopship coming out to join my unit at Meerut. The author, however, gives his reasons for including mainly the "eventful days," and I think that the beginner will find that when once he has seen the broad back of a good hog, any misgivings he may have had are at once dismissed.

If I may advise, I should say that if ever you get a chance to pigstick, whatever the difficulties may be, then pigstick. There's nought like it.

Small Game Shooting.

It is not an overstatement to say that a keen sportsman can shoot from 300 to 1,000 head of small game to his own gun within 40 miles of nearly any military station in India, except some of those on the Frontier. Where in the British Isles will the average soldier get anything to compare with this and, if he can, what will be the cost?

In India the expense entailed is covered by the cartridge bill and the cost of conveyance to and from the ground; the charge for coolies or beaters is negligible.

In these circumstances one might expect nearly every soldier to shoot, but this is far from being the case, and it is perhaps partly attributable to a certain diffidence in starting, or to a lack of ability in the initial stages. There is a small proportion of persons of course who definitely do not like the sport and therefore naturally abstain, though the number of these, who showed any real proficiency when they first tried to shoot, must be small.

Anyone with normal eyesight can be at least a moderate shot but, except for the gifted few, the gun must be suitable, and some instruction is necessary, if a certain degree of proficiency is to be rapidly reached.

Buy the gun in England and have it properly fitted by an expert. A useful, second-hand weapon can be got for £15 or less, and the fitting may cost as much as another £2. Two or three lessons at claybirds, with a real expert to watch each shot, will make a remarkable difference to the performance of the tyro. The money expended will be very well spent, and will save many a bird from wounds in his posterior.

I once went with a brother officer to have his gun fitted at one of the London Shooting Schools. He had shot a good deal during his service, which had mostly been spent in the East, but he was a poorish performer. The assistant at the School opened the gun case and in putting the gun together remarked, "I see you shoot from the left shoulder." This was not so, and it just shows an extreme case of years of wasted effort.

Hill Shooting.

The big game shooting in India falls into two distinct categories: "Hill Shooting" and "Shooting in the Plains."

With the prospect of six months of summer weather in the heat of the plains, what could be more pleasurable than the pursuit of game inhabiting the high regions near the snows, and what could be more beneficial to the health, provided that things are taken steadily for the first few days.

There is still plenty of game in the Himalayas awaiting the keen shikari. Markhor, Ibex, Thar and Gooral are the better known goats, whilst the sheep comprise the *Ovis Ammon*, Bhurrel and Shapu. The red bear and snow leopard also inhabit high altitudes and each of these is a fine trophy to secure.

It is quite impossible in a short article even to suggest the localities where the various animals may be found, but it may be said that the goats usually prefer the steeper heights, whilst the sheep are to be found on the high plateaus.

Spiti, Lahaul, Chamba and Kashmir, including Ladak and Baltistan, are the better known hunting grounds of which Kashmir, generally speaking, gives the best and most varied chance of sport, but it is also the most expensive to shoot in.

Major Burrard's book "Big Game Hunting in the Himalayas and Tibet," gives a broad survey of hill shikar and is most interesting reading. This book goes carefully into the question of where to find the various kinds of game, and the sketch maps which illustrate this subject are carefully set out.

If you decide that you can manage the expenses of Kashmir then possibly that is the best country to start in. Write to one of the well known agents in Srinagar and tell him what you want to shoot, how long leave you have got, and at what time of the year. He can and will make all the necessary arrangements, including the engaging of a shikari and coolies. For the beginner it is of great advantage to be able to get an agent to make the preparations for the trip; as far as I know Kashmir is the only country in the Himalayas where the efficient agent is found: his services are not free.

There are many reserved nullahs in Kashmir and there is much excellent ground which is not reserved. For the first trip either a friend, or the agent you employ, must advise you where to go, and whether to book a nullah in advance. The more notice that can be given to the agent the better, and it is not too early to start writing to him in November of the year before you intend to go.

If you cannot make your arrangements well in advance you may still have good shooting in the open nullahs, as there are many good places to go to in two months' leave, though they are mostly further afield. I think it is accurate to say that the best ibex ground in Kashmir is not divided up into nullahs which can be booked ahead. All the kinds of wild goats and sheep frequent Kashmir, and in addition the Kashmir stag may be shot in the autumn.

In Spiti, Lahaul and Kulu there are no blocks to be booked; the licence to shoot is obtained from the Divisional Forest Officer, Sultanpur, Kulu. Spiti is a very difficult country to go

shooting in, and it is not recommended as a place for a first venture. There is not a great deal of game in Lahaul or Kulu and, unless a shooting trip there is combined with the excellent fishing in the Beas, it is not recommended. A trip in Kulu or Lahaul has the advantage of being very cheap. Kulu can now be reached by motor car; Lahaul is four marches from Sultanpur, the capital of Kulu.

The Chamba blocks may be booked by the courtesy of the Rajah of Chamba, by writing to the Chief Secretary, Chamba. The country is mainly famous for red bear, thar and gooral; fair ibex may be shot in the more distant blocks. To get to Chamba, train to Pathankote, motor to Dalhousie 52 miles, march to Chamba City 20 miles. Most of the good blocks are about five to ten marches from Chamba City. It is not an expensive country to shoot in. The Tehsildar at Dalhousie will provide coolies for the march to Chamba and stores can be obtained at Dalhousie. Blocks may be booked after January 1st, the licence fee being Rs. 50.

The best time of the year for hill shooting is undoubtedly the spring when the animals are found at lesser altitudes than later in the year. The best date to start a trip will depend on when the high passes to the shooting ground can be crossed. Some of the higher ones may be still closed as late as mid-June, and of course the date varies in different years.

Provided a suitable locality is chosen, shooting in the hills is possible and enjoyable in the rains. When once the main ranges have been crossed the rainfall is insignificant; as an instance, Lahaul's yearly average is only four inches.

If it is not possible to shoot in the spring or early summer then the later in the autumn the trip is undertaken the better. The number of sheep grazing at that time is greatly reduced and the weather is colder, with the result that the game comes lower down and is, therefore, more easily located.

The size of heads, especially of the goats, varies considerably with the locality; for instance, a 39-inch ibex should not be fired at in Baltistan, whilst if shot in Kulu, a head of that size would be a fine trophy.

The sportsman should set himself a standard, suitable for the locality in which he is shooting, and he should impress on his shikari that if anything less is shot he will receive no tip. A head which is not worth having is certainly not worth shooting. It is not a bad plan to put a few of the heads from the mess on the lawn, and to look at them from fifty to a hundred yards away; this will give some idea what the various sized heads look like; it is wonderful how accurately one quickly learns to judge the size of heads with a little experience of actual shooting.

The keener the sportsman the higher he will set his own standard of what he is prepared to shoot at. If this standard is a fairly high one, it is unlikely that many heads will be secured on a two month's trip, but one good head is worth more than half-a-dozen moderate ones, even if these contain two or three different species.

A two months' hill shoot, carried out in the spirit of the above ideas, will probably mean a fortnight's hard trek, ten days in one nullah or group of nullahs and ten days in another, followed by the fortnight's trek home.

Whilst actually shooting the shikari must be prepared to start out two or three hours before dawn and be out until after dark, when he will get back to some small bivouac where he will find the bare necessities of food and warm clothing. His bivouac may be at a height of 10,000 to 15,000 feet, and the extremes of heat and cold, and especially cold, are at that altitude severe.

He must not expect to fire his rifle more than three or four times, though he may do so more often if he is lucky.

Such is the prospect of a hill shoot, and no finer and harder life is likely to come the way of the average officer. It is true that the game which is hunted is itself defenceless, but a modicum of danger enters into the proceedings for the country to be traversed is the roughest in the world. I venture to say that on his first shoot the hill shikari will find that he experiences moments in which he considers himself in the greatest peril.

It is almost impossible to forecast the cost of a trip for another person. For anyone of a fairly economical turn of mind, who intends to trek far and work hard in search of good heads, I should say that the total expenses, except the setting up of trophies, for a two months' trip, would be somewhat as under from a station in the United Provinces or the Punjab :—

Kashmir	from Rs. 1,600 to Rs. 2,000
Chamba	from Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 1,200
Lahaul	from Rs. 850 to Rs. 1,000
Kulu	from Rs. 600 to Rs. 800

and I would add that the chance of sport varies inversely as the cost.

A question upon which the beginner is in need of some advice is in choice of a rifle. So often one hears of a young officer having bought a most unsuitable weapon, simply because some friend has had it for sale.

"Hill" and "Plain's" shooting require a different rifle, and despite gunmakers' advertisements to the contrary, no one weapon will do both jobs well. If you intend to do both kinds of shooting, but cannot run to both kinds of rifles, then use the plains rifle in the hills, but do not compromise in regard to the plain's rifle, which is required for dangerous game.

Judging distance is the main difficulty in the hill-shoot, and therefore a very high velocity rifle is required in order to minimize this human error. Great accuracy is of course also essential. When, after a walk of 400 miles you at last get what may prove to be your only chance at a good head, you do not want to miss, and therefore everything must be done to eliminate such a misfortune. The most careful sighting of the rifle and practice with it are essential before starting on the trip.

The high velocity rifle with a muzzle velocity of about 2,600 f.s. or more, and a bore from .3 inch to .35 inch is the most suitable weapon for hill shooting. Such a rifle should be sighted to shoot point blank at 175 yards.

Taking exactly the same aim and without altering the sights the bullet will strike about 2 inches high at 100 yards and nearly 2 inches low at 200 yards.

At ranges beyond 200 yards the sportsman will not fire, and up to this range no adjustment of sights is necessary if this plan of sighting is adopted. The normal full sight should always be taken, and the aim should be adjusted, a little high or low on the animal, to allow for differences in range.

This is of course not the only method of sighting and shooting a sporting rifle, but it is the one most favoured by the experts, and one I have personally, as a beginner, found easy.

There is no necessity to buy a double-barrelled rifle for hill shooting; they are far more expensive, and I think most hill shikaris probably prefer the single-barrelled magazine rifle which takes five cartridges.

A book of 300 pages would not tell one half that might be said upon the subject of hill shooting, and in this article it is not even possible to touch on the methods of spying for game and stalking. I can only hope that I have said enough to whet the appetite of the would-be hill shikari so that he may ask for more.

Shooting in the Plains.

The dangerous game to be shot in the Central Provinces and in the United Provinces comprises buffalo, bison, tiger, panther, sloth bear and Himalayan black bear; whilst the non-dangerous game comprises sambhar, cheetal, swamp deer of the bigger stags; barking deer, four horned deer, hog deer of the lesser stags; black buck, chinkara, and nilgai of the antelopes. What a variety!

It is presumed that the novice on his first shoot in the plains will try for dangerous game, which practically means that tiger is his main objective. Buffalo are scarce and very seldom included in the licence. Bison are still to be found in fair numbers in certain localities in the Central Provinces, but it is most unusual to be allowed to shoot more than one bull. The remainder of the dangerous and non-dangerous game are generally considered rather of secondary importance, and a special expedition is not usually made for them, when it is possible to go after tiger. They are incidentals in the tiger shoot.

Of the many books on shooting in the plains I would specially recommend "Indian Shikar Notes" by Best, Dunbar Brander's book "Animals in Central India," and Lieut.-Colonel Stewart's book "Tiger and other Game."

These books are written about the Central Provinces, and it is as well to know therefore in what respects the United Provinces differ. In the U.P. it is usually quite impossible to obtain men to beat, and their place is taken by elephants, if the sportsman is so lucky as to be able to get any lent to him. Though for sitting up no elephant is actually necessary, a staunch "hathi" is very desirable if a wounded tiger has to be followed up, as the jungle is usually so much thicker than in the C.P. The other great differences in the U.P. are that tiger may not be shot during the hours of darkness, and that there is a close season for them after June 1st.

A block in the U.P. is only open from the sixteenth of each month until the end of the month; blocks in the C.P. can be booked for any length of time if available.

A block should be booked three months ahead by writing to the Divisional Forest Officer.

Having decided upon the Division it is desired to shoot in, it is generally best to write to the Forest Officer giving requirements and to rely upon him to select a suitable block, though if good advice is obtainable the block preferred should be stated in the application. Beware of being too clever; what was a first-class block in March may be quite useless in May, owing to lack of water or some other cause.

It is as well to remember that the Forest Officer is a very busy man, that he spends most of his time in the jungle, and that therefore it may perhaps take three weeks or more to get a reply to a letter from him. I have always found that the Forest Officer has always done his best for me and taken much trouble to do so, though of course it is no part of his job. It is as well to help him as much as possible by writing any questions on one half of a sheet of paper, leaving the other half blank for a reply. The fee for a block is quite a nominal sum of about Rs. 10. It should not be thought that its payment confers the liberty of

not giving up the block, preferably by telegram, should the lessee suddenly find he is unable to shoot there.

Best in his book gives a list of the C.P. blocks; I do not know where a similar list of U.P. blocks can be found. The names and addresses of Divisional Forest Officers are given in the Civil List.

The later in the year, prior to the rains, that a shoot is undertaken the better the chance for tiger, as the animals become more and more definitely located near the dwindling supplies of water. May and June are, of course, very hot months, and the beginner will perhaps be wiser to make his first visit in either March or April. At this time of year the forest is particularly beautiful and many of the trees, first and foremost amongst them the dakh, are in full bloom. The days may be hot, but the nights are still fairly cool.

Except possibly for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, when one is glad of a rest, there is plenty to do all day long. The successful shikari must match his brains against those of the wild animals he is hunting, and he will usually find that he has enough to keep him occupied. He must be a man of great energy and infinite resource. He must study the habits and idiosyncrasies of the particular animal he is after; though a tiger which has lived in an out of the way jungle and has not been hunted before, may be very unsophisticated, there is no doubt that an animal, who has had previous experience of the ways of man, will show devilish cunning, and will be most difficult to outwit and shoot. Usually he has some weak spot in his armour, and when this has been found he may perhaps be brought to book.

In his own way the panther can show equal cunning. The bear is at best a sulky, cantankerous brute with a poorly developed brain. The pursuit of the sambhar will bring into play all the woodcraft and skill of the most experienced hunter, for a good stag is one of the most difficult trophies in India to secure, though the species is to be found widely distributed over the Peninsula.

The swamp deer can only be shot in a few places in the United Provinces, and in one or two places in the Central Provinces. Where he may be hunted it is not usually very difficult to secure a head, which forms a fine and pretty trophy. The stag has the prior claim to the name "Barasingha," or twelve pointer, though the Kashmir stag is nearly always given the title.

The cheetal is one of the prettiest deer in the world. He and the lesser deer are not difficult to stalk. Unlike the sambhar who likes the thickest forests, or the swamp deer who prefers high elephant grass growing in swamp, the cheetal insists that the forests which he inhabits shall contain open grassy glades into which he comes out to feed at dusk.

The shikari who goes to the jungle to shoot will continuously be seeing interesting and pretty sights; the wonderful and infinite charm of the Indian forest must be experienced to be realized. Whether it be a tiger or a jackal that one is permitted unobserved to watch, there is an incomparable pleasure in watching the unsuspecting wild animal in his own surroundings.

From such sentiments it is difficult to bring oneself to a consideration of what is the most suitable weapon for the destruction of the forest animals. For dangerous game, the beginner at least must have a rifle with a minimum bore of .450 of an inch, and it is essential that it should be double barrelled. The very experienced man may use a small magazine rifle, but the ordinary mortal who has once seen a wounded tiger will want a weapon which he feels has stopping power. The vitality of a tiger is amazing, and it is a small consolation, after you have been mauled, to know that the tiger died from your original shot.

The 500 double barrelled express which can be bought second hand in India for about Rs. 150 is quite a good weapon. If more money is available, then it will be well invested in a more up-to-date rifle. I do not apologize for repeating that it is essential to test the accuracy and sighting of the rifle, and the more practice that is indulged in, the better. Practice in the prone position is not required for jungle shooting. The

standing, sitting and kneeling positions are the most important in the order named. Practice at a moving target is very necessary.

Soft nosed ammunition is used for the soft skinned game and a solid bullet for bison and buffalo.

The cost of two months shooting in the plains will be less than for a shoot in the hills. The whole two months trip can be done successfully for Rs. 500 from door to door, so that no one can say that he cannot afford to go shooting, for it would cost more than this to live in Cantonments. Rs. 500 does not of course include the setting up of trophies, but it does include everything else. It pays, however, to do oneself well when shooting in the plains, and, if possible, I would recommend a little more lavish expenditure. My own first trip cost me Rs. 900 for the two months, but I moved about a good deal, shooting in the C.P. for one month, fishing in the U.P. for a fortnight, and shooting in the U.P. for the remainder of the time; also I had three elephants in the U.P., for which one pays a rupee a day per elephant to the Forest Department for their food, and there are also of course tips for the mahouts to be considered.

Fishing for Mahseer.

There is a great deal of fishing of various kinds to be obtained both in the hills and in the plains, in rivers and in tanks.

I propose only to touch on the two best known fish from the sportsman's point of view, the mighty mahseer and the trout. The mahseer to my mind comes easily first. He is indigenous to the country and inhabits nearly all the big rivers.

Fish up to seven or eight pounds, and occasionally bigger fish, can be caught on fly or fly spoon, which should be fished with a fly rod, suitable for heavy trout or grilse.

The bigger fish, which may run to over 50 lbs., are usually caught by spinning a spoon or dead bait. The rod should be a heavy spinning rod and the reel must be capable of taking 200 yards of line. A light wire trace is advisable if the water is at all heavy. A big mahseer in heavy water is a formidable

opponent, and I think it far more likely to break the tackle than a salmon of equal size. Though the salmon is very game and fights longer, he does not as a rule make such a headlong rush as the mahseer when he is first hooked.

Mahseer fishing varies considerably in the different rivers, the local conditions determine the time of day and season when it is best to fish. Mahseer like the warm water, and when the big rivers are running heavy with snow water, they may frequently be caught as they lie at the junction of a small river which is not affected by the snow.

The main snow-fed rivers are usually unfishable from April to September, both months inclusive, and the best time to fish them is in March before the snow starts to melt, and October when the river subsides after the rains.

In rivers unaffected by snow the best season to fish is the summer, early morning and evening generally proving the best time of day.

The fee to fish a river is negligible, and is usually about eight annas for a month's fishing. This very fact I think stops many people from trying its attractions; it cannot be very good at that price! It is not too much to say though, that this eight anna license may provide the fisherman with finer sport than if he expended £200 on a stretch of salmon river for a month's fishing in Scotland.

The uncertainty of fishing is surely one of its greatest charms, though perhaps after a blank day one does not think so. Masheer fishing, like salmon fishing, is an uncertain sport, but it has its times and seasons, and when good it is very good.

Though Skene Dhu's book "The Angler in Northern India" was last published in 1918, its information as to where to fish is still wonderfully accurate.

Trout Fishing.

Most of the trout rivers in Northern India are rocky streams with a great volume of water. There must be considerable feed in them, as the trout thrive wonderfully well, and where they are not overcrowded, the fish grow to three or four pounds and occasionally even to double that weight.

Such streams do not, however, contain much surface food, and therefore the small flies which one is accustomed to use in England are not much in vogue on most of the Indian rivers.

The fish usually take a salmon fly, fly lure, spinning bait, or worm, though in many of the streams some of these baits are not allowed. The fishing is easy, and India is therefore an excellent place to learn to fish for trout; I would recommend the Beas in Kulu for the tyro.

To the fisherman who has plied his art in the British Isles, and especially to him who prefers the chalk streams of Southern England, I do not think that most of India's trout streams will prove especially attractive to fish. The scenery is very beautiful and the camp life enjoyable, but the true trout fisher will, I think, regretfully find that the finer attainments in his art, which used to be his greatest joy when fishing English rivers, are out of place in the fast heavy streams of the Himalayas.

Rs. 500 will cover the expenses of a two months' fishing holiday in Kulu, where there is 15 miles of excellent fishing in the Beas. March and October are the two best months, as in the summer the river is generally thick with snow water, or flooded by rain, in which case only a worm can be used. The novice will find that in Kulu he can soon attain a standard of proficiency whereby he can catch in a day ten to twenty trout, varying in weight between half a pound and one and a half pounds.

The Ahl, which is mainly in Mandi State, has recently become an excellent trout river and the fish there run large. It is more expensive to fish than the Beas in Kulu owing to the cost of the license, which is Rs. 90; this compares unfavourably with Rs. 20 which is all that is required for a month's fishing in Kulu.

Information about these rivers and permission to fish can be obtained from the Warden of the Punjab Fisheries, who lives at Dharmsala.

The trout fishing in Kashmir is more varied, and in one or two streams a dry fly will meet with success. Application should be made as early as possible to the Game Preservation Depart-

ment for permission to fish; the best of the water is booked up early and applications to fish should, when possible, reach Srinagar by January 1st.

The bigger rivers are divided into beats and three or four days or a week can be booked on each beat.

The license to fish is Rs. 5 per day, or Rs. 25 per week; this, and the fact that the fisherman has frequently to move from one beat to another, or from one river to another, makes the fishing holiday in Kashmir far more expensive than in Kulu.

Fishing gear is rather expensive to purchase, but if it is bought from a good maker and is well looked after it will last a long time, even in India. Like most other things it pays to buy good stuff.

I would recommend the beginner to get rather a strong wet fly rod of about 10 ft. 6 ins., and a metal fly reel with tapered silk dressed line. This rod will be suitable for trout and mahseer fishing with fly, worm, or small fly spoon. If the rod were being bought exclusively for trout fishing, I would have it six inches shorter, and if exclusively for mahseer, six inches longer. If funds will run to it a split cane rod, preferably with steel centre, will be best, otherwise a good greenheart rod.

For spinning for mahseer a really strong 11-foot greenheart rod is required, and a spinning reel of about 4½ inches diameter, which is capable of taking at least 200 yards of line; 60 yards of this should be a dressed silk line and the remainder undressed "backing."



LAKE AND VICTORY

By COLONEL E. B. MAUNSELL, *p.s.c.*, late the 14th P.W.O.
Scinde Horse.

PART IV.

Laswari.

THE complete absence of any higher leading in the enemy Fourth Brigade, now that Dudrenec and the other European officers had quitted, cannot be better exemplified than by the fact that, the whole time Lake was at Agra, the Brigade was at Fatehpore Sikri, some 26 miles away, and did nothing whatever to molest him. The desertion of their officers, none the less, does not seem to have much affected the spirit of the troops, as was illustrated as Laswari, and this is an extraordinary feature. Lake, in a despatch dated October 28th, four days before that battle, states "It is not clear what their intention is, except plundering the country, whether they incline to go towards Delhi or Jeypur, whichever road they take, we shall soon be with them. They have no leader, and one day they talk of coming in to us, another day they have some other scheme, and nobody will take them into their service, consequently they cannot exist long." He goes on to say : " They are very few in number, and I believe short of ammunition, therefore your Lordship need not be the least uneasy about them." In this despatch we see revealed the reason for what was, in point of fact, rash handling of his cavalry at the outset of the battle. None the less, there was some considerable basis in the statement " they have no leader," and this is a matter of divergent opinion. Skinner, who knew a good deal, says that Sarwar Khan, whom we last met at Delhi, as being placed in command in lieu of Bourquien, had marched



GENERAL LAKE AND HIS SON AT THE BATTLE OF LASWARI

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six battalions from that city. These divided, three going to Agra, and the other three to the fourth Brigade, to which, also, numerous refugees flowed in from Agra, and elsewhere later on. Sarwar Khan then took over command. In Lake's despatches the very name Sarwar Khan does not appear, and in Thorn, the commander is given as Abaji, whose name also does not appear in Lake's letters either. The general estimate of the force was some fourteen battalions and seventy-two guns. In de Boigne's original battalions, there were roughly five hundred infantry and one hundred and forty gunners, with four six-pounders and one howitzer as "battalion guns." Each Brigade had, in addition, three battering guns, two mortars, and ten howitzers, together with some eight hundred fairly good cavalry. Making allowances for casualties, the strength was estimated at about nine thousand, which would seem a fair one, taking into consideration the number of refugees that flowed in. Skinner goes on to say the sundry Mahratta chiefs in the neighbourhood would have no truck with the Brigade, except a pandit whom Sarwar Khan persuaded to join him at Bhurtpore with some five thousand horse. Furthermore, Sarwar Khan had rejected all offers to buy him on the part of Lake—a fact not mentioned in the latter's despatches, but quite possible.

Lake frequently mentions the desirability of "buying" opposing commanders with gold, in preference to losing human lives. We must remember that the extreme paucity of European troops in India rendered this particularly desirable, for, in any blugeon work it was they who bore the brunt. The drafts for India for 1803 moreover, had been held up owing to the outbreak of the war with France, twelve hundred recruits having been despatched for the protection of the Channel Islands.

The enemy commander, whoever he was, but we will assume he was Sarwar Khan, must have been a man of considerable personality and ability to handle men. Bad news had flowed in from every side. The desertion of the European officers, Aligarh, Delhi and the fall of Agra. To add to this, as rumours

of Assaye, fought on September 23rd, reached Agra on October 25th, and the official despatches two days later, it is quite unreasonable that this crowning disaster could be kept hidden from the Fourth Brigade. Seemingly, from Lake's despatch after Laswari, Sarwar Khan had opened up communication with Tantia, one of Scindhia's minor chiefs and was on the march towards him when he was overtaken, the ultimate objective being Delhi, which was, as we know, only held by a battalion and a half, the route leading through the roughish Mehwatti country. He started from Fatehpore Sikri the same day that Lake left Agra, October 27th.

Turning now to the British Army, we have a note in Pester's journal which will remind Indian Army officers, doubtless, of some of their own experiences. Many of the servants, hearing the troops were about to march for the Mahratta dominions, suddenly refused to go any farther, and nearly half the palanquin bearers bolted, with the result that Agra Fort was cumbered with officers' kits which they had to dump there. In the days of which we write, we must remember, and, indeed, until the Great War had been in progress some months, to ask a native soldier to do the very simple duties of batman was to demean him, and violate Trade Union law. The result was, all sorts of scallywags had to be hastily collected. A number of the bullock drivers with the army also made off, and, had it not been for the Jumna, would have never been brought back.

The first day's march was typical of all such after a long halt. The cattle were all fresh, and proceeded to throw their loads in every direction. The camping ground, as well might be expected, had become foul to a degree, and a plague of flies followed the troops, the men's uniform being black with them, and, as the day was heavy and stuffy, clung to them for a great part of the march. None the less, as contrasted with those long uncomfortable waits under a hot sun that so many of us are acquainted with, we learn that the officers' tents were up within an hour of the troops reaching their ground.

The Grand Army now consisted of eight cavalry regiments and ten infantry battalions, besides the artillery, most of which

was either "battalion guns" or gallopers, attached to units. There were a few "guns of the line" in addition, but very few. It marched, at this period, in one column, with the baggage "on the reverse flank." Later on, in the war against Holkar, it marched in a huge square. The damage to the crops when the army marched was immense. The day was intensely stuffy and oppressive, and the British troops, in accordance with the custom of the day for the first day's march, were probably "stale drunk," for great numbers fell out. The army halted at Kiraoli. In the evening there was a terrific thunderstorm, with drenching rain. Nearly all the soldiers' tents, and very many of the officers' were blown down, and the troops passed a miserable night. Lake, recognising that the enemy would be unable to move his enormous artillery column, resolved to halt the following day. The country was a sheet of water and, in the flat, greasy alluvial soil movement would have been nearly impossible. Having halted the 28th, the army marched on the 29th, the country being a slough, and the heavier guns—twelve and eighteen pounders only—were drawn with the utmost difficulty, and the bullocks with the six pounders had their work cut out. The elephants, as usual, proved invaluable.

It had been expected that the enemy would be found waiting at Fatehpore Sikri, but Salkeld, Lake's staff officer for intelligence, was out in his calculations. It was found they had marched on the 27th, the same day that Lake left Agra. The Grand Army camped about a couple of miles north west of Fatehpore Sikri. While the place had formed part of Scindhia's, or, more strictly, Perron's dominions, it had been frequently visited by British officers and ladies from across the border. In the afternoon a distant cannonade was heard. It was the enemy bombarding Kathumar, a small town some thirty-eight miles west north west, the killadar and inhabitants being unreasonable people who objected to having the place looted. The enemy being two full days march ahead, it was of importance to overtake him before he could make the broken country to the south west of Delhi. Arrangements were accordingly made for the baggage and heavy guns to follow under escort of the

2/2nd and 1/14th N.I. while the fighting troops pushed ahead. The latter accordingly marched, skirting Bhurtpore, which was then friendly, to Sinsini, twenty miles, the following day, and to Museri, near Kathumar, on the 31st, about twenty miles. Here it was found that the enemy had only marched from Kathumar that morning. Lake now determined "to bite on the tail" with his cavalry, and hold the enemy until his infantry came up. The long marches made by the Grand Army should be noticed, for historians are apt to overlook them.

The route of the enemy was clearly defined by numberless wheel tracks, and by all the signs of movement of a large and formidable force—for the passage of an army in India left a weal across the country. It must be remembered that the nine thousand, odd, fighting men were probably accompanied by some fifty or sixty thousand hangers on, together with the usual menagerie accompanying migrations of this nature, most being pack bullocks, with some camels and ponies. Lake, with the cavalry, started at eleven that night, and, after covering some twenty-five miles, reached the bank of the Baraki nullah at Harsoli, a small village twenty miles east of Ulwar, just after dawn on November 1st. For the last hour or so a glare in the horizon, coupled with a distant uproar, indicated that the enemy were at hand, and, seemingly, getting on the move, but no opposition was encountered. The passage of the nullah was difficult, for it had been churned up to a sea of mud, accentuated by the breaking down of the banks of a dam and an irrigation channel. On the far side of the nullah, about half a mile off, Lake saw an enormous cloud of dust, stretching from Naswari (Laswari), close to the Baraki, in a north westerly direction towards Malpur, a distance of about a mile, or rather more. Visibility was bad owing to clumps of high grass, trees and clouds of dust raised by small bodies of horse, wandering, after the manner of Indian irregulars, at their own sweet will and pleasure, here, there and everywhere, yelling to some acquaintance at the tops of their voices, while beyond them again was the hubbub of camels roaring, drums beating and the babel and confusion of an Indian army getting on the move.

There is no evidence that Lake made any use of special patrols to find out more about the enemy, or that any officers were despatched for the purpose. It would seem that his decision was based on what he could see himself. The situation, as it appeared to him, was that he was on the right rear of a disorderly native army actually moving off. Furthermore, bearing in mind his despatch to the Governor-General four days previously, it is probable that he deemed his enemy "leaderless, few in numbers, and short of ammunition." Movement had been seen, through the clouds of dust, in the direction of Malpur, but very indistinctly.

Desperately anxious to hold up any further retreat, and barely giving the leading Brigade, the First, consisting of the 8th Dragoons, 1st and 3rd Native Cavalry, under T. P. Vandeleur, time to form, Lake directed it and the Advanced Guard to attack on that point, in other words, to strike at what appeared to be the head. The movement was, thus, roughly across the whole enemy front, starting at a range of about fourteen hundred yards, and then closing. It was an advance of over a mile. None the less the cavalry penetrated an enemy line of guns, and right into the village of Malpur. The speed of the advance baffled the semi enfilade fire, though, on closing, the blast of grape and canister inflicted very heavy loss. In and about Malpur, very confused fighting took place, and that not to our advantage. Here T. P. Vandeleur, conspicuous on a black horse among the greys of the 8th, was shot, together with many others. The enemy gunners, although penetrated, suffered little or nothing, merely diving under their guns, only to swing them round when the cavalry had passed, and the infantry getting into houses or behind innumerable carts that were lined up behind the guns.

The next Brigade, Macan's, consisting of the 29th Dragoons and 4th Native Cavalry, having just crossed the Baraki by files, and at a gallop, was directed against what Lake evidently thought was the enemy rear, close to Laswari. It is to be noted that this brigade had galloped across, giving some idea of the hastily conceived attacks. The charge cannot be better

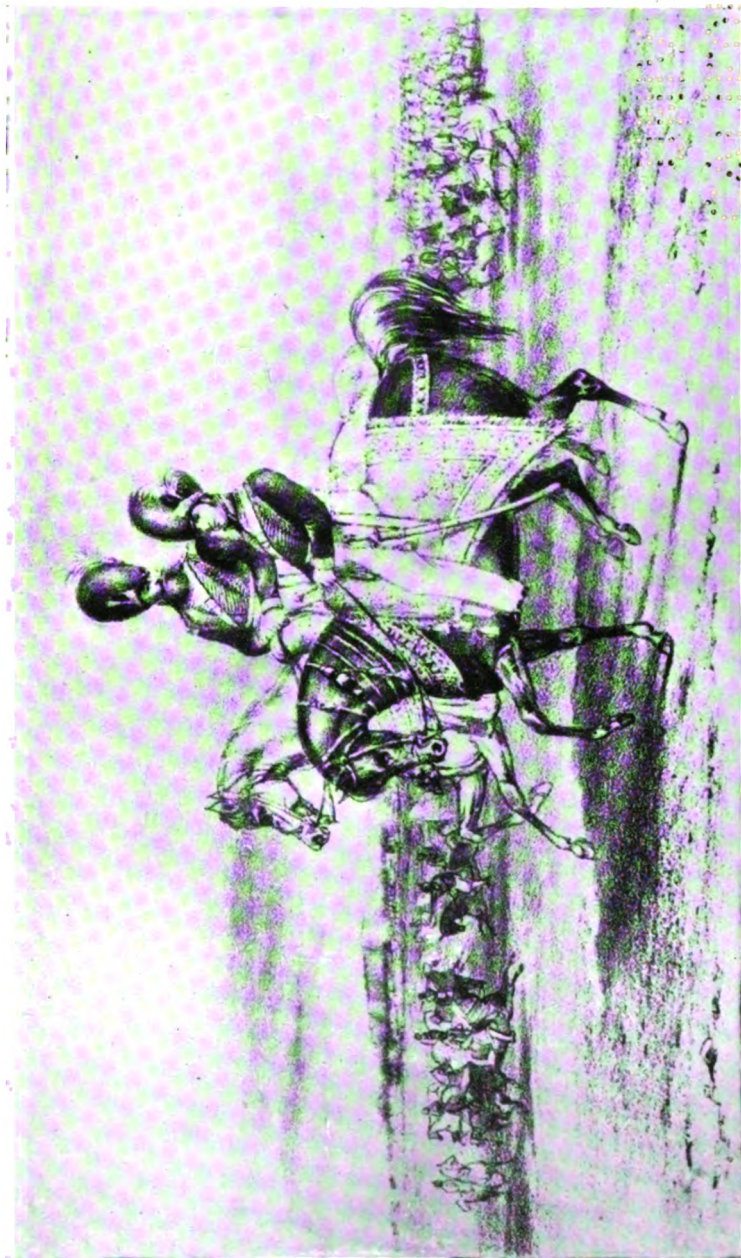
described than in Thorn's own words, that officer having taken part in it, and being wounded that day.

"Our men charged the foe in the face of a tremendous shower, which scattered death in every direction, from all their artillery and musketry. To the former were attached chains, running from one battery to another, while, to make the execution the deadlier, their artillerymen had reserved their fire until our cavalry came within twenty yards of the muzzles of the guns, which, being concealed by high grass, became perceptible only when a frightful discharge of grape and double-headed shot mowed down whole divisions, as the sweeping storm of hail levels the growing crop of grain to the earth. The scene of horror was heightened, and the work of destruction increased by the disadvantages under which our cavalry had to act, for, no sooner had our men passed through the line of guns, than the enemy, who had taken shelter under them, reloaded them, and fired on our rear. Their battalions, drawn up behind a deep entrenchment, covered by hackeries, bullock carts, and cumbrous baggage, kept up a galling fire with musketry, which occasioned serious loss."

Seeing that the enemy was, by now, so posted that the cavalry could effect nothing, Lake sounded the "rally," and the wildly excited troopers, shouting, blaspheming and cursing, with their horses in a lather, were withdrawn to roughly the point whence the attacks had started. The Second Cavalry Brigade had not been engaged.

It was, as usual, claimed that the enemy guns had been captured, but that, owing to there being no infantry at hand, and no bullocks to drag them, it had been impossible to carry them off. This statement may be dismissed for what it is worth, for the enemy gunners were still with their pieces and unhurt.

The enemy now took up a new position, facing east, with their right, for some extraordinary reason, separated from the Baraki by some four hundred yards, and the left and left centre resting on Malpur, while Laswari was evacuated. It may, indeed, be supposed that they would have taken much the same action had the cavalry attacks never been made.



LIEUT.-COLONEL SKINNER & MAJOR WM. FRASER
of "Skinner's Irregular Horse," upon their favorite chargers

Lake had evidently attacked under the impression that he was dealing with the normal mob which comprised native armies, his views being shared by all his officers, none of whom realized what twenty years' tradition and constant war under men like de Boigne, Perron and Sutherland could effect. Had the enemy been actually moving off it is possible that a better effect might have been made by waiting a little and then getting a fair field for a blow in the rear rather than on the flank.

We now come to ask, What was the enemy actually doing when Lake first saw them? It would seem most likely that they were forming to march rather than actually moving. We must remember that de Boigne had learnt his soldiering in India under Coote, in the Mysore Wars, and had, in all probability, adopted "The Order of Battle, March and Encampment" of the British Army for his Brigades. In other words, this indicated the infantry on the exposed flank, close to the guns, then the guns, and then the carts and baggage in general "on the reverse flank." Enormous clouds of dust can easily be raised by comparatively small numbers in India, and baggage getting ready to move will, on many soils, do the same. Movements of odd bodies of horse, wandering about at their own sweet will and pleasure will accentuate it. Taken on the whole, the long line of guns, some chained together, backed by bullock carts behind which the infantry were posted, all point to the "normal" encampment. On the threat of attack the infantry turned left, through the line of guns, which merely went "action right," and then took post behind the carts, ready for the cavalry onslaught.

We will now turn to the infantry, plodding along the dusty track in the darkness of that November morning. They had marched at three, that is to say, four hours after the cavalry. Just after sunrise, in the chill dawn of the Northern India winter, they heard an intense cannonade some miles ahead, swelling to a sound like the roll of musketry, and then dying away about two hours later. After marching for another hour or so came the first aftermaths of battle, wildly galloping horses, some wounded, with loose reins and flying stirrups,

together with frightened men with the usual cry "Sab log mara gya, taman regiment mara gya" ("The whole regiment has been destroyed"), spurring their animals whose heaving flanks and distended nostrils spoke for themselves. Then came more definite information, namely, that the cavalry had met with a check and the infantry were to push on. Further on still came the wounded men, lurching in the saddle, the native troopers with that ashen grey colour of sick men, and the British pale and wan through the tan of their sunburn. After this again, the distant puffs of cannon smoke and occasional patter of musketry. As may be imagined, the foot, having marched twenty-five miles since three in the morning, forty-five in the last thirty hours and sixty-three in the last forty-eight, were not fresh. This march, it may be stated, equalled that of the famous Light Division at Talavera, six years later, though but little has been heard of it, and its conditions were far more irksome. Having arrived across the Baraki about noon, they were given a time to rest and get some food.

The enemy, seeing the infantry come up, sent out offering to surrender their guns. Who made the offer is unknown, but it was, no doubt, merely made to gain time, and Lake took it as such.

The banks of the Baraki nullah afforded a covered line of approach to the hostile right, and the futile leading of the enemy is revealed both by this factor and by the neglect to make any attempt to defend the passage of the Baraki in the first place. On the other hand, it is possible that it was hoped to beat the British off by artillery fire, and, in the broken ground by the nullah, this arm would not have full scope.

Lake, by now, had had abundant time to reconnoitre, and was quick to decide on this route for his main attack. The whole of the infantry were to advance by the nullah, supported by Macan's Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 29th Dragoons, 4th Native Cavalry and, it is stated in some quarters, by the 2nd N.C., loaned to him as well. A battery of all available battalion guns was to move with the column and come into

action some two hundred yards short of the point where the infantry were to deploy, the infantry passing in rear of it en route.

The whole of the galloper guns were grouped into two batteries, under, it is to be noted, cavalry but not artillery officers—a germ of trouble which led, fourteen years later, to the abolition of gallopers attached to regiments and the substitution of horse batteries proper. A fourth battery of battalion and “brigade” guns which had only just come up was also formed. The three last mentioned batteries engaged the enemy in front, but the galloper batteries seem to have been the most useful owing to the fact that the difficulty of moving ordnance with bullock draft, rendered the “battalion” and “brigade” guns chiefly ones of position, and on ground such as the field of Laswari, where a good view of the enemy in the changing conditions of battle was essential, practically inefficient. The gunner casualties in consequence were not serious owing to their being out of grape and canister range. The losses, it should be noted, were equally divided between the British and native elements.

The 2nd Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 27th Dragoons and 6th Native Cavalry, were to threaten the enemy left and take advantage of any confusion about Malpur. The Brigadier was John Vandeleur, of Waterloo fame. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 8th Dragoons, 1st and 3rd Native Cavalry, was the reserve of the army. Of Macan's Brigade, only the 29th Dragoons actually accompanied the infantry, the 2nd and 4th waiting near Laswari as support. The attacking column consisted, thus, of the 76th, who are stated in some authorities to have led, while in others an extraordinary mixture of fifty men per battalion, drawn from the whole army and described as the Advanced Guard—indeed the Advanced Guard was always composed thus—did so. On their right was the bullock battery and, seemingly, on their left, the 29th Dragoons, all crowded in the low broken ground on the banks of the Baraki and, in the early stages, screened from view by high grass and contour of the ground. Then came the 2/12th,

or Lal Paltan, and then the 16th. The advance began about one o'clock and the inevitable dust soon revealed it, when a long range gun-fire opened.

Under cover of this fire the enemy threw back his right flank, moving in an extraordinarily steady manner, so as to cover Malpur. According to Skinner, the troops that carried out this movement were those from Delhi. It is possible that their moral was not quite the equal of the remainder, who had never known defeat. This throwing back of the flank should be noticed, for it was hitherto accepted that native armies, once in position, were incapable of changing front. Wellesley, hoping to fall on the enemy left at Assaye, suddenly found the First Brigade wheeling—"though not according to Dundas" as Blakiston, who witnessed the movement, states. The result was, he had to attack an even stronger front than if he had done so direct from his original starting point.

Our friend Blakiston was quite correct in his criticism of the enemy drill, for de Boigne had trained his Brigades according to the British system of 1780—the words of command, according to an enthusiast who served under him, being given in Irish.

The enemy now covered Malpur in the shape of a huge L. The column pressed forward under a heavy cannonade, though the ground gave some small amount of cover. On reaching a point roughly in continuation of the original enemy front, the battery at the head of the column went "action right," and the 29th Dragoons halted in a hollow immediately in its rear. It had, in consequence, the terrible experience of the "overs," which knocked men and horses over right and left, Griffiths, then commanding, being killed, with many others.

The 76th pushed on up the Baraki, passing in rear of the battery, and finally halted, under very meagre cover, near a mosque. Here they found themselves exposed to an intense fire, and Lake, who was with them, deemed that the regiment must be destroyed if it stayed there much longer. Meanwhile the confusion from the "overs" had evidently resulted in the battalion immediately following the 76th, the 2/12th, or Lal

Paltan, being held up by the dragoons in the narrow bed of the nullah, for a gap resulted. Lake rode back and ordered the 29th to form on the left of the 76th, and then passed on to Gregory, commanding the 2/12th, observing: "If we don't get on the 76th will be destroyed." The 29th, delighted to get clear of their shell trap, galloped out of the ravine by files, for it was not easy to get out on a wider front, and formed on the left of the 76th, who received them with loud and grateful cheering, while the 2/12th, closely followed by five companies of the 16th, under White, deployed on the right of the British infantry. From the weight of the fire Lake considered it better to attack with the troops in line, rather than wait for the battalions in rear, who had lost distance in the rough ground. At this juncture an incident occurred which might have had fatal results. Lake's charger, a beautiful Arab named Old Port, a present from the Marquis Wellesley, was killed. Major Lake, his son, at once dismounted and offered his own horse, which the general at first refused, but, after some entreaty, consented to mount. The younger Lake then took the horse of his orderly dragoon, when a grape shot struck him and he fell to the ground, seemingly dead, right before his father's eyes. For a fleeting moment Lake forgot everything, when, after an agonising pause, he mounted and resumed control of the battle. The 29th were directed to charge forthwith and, with loud cheers, the troopers dashed forward into a redoubled burst of gunfire from the enemy artillery, penetrated the line of guns and then passed through the infantry drawn up in rear. The British infantry, taking immediate advantage of the huge cloud of dust, smoke and confusion created by the charge, pressed on through the gap to complete the disorder. The enemy gunners had barely time to load after the cavalry had passed when the infantry were upon them. None the less, true to the traditions of the native artilleryman, they fought it out to the end with rammer and pike. The red-coated infantry, on this occasion, when once the dragoons had passed through, rallied and fought the King's and Company's redcoats with a desperation worthy of their great traditions, and Lake found himself up against a

second enemy line formed close to Malpur, composed of battalions from the enemy left, who had hitherto been untouched and who were full of fight as a consequence of their success in the morning against the cavalry.

By now, however, Lake's infantry were all up. A charge by the 27th Dragoons and 6th Native Cavalry, under Vandeleur, from the north of Malpur occurring at this juncture, enabled him to break this formation also, and the whole of the three brigades of cavalry would appear to have come into action. By four o'clock in the afternoon the last of the famous Brigades, after bitter fighting, went down with all honour, and the battle was over.

As contrasted with every other victory of the British in India, there was no panic flight, with the country strewn with fugitives. The enemy infantry and gunners, with the exception of a few who succeeded in mixing with the camp followers, either fell on the field they had so gallantly defended, or were made prisoners. Of these last there were some two thousand, and few, if any, were Mahrattas, for the Mahratta did not serve either as a golandaz or as a footman. He was only to be found among the horse, and, at this period his definition of war was plunder, and not fighting. While Lake's final attack was in progress, the enemy horse made an attempt on his baggage, which was now approaching the field, but were easily driven off.

Lake, partly from chivalry, but also, doubtless, because he deemed Scindhia's cause now hopeless, released the prisoners, while retaining some forty of their chiefs. In a measure, this was unfortunate, for the men, now thrown out of employment, found no market for their swords other than Holkar, and it seems that a great many promptly went down to him. White, while marching down to take over Gwalior a few weeks later, met a number near Dholepore who wished to enter the British service. Unfortunately, at this juncture, peace seemed on the tapis, and they were not taken. Most of the new battalions in process of being raised were composed very largely of Perron's men. The present 6th Royal Jats, who so distinguished themselves in the Great War, then the 1/22nd, as well as the 7th Rajputs, then the 2/24th, were among these corps.

Lake, greatly impressed with the staunchness of the native artillerymen, directed a Major Nelly, a gunner officer afterwards well known before Bhurtpore to recruit as many of the enemy golandaz and lascars as he could, and these men largely manned our guns during the siege.

Although the battle was over by four o'clock, the air was rent, for many hours, by the explosion of the ammunition tumbrils, brought about, in all likelihood, by the wadded jackets of the gunners catching fire and communicating the flame to loose powder. The sky, filled with their sulphurous smoke, as well as that of the blazing village of Malpur, showed an angry black, indicating the approach of a tempest, which burst over the field just after sunset, the vivid flashes of the lightning showing up the ghastly field covered in all directions with the dead and dying.

Over this moved groups of British soldiers and sepoy searching for friends, and, it must be assumed, helping themselves to many unconsidered trifles, for loot bulked very big in those days. Long lines of guns, their valiant golandaz beside them, dead or dying, dead horses, bullocks and camels cumbered the field, while the shots of the farriers, putting wounded horses out of their misery were heard in all directions. The wretched bullocks, however, were another matter, for the Hindu preferred that they should die a lingering death rather than that they should be killed forthwith.

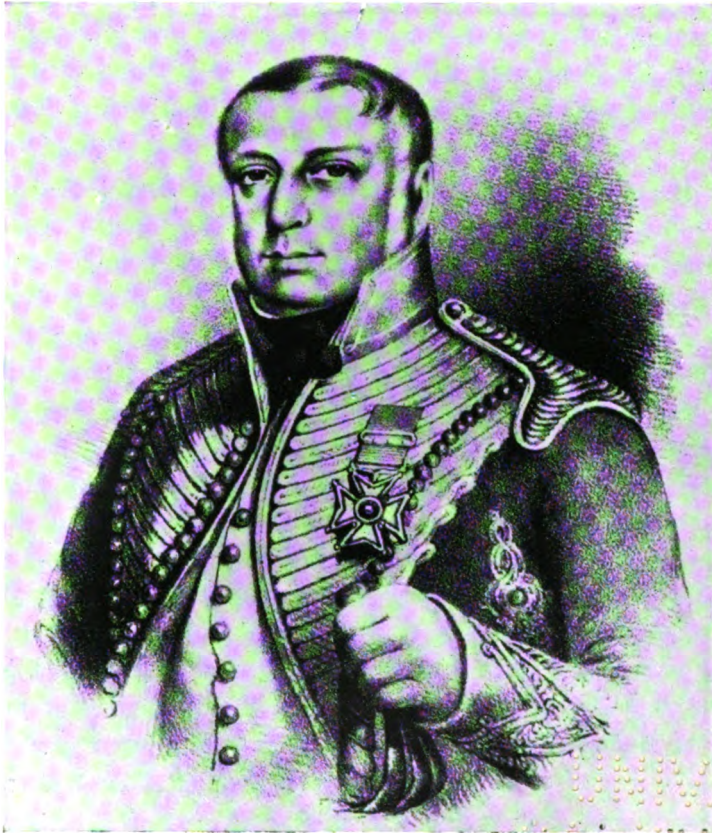
Lake, before sundown, had ridden over the field, and, as at Delhi, received an ovation from the troops, weary as they were, crowds of men following him and cheering. This gathering must have been a wonderful one, dragoons, many of them wild Irish, on horses once grey but now caked with sweat, dust and blood, the smart light blue jackets in which they marched from Cawnpore ten weeks previously with their seams burst from wielding the sabre, and of the colour of bluish khaki, sweat marked and the reverse of lovely, toughs of the 76th, with faces black with biting cartridges and torn, dirty red jackets, the normally passive sepoy shouting in high pitched voices while groups of poor devils of prisoners stood salaaming and

wondering what the great general sahib would do with them, though, from what they had heard both from Delhi and Agra, not apprehensive of maltreatment.

On passing the line of enemy guns, Skinner tells us he raised his hat and observed that those gunners knew how to die. Had this old Guardsman flinched when he saw his son fall there was the possibility of a reaction on the 76th, in front of whom the incident occurred, and from them it would, almost certainly, have passed on to the native troops, and to those in rear, for the increasing roar of the cannonade was anything but sweet music. Things at this juncture hung on the turn of a hair. In addition to "Old Port," Lake had another horse killed under him and, without doubt, his sang froid throughout the battle, amidst the hottest of the fire, did much to win the day. On one occasion an enemy matchlockman had actually placed the muzzle of his weapon against Lake's side, when a fortunate movement of the latter turned it, the powder singeing his coatee.

The general reckoning was that the enemy had some seven thousand killed and wounded. For the latter all that our surgeons could do was done, and friend and foe were treated equally, though, obviously, the fatigue parties gave preference to carrying in our own people. Numbers of poor fellows, however, had to be left, for the medical resources of the day were, as usual in India, hopelessly inadequate. Those whose misfortune it was not to be finished off by the camp followers had to lie, tortured by thirst, until death or some wild beast released them.

Mention of the work done by surgeons of the day, by name, is extremely rare, but Macan, Commanding the Third Cavalry Brigade, took special opportunity to draw attention to Mr. Lyss and Mr. Newman, both of the 29th Dragoons, "for humane and successful exertions in bringing off the wounded, though with great personal risk to themselves, and in affording the natives, as well as the Europeans, every assistance in their power." As to whether Lyss was really the regimental surgeon is doubtful, for some authorities considered him the equivalent of the Veterinary. He was rewarded with a combatant com-



LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES SKINNER, C.B.

TO THE
MAGNIFICENT

mission and was the senior captain of the 29th when the regiment was disbanded in 1817.

Of the sufferings of wounded in the armies of native chiefs, who had no system for succouring or caring for them, we have a most graphic account from James Skinner, who had been badly hit at the battle of Oniara, fought between a chief to whom Perron had hired out Skinner's battalion and another rajah. The jackals, flitting about like four-legged ghouls, tearing at the dead and coming closer and closer to the wounded, so haunted him that he vowed that, if he recovered, he would build a church to the God of his father, and St. James's Church at Delhi is the outcome.

The 8th Dragoons claim to have found the bodies of two French officers among the dead. This is improbable, for, at this juncture, Europeans of any nationality were at a discount among the Brigades. The British and British half castes had all refused to fight, and the French had played the traitor and gone over to the British. At Assaye certain bodies, from their fair complexion, were at first judged to be European, and one or two certainly were. The majority, however, were circumcised and, from the cut of the hair and other characteristics, were found to be Mussulmans of Northern India. The only Europeans likely to be found would be renegade British—and in our Indian wars there have been many. These could, almost invariably, be identified by the low type of countenance and, usually, by their backs being well scored by the cat o'nine tails—and deservedly so, for in nine cases out of ten the men were ruffians of the worst type, such as were not uncommon in the Company's troops in particular.

At Laswari there perished the last of the famous "Brigades," which, starting with de Boigne's two battalions, had, by the genius of that great adventurer, swelled to forty thousand men, and had resulted in the pacification and reducing to order of a province as large as Wales for their payment. Most, but not all, of the equally famous artillery park, manufactured by Sangster and Perron, had fallen into our hands, and the remainder was to wreak havoc with us forty years

later, at Maharajpore and Punniar. Lake's despatch after the battle contains many striking paragraphs, notably the following :—" If the enemy had been commanded by French officers the event would have been, I fear, very doubtful. I was never in so severe a business in my life, or anything like it, and pray to God I shall never again be in a like situation. Their army is better appointed than our own, and no expense is spared whatever. They have three times the number of men to a gun we have. Their bullocks, of which they have many more than we have, are of a very superior sort. All their men's knapsacks and baggage are carried on camels, by which means they can march double the distance (the Company's sepoys carried packs and most of their transport was pack bullock). The action has convinced me how impossible it is to do anything without British troops, of whom there should be a very great proportion. I think that yesterday was the most anxious I have ever experienced. These fellows fought like devils, or, rather, heroes, and, had we not made dispositions for an attack in a style which we should have done against the most formidable army, I verily believe we should have failed." Thus writes the Colonel of the First Guards, an officer who had started his soldiering under Ferdinand of Brunswick in the Seven Years' War, who had fought the Americans at Yorktown, the French at Lincelles, and the Irish at Vinegar Hill. Arthur Wellesley, writing years after Waterloo, stated that at Assaye, in proportion to the numbers engaged, he never saw the dead lay thicker, and at Assaye he fought the First Brigade, the oldest and most famous of all. If ever a tribute was paid to native soldiery, abandoned by the European officers who had led them for years, it was in the opinions quoted by these two great soldiers.

The losses at Laswari, even when reckoned as distributed over the whole army, were extremely heavy, amounting to eleven per cent. of the total force, an amount which will be found to equal that of most of the battles of the Peninsula.

As would naturally result when the whole of the staff officers were employed as gallopers rather than as advisers and arrangers of details, and particularly so when in company with

a general like Lake who was always to be found where the press of battle was hottest, their casualties were serious, three being killed and four wounded. Among the killed were Major-General Ware and Major Campbell, the D.Q.M.G. of the army. Lake's son's wound, fortunately, was not so serious as first thought, and he was actually able to ride a month later. The total casualties amounted to 172 killed and 652 wounded, and these were concentrated chiefly on the three infantry battalions that led the attack, and on the dragoons. The 76th—"this band of heroes" as Lake called them—probably went into action about 500 strong, and had 43 killed and 170 wounded, which brought their total, in two months, to eighteen officers and 428 rank and file. The 2/12th or Lal Paltan came next with 101 out of about 400, on top of 56 at Delhi seven weeks before. The 16th N.I. (until recently the 4th Rajputs, now 2/7th Rajput Regiment) lost even more under their hard fighting Colonel White, an officer who rejoiced in the soubriquet of "The God of War," with 87 out of only some 350. The remaining battalions were relatively lucky.

As might be expected in a battle where the arm took such a prominent part, and, indeed, may almost be said to have struck the decisive blow, the cavalry were badly punished, particularly in horses. The 8th, 27th and 29th Dragoons lost, respectively, 54, 49 and 62, the probable sabre strength of the first and last being about 370, while the 27th, who had lost a lot of horses and a good many men at Delhi, probably had only some 300 engaged. The 8th and 29th, who had charged in the morning, would seem to have recovered but few of their wounded on that occasion, for their killed were three times more numerous than those of the 27th.

The horse casualties were extraordinarily high, the 8th losing 117 alone, and the other two dragoons regiments, 112 and 87.

The native cavalry got off more cheaply, and, if one were to judge by the butcher's bill, suspicions might be aroused at the disparity. While it is evident that the fighting value of the

Bengal regular cavalry was not reckoned as very high at the outset of the war, there is no mention of misconduct, or any hint of it, and a study of the casualty lists of Assaye, where the 5th and 7th Madras Cavalry "skulked in the ravines" and where the 4th, on the other hand, charged equally with the 19th Dragoons, reveals that the skulkers lost nearly as many as the 4th. Heavier casualties among the dragoons may be ascribed to various causes. In the first place, the etiquette of the day indicated that the British corps should give the lead. The native troops would then profit from the dust and confusion. The dragoon, again, was an indifferent horseman, an abominable horsemaster and his animal was not up to his weight. The result would be that he would frequently find himself on the ground, and be quickly scuppered.

None the less, the only native cavalry regiment whose casualties approached those of the dragoons was the 4th, with 36 men and 72 horses.

With regard to the burial of the dead, the funeral of the officers only was attended with ceremony, the British soldiery, seemingly, being just flung into one big trench. The officers were buried with the full pomp of peace, all officers not on duty attending. The band of the 76th, the slow march, the volleys, and, no doubt, "retreat" and "reveille." As to whether the last two were "beat off" on the drums, which, in those days, appear to have done what the bugle does now, is uncertain.

With regard to natives, while the Hindus would, if they could, burn such members of their community as they deemed worth the expense of fuel, and the Mussulmans would bury theirs, the vast majority remained unburied, for the native of India is not nice in these matters. He is quite content to allow the ground to be cleared through the agency of wild beasts, vultures, crows, jackals, pigs and dogs. At Laswari, adjutant birds and carrion eaters never seen within miles, appeared as though by magic, just as Lord Roberts tells us they did at Delhi in 1857.

The task of burying corpses and carcasses within inconvenient range of Lake's camp, which was pitched roughly about the spot

whence the attacks had started, was carried out by the Pioneers and beldars, men of a lower caste than the ordinary run of soldiery. The burial mounds can still be seen, as well as the mosque behind which the 76th sheltered, well battered by shot.

For days after the battle the camp followers scoured the battlefield for loot, regardless of the appalling stench, flies and horrible surroundings, for it was until November 8th—a whole week, that Lake again marched. The army must have been glad to quit this charnel house.

The cavalry, having lost more than seven hundred horses killed and wounded at Delhi and Laswari were formed into a small regiment of Dismounted Dragoons—at least the British corps were, for Lake's chief aim was to accumulate more European infantry.

In this connection, when horses ran out in the Mysore wars, the 19th Dragoons were mounted by taking the horses of the native cavalry, a procedure which must have created much soreness and bad blood. A letter of Lake's may give some additional reason for not adopting this course. The 8th Dragoons "had done but little in the riding way," having spent the last eight months before joining the army either on the passage over from South Africa or on boats on the Ganges. With one's knowledge of the class from which the soldier of the day was drawn it is quite on the cards that Lake considered that the only method of getting the men to ride properly would be for them to return to cantonments and be put through the riding schools from the beginning. If issued with horses in the field, they might merely break the animals down. The remounts, we know, were all stallions, very many of them savage wild brutes, and the men would not be likely to do much with them beyond make them worse.

It is not known whether the native cavalry troopers without horses were formed into any battalion, but if they were they must have presented even more ridiculous figures on their feet than did the Indian Cavalry of 1914.

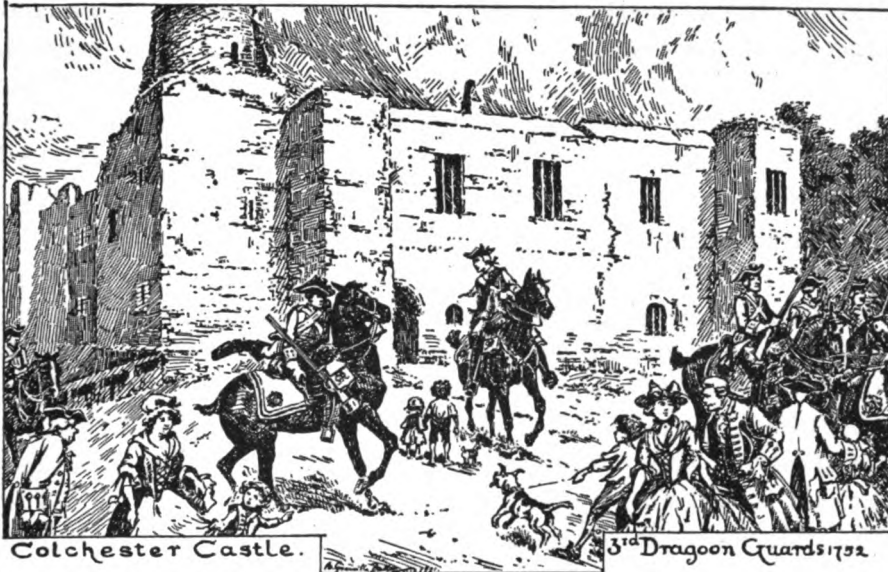
The Dismounted Dragoons were issued with muskets, and camped and marched on the right of, and in front of the 76th.

It may be assumed that they dispensed with their big boots. We can well imagine the witticisms that would assail them—and the bloody noses and black eyes that resulted.

A curious aftermath of Laswari was a serious dispute over water rights between the Alwar and Bhurtpore States. This lasted, on and off, the best part of seventy-five years, and was due to the breaking down of the bund, or embankment, by the enemy troops in order to impede Lake's march. Two unfortunate British sapper officers, in after years, fell into bad odour over repairs they were supposed to have effected. Only some twenty years ago was the matter satisfactorily settled.

A second aftermath was a Court Martial of a Captain Power, of the 8th Dragoons, for misconduct. Pester, in his capacity as Quartermaster of Brigade, gives us some curious details in its connection. "Captain P.'s appearance was much in his favour, both as a gentleman and a soldier, and he made his defence in a clear, able manner, and it appeared plainly that he was a man of good abilities and address. But the charges were of such a nature, and the evidence so respectable that the tenor of the evidence gave but small chance of his acquittal. Many of the Court seemed to feel much for him, and the President, ordering a glass of water, remarked, "he, himself, was once in the same unpleasant situation," an observation which most people thought might well have been restrained, as the President had been brought to a Court Martial for having been seen (or accused of having been seen) under a gun in time of action. It is but doing him justice to say that he was acquitted, and behaved well on many occasions afterwards." The President was M'Culloch, a very fine soldier. The upshot is not known, but Pester makes no mention of his ever leaving the army.





OLD CAVALRY STATIONS—COLCHESTER.

By **LIEUT.-COLONEL B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.,**
F.R. Hist. S.

COLCHESTER has no cathedral with soaring, clustered columns and high swung arches through which the light from the clerestory falls on tablets and mural decorations which tell of famous men and extol their deeds that we may emulate them. There are no tattered colours to recall battle honours hardly but truly won, collecting the dust of countless memories as they droop over the shrine hallowed to those who, we know, achieved greatness, humble men as they were for the most part. Nevertheless, Colchester is unique in possessing the oldest memorial to a horseman in this country. Not merely a horseman of the mediæval kind, who plunged about in wars as amateur, but a regular soldier, and you may see his effigy any day in the

Colchester Museum. Here amidst relics of the past, stands the memorial to a Roman soldier who died in harness here at Colchester, Camulodunum as he would have called it. Longinus, son of Sdapezematycus, a Thracian, probably of Slavonic stock, Scythians, some people called them, as the conjunction of the "SD" at the beginning of a word, may suggest. Sardica, Sofia of to-day, was his birthplace, and his dust has helped to cover up all traces of the city he came to conquer when riding with the Army which Emperor Claudius in A.D. 43, had sent to the conquest of Britain under General Aulus Plautius.

Longinus died young, for after all, what are 40 years of life; he had 15 years' service to his credit and was Duplicarius, second-in-command of the first ala, or wing, of Thracian cavalry, a body of horse numbering some 700 lances. Of his ten troops one would be with the first cohort of the legion while the others would be performing the time honoured duties of cavalry, reconnoitring this strange monotonous country which Rome had decided to incorporate in the Empire. Yet it was, on better acquaintance no more monotonous than his own Thracia, indeed the undulating ground, densely wooded, held any number of surprises in readiness for those who walked not circumspectly, marsh and bog, and deep ditches hidden by brambly overgrowth. The Iceni, too, were the kind of people who might spring a surprise on you, although the king of this particular crowd, Cunobelin, seemed a sensible body who would not make more trouble than was normal in the situation. The fact that Cunobelin was a good-natured potentate ready to enjoy himself, to "live and let live," is suggested in that ancient ditty about "Old King Cole" whom popular opinion has once and for all identified with the ruler of the Iceni of old.

That the Romans found a settlement here is well known, and Colchester museum affords many illustrations of the manner of folk who lived here in a succession of many centuries. These were the people who left bone and flint implements lying about some 1700 and more years B.C., and others who came later and fashioned bronze, leafshaped swords which may even have been used against the army of Claudius, they are still in such good

preservation. Longinus himself may have encountered irascible Iceni with some such weapons. His monument suggests that he had to overcome some opposition for it shows his horse trampling on a fallen foe, while Longinus rides on with a look as of one that says "that comes of getting in the way of cavalry." Longinus himself is well defended in coat of mail and for the purpose of portraiture, is shown without his helmet; you must imagine his shield and long, broad sword as they are on the side hidden from you. His men would be armed with throwing javelins, sometimes with iron mace or lance. It is not easy to picture how the Roman trooper managed all his weapons on horseback. He rode on a saddle cloth without stirrups which were not introduced into Europe until the Tartar invasion some centuries later. A cavalry charge with lances one would think, must have left the troopers in the position of the shepherds in the beautiful hymn "all seated on the ground." However that may be, it is clearly established that Colchester is the oldest cavalry station in England.

There were times when this aspect of Colchester's character was less pronounced. After the withdrawal of Rome's legions Colchester probably suffered eclipse for a while. The new owners, the East Saxons, came up by water. You can do that still if you like, and it should be a pleasant thing to do for a change. Only a few days ago when crossing the Colne to run up East Hill, a bright splash of colour caught my eye, it came from a couple of Thames barges, happy, comfortable looking craft that were brightening the landscape with red sails and with reflections in the water, of many colours from decorations on stem and stern.

The Saxons preferred to fight on foot, so it was not till the Norman came and built the largest keep in England over the ruins of a Roman temple, that Colchester streets heard the ring of iron shod hoofs as an accompaniment to the day's work. A good deal of horsemanship was devoted to that best of training for war, the chase. Everyone who was anyone joined in this pastime, bishops, friars, even nuns, indeed I maintain that Mabel de Boseham, Abbess of Barking, was first Lady M.F.H.

in the land. My contention is based on a Royal Mandate addressed by King Henry III to Richard de Montfichet, forester of Essex, commanding him to permit the reverend and pious ladye "to have her dogs to chase hares and foxes in Hainhault Forest if she enjoyed this privilege in the reign of King John." Henry II had given the Canons of St. Osyth leave to hunt foxes, "vermyyn" or "raskalls," and hares, with two greyhounds and four brachets. Other reverend and sporting gentlemen were the Canons of Waltham and of Bicknacre whose permission to take hare, fox, and wild cat, in Essex, dated from the 13th century. The Burgesses of Colchester were not to be left out of any sporting event, and their charter to hunt the same game or vermin was granted by Richard I.

The youth of all periods has ever been hard to hold when the hunt was up, and a refreshing instance of this is found in the restrained letter which young Gregory Cromwell, then at school with the rector of Toppesfield, in 1531, wrote to his father:—

"Master Crumwell: Father I besetch you when ye meet wyth the ryght honorable lorde of Oxforth, to give thanks unto hys Lordchyp for whan he came to a town called Yeldam (Great Yeldham adjoining Castle Hedingham, the earl's seat) to the parsons thereof to hunte the foxe, he sent for me and my cossyns and mad us good chere; and lett us see schuch game and plesure as I never see in my lyfe." This Earl of Oxford was a mighty hunter, but a mightier than he interfered with his lordship's sport; it shows the extent of Wolsey's power that he could issue such an order as follows: "The said Earl of Oxford shall also moderate his hunteinge and other disporte or haunteinge or useinge the same excessively daily or customarily but onely at such times and seasons as maie bee convenient for the weale and recreacion of his bodie and as by the saddest and most discreeteste of his servantes shalbee advised and thought expedient."

The wild red deer which was hunted as late as the reign of George II in Epping Forest, no longer roams in Essex. It was an essentially royal pursuit, that of the red deer, from the time when Edward the Confessor hunted it, right through

Plantagenet days when harsh venery laws were strictly enforced. The citizens of Colchester once got into trouble over a doe that had started in the woods of Wildenby and made for the sea. The people of Colchester gave chase, shouting, which so increased the poor creature's alarm that it timbered at a double gate and broke its neck. The city bailiff and the beadle carried the game away, but were prosecuted by the Forest authorities, imprisoned and fined. This must have been in the reign of Henry II, a great King, but touchy where his game preserves were concerned.

When the royal privilege of staghunting became extended to the people at large, the ladies seem to have taken an active interest; indeed, a day was set aside for the Ladies Hunt, and in 1748 it proved a memorable one. The chronicler writes that: "A stag was routed near the Green Man in Epping Forest, which ran several hours and afforded exceeding good Diversion. There were present a great number of Ladies finely mounted, many of whom kept in view the whole chase and came in at the Death. Several in the chase were thrown from their Horses, rode over and received much hurt."

The last master of the Epping Forest Stag Hunt seems to have been a Mr. Tilney, related to the Duke of Wellington, and immensely free with his wife's money. There were fifty to sixty hunters in his stables, and according to local legend, sovereigns were flung about as sixpences were before the war. With this spendthrift gentleman's end as a pensioner, the Hunt was closed down in the first half of the 19th century.

You may take it for granted that there were cavalry men from Colchester in that hunt on Ladies' Day as related above, Colchester had again become a cavalry station with the advent of more settled dynastic conditions. The Civil War had submitted the city to a siege and to the execution by the walls of the old keep, of two gallant gentlemen for loyalty to the king. After that event Essex seems to have submitted to Parliamentary dictation, and there seems even to have been a good deal of support for Cromwell in the county; he recruited many of his famous Ironsides from this countryside. At the Restora-

tion those troopers who had not much popularity left to lose, deciding that England was no place for them, offered their useful swords to the service of Freedom in Portugal. French and German adventurers were busy liberating Portugal from Spain. The people who seemed least interested in the proceedings appear to have been the Portuguese country folk themselves. They were, however, quite content to let others fight for their liberty, it amused them. It did, but unhappily the sense of humour among these mixed fighting men showed itself in markedly different ways. The Ironsides at least, managed to make themselves completely unpopular with everybody; they would obey no foreigners considering them to be sons of Belial, they insisted on a place in the front line always and if it was not conceded to them they took it which upset all the plans elaborated by the staff, and as a last straw, they would break out into "hymns and pious psalms" on the least provocation, or on none at all.

The regular military life of Colchester was resumed during the reign of James II and probably, as result of Monmouth's rebellion which provided the King with an excuse for raising a standing army.

Among the regiments of horse raised on that pretext was that which has since earned renown as the 3rd Dragoons Guards. This regiment seems to have stood from its earliest days when it was yet the 4th Horse and wore green facings, in peculiarly friendly relations to Colchester. Not even the regiment which was actually raised in the vicinity during the Stuart troubles of 1715, the 11th Hussars of to-day, seem to have held the affections of Colchester so strongly; this is probably accounted for by the fact that the 11th Hussars were less frequently quartered in Colchester. They were probably assembled here and equipped, having been raised by Honywood, of Mark's Hall, Coggeshall, a small town in the neighbourhood.

However that may be, the 3rd Dragoon Guards made a strong appeal to the good folk of Colchester, and their esteem and affection bid fair to outlive all chopping and changing by those into whose transient trust the fate of the British Army

is delivered. The Colchester people, having long been familiar with the soldier's spirit, have absorbed some of that esprit de corps which lives on even when a regiment has been cut down to the bone. In this case, the feeling of Colchester links itself to a good old regiment of Horse; perhaps the Britons of Camulodunum on becoming civilized felt the same for the ala of which Longinus had been a conspicuous ornament. No doubt Longinus and his doughty Thracians were fully convinced that their "ala" was the last word in cavalry. This fine spirit lives on even in these days of internal combustion, and is most edifying to contemplate. Ask any man of any regiment in any army to overcome his natural modesty and to tell you straight which is the finest corps in the world, and he will name the one to which he is privileged to belong. Ask this question of men in divers regiments, the answer is the same. The logical conclusion then is that every corps or regiment is the finest that this world has even seen. Now this is immensely satisfactory; add "British" as a qualification, and the issue is raised on to the plane of the Eternal Verities.

There is no mention of service on the East Coast when the 4th Horse, returned from Dutch Williams' wars in Flanders in 1698, but we find them hereabouts in 1719 entering upon the duties that occupied regiments of horse when they were still Guards in the fullest meaning of the word. Their duty was to escort Royalty to and from Harwich, to find orderlies, despatch-riders, relay posts, in fact, all those picturesque functions which added the glow of a red coat to the charm of English landscape. Travel by road on a May morning from Colchester to Harwich and you will appreciate what a landscape must have gained by the admission of a body of cavalry moving across it in the livery of long ago. You will not find it too great a strain on the imagination. Take a troop of 3rd Dragoon Guards stationed at Colchester in 1752. They would be quartered on the various inns of the town, much to the disgruntlement of the innkeepers who found this a heavy tax on them. There was none too much room in the narrow streets for a troop to fall in, but though the houses stood closer to the castle, yet there was

space sufficient for a muster under its eastern front, where is the glorious Norman entrance. From the castle down East Hill and across the Colne, general direction N.E. through Ardleigh, under the ancient trees that shade the road junction at Mistley and throw quivering shadows on quaintly Georgian monuments in the graveyard, then over swinging, open landscape. The river Stour accompanies you all the way from Mistley, and with a bold flourish introduces the port of Harwich to you. Here Dutch and Hanoverian Serenities were wont to land, and upon landing, become Royalty, such is our well-known hospitality. There is still a Georgian air about the cobbled lanes in the heart of Harwich, and the parish church of St. Nicholas. Here are memorials to members of a famous Service family, beginning with Thomas Bridge, for many years senior captain of H.M. Packets. As he died aged 85, he must have remembered the coming and going at this port in its busy Georgian days. He was probably too young to have noticed Dr. Samuel Johnson, who came down to "see you out of England," as he wrote to his friend Boswell. There is mention of other Bridges, soldiers and sailors, foremost among them Sir Cyprian of that name. Captain Fryatt is also here remembered. The Three Cups Tavern, separated from the parish church by the shaded churchyard, must have entertained many horsemen in their time. There was a continuous service of King's Messengers, for whom the cavalry at Colchester would have to find mounts. A very important service this, as these messengers were entrusted with the transport of such supplies as went to sustain Serenity in its Royal functions, "leberwurst," boar's head, and "mum," the black beer of Brunswick. The first instance of a regular relay system seems to date back to 1719, when Lord Colchester, Earl Rivers, commonly called "Tyburn Dick," Colonel of Horse, escorted his sovereign from Harwich to the capital. Apart from its usefulness as an ancient centre and road junction near a seaport, Colchester offered good training country all about it, and therefore troops were wont to concentrate on Lexden Heath. The first of these camps was formed in 1741 for troops under orders for Flanders, and these comprised the first three regi-

ments of Dragoon Guards, and the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 6th Dragoons. Even at that early stage of the British Army's regular existence, there were some well developed regimental feuds, and it took all the ruthless discipline of that time to keep the 23rd Foot and Whetham's Regiment from standing the camp on its head. Among those who inspected troops on Lexden Heath at this period, was Wade, who became famous for road making in the Highlands of Scotland.

"If you'd seen those roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

The 4th Horse, as it was then, must have hurried off to meet George II, who had landed unexpectedly at Aldeburgh instead of at Harwich. His Majesty was pleased to lie that night at the Swan, Stratford St. Mary, a place well known to those who have hunted with the Essex and Suffolk Hounds, for there, behind a fine old gabled house of Dutch origin, are the kennels.

It was after the Culloden campaign that the 4th and two other regiments of Horse were changed into Dragoons, and as such the 3rd Dragoon Guards came to Colchester in 1751; the Government were bent on economy again at the soldier's expense, as the pay of a dragoon was less than that of a trooper of Horse. Then the war of American Independence and the trouble on the continent of Europe again caused troops to assemble on Lexden Heath. The 3rd Dragoon Guards were among the contingent of cavalry, which included the First Royals and the 15th, 20th, and 21st Light Dragoons, to which came in 1781 three troops of General Johnson's 11th Dragoons. But it was the threat of invasion by French troops that aroused the most intense martial ardour, and in the last years of the 18th century the country about Colchester swarmed with every imaginable kind of light and sometimes highly irregular Cavalry, Yeomanry, Fencibles of all descriptions, and a solid foundation of Militia assembled from all parts of the kingdom. To accommodate some of these troops barracks were constructed in 1798, but were pulled down after the Waterloo Campaign, when people persuaded themselves that there would be no more war, as they always do when they come to count the cost of the last one.

The barracks seem to have been located in the parish of St. James and St. Magdalene, where martial names, Barrack, Artillery, Cannon Street, lingered for a space. It is curious to recall that during the Crimean War the King's German Legion, 2nd Light Dragoons, lived in this quarter. They were dismounted prior to being disbanded, and troopers of the Corps were offered a fresh start in Cape Colony, free transport for wife and family, and £200 to help things along. This was in striking contrast to the treatment of British-born soldiers after the Crimean War. Many of the Germans took unto themselves wives from among the lasses of Colchester, and some went out to South Africa. But quite a number must have preferred to stay in their adopted home, as German names are still to be found in this ancient city. During those stirring times of the late 18th and early 19th century, the display of Britain's martial preparations spread out over all the countryside which has Colchester as its venerable centre. Around the Beacon a well-known landmark on Tiptree Heath, a large camp was formed, also during the War of American Independence and the French Revolution. Hereabout, too, are Danbury and the thick woods of Woodham Walter, whence Robert Fitzwalter, Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church, set out to battle for the liberties of England against the tyrant John, who had also in his time favoured Colchester with a visit. Recruiting was brisk in those days, even without such attractive advertisement as the notice displayed in tap-rooms and other places where likely lads would foregather. This notice offered to "Men of Character and Figure" such "Horse, Arms, Accoutrements, and every other Appointment becoming a Dragoon Guard." The notice further suggested that "any young man, troubled with inquietude of Mind from association with the Fair Sex, or any uneasy circumstances whatever, may by enlisting in this Corps (3rd Dragoon Guards) find a Release from his Cares, and enter a life of ease and Jollity." This happened in 1770, what year Lieutenant Mansel, of the same illustrious Corps, advertised in the local paper, the loss of his "handsome Brown Pointer that answers to the name of Pompey," and offered a reward to the

finder who was requested to bring the dog to the Three Cups Inn at Colchester. Even at this distance of time one cannot help feeling some anxiety as to whether Pompey was duly restored to his master. Anyway, Lieutenant Mansel was a sportsman, and found in midst of arduous military duties relief and recreation in the chase. Plenty of opportunity offered, as Sir William Rowley was hunting the country from Tending Hall, Stoke, by Nayland, just over the Suffolk border. Another ardent sportsman of that time was Colonel Montague Burgoyne, who is credited with having revived fox-hunting with Thomas William Coke, of Holkham, in Norfolk. Mr. Coke as M.P. seems to have taken his hounds up to Town with him when called there by his Parliamentary duties. This would have given him a line across Essex. His grand-daughter, Mrs. Pickering, in her *Memories*, remembers his telling how he killed a fox in what is now the centre of Belgrave Square.

Of all the curious happenings, and there must have been many during those stirring times, one of the most astounding must have been that which occurred on Lexden Heath in 1811. The Garrison of Colchester was all drawn up for review by H.R.H. the Prince Regent, when up rode a very old but entirely hale and hearty gentleman in a uniform of long ago. He was introduced by the Earl of Chatham, and as consequence of the interview was granted a pension of £50 p.a. in addition to his half pay. He had richly deserved it, had Lieutenant John Andrews, for he had an astounding record of service. He was one of those who never miss a war if they can possibly help it. Of course, he had plenty of opportunity in those days, and he began young. He can have been only about sixteen years old when he joined the Army of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and went fighting Turks. The Peace of Belgrade in 1739 put an end to that experience, but we find John Andrews again at Dettingham as dragoon orderly to George II; he never claimed to have won the battle on that account as some orderlies would have done. In 1745 John Andrews fought at Fontenoy, and in the following year at Culloden. At this period he was serving in the ranks of the 3rd Dragoons, now 3rd King's Own Hussars, when they

wore facings and saddlecloths of Garter blue, which colour was perpetuated in their busby bag when they became hussars. There is a period of quiet in the life of John Andrews, until we hear of his being wounded in the foot at the storming of Moro Castle on Cuba. He must have been taking a turn with the infantry on that occasion, just to oblige. The surgeon wanted to cut off his foot straightway, but John declared that as he had come into the world with two feet, he proposed to leave it with the same number. There being no hurry about leaving this world, John Andrews retired with the rank of Lieutenant, and settled down at Colchester. The Napoleonic War, however, roused the martial ardour of 78 years' old John Andrews to offer his services to General Sir William Howe, K.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Division. His last appearance in arms was as already recounted on Lexden Heath in 1811, six years before his death. His tombstone, setting out the story of his life in headlines, stands in the churchyard of St. Mary's at the Wall at Colchester. It seems fitting that this splendid specimen of a British cavalryman should be resting in Britain's oldest cavalry station. People say that we no longer produce men of this calibre, the same was probably said when John Andrews was young, even when Longinus came to Camulodunum. It always will be said by the older generation, and it will always remain utterly untrue. There is life and vigour and enterprise in old Colchester, and youth in plenty to carry on glorious tradition and add to it.

Since the Crimean War, one regiment of cavalry after another was made welcome in Colchester, and on occasion Royalty came again on inspection, so H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in 1875 before the 14th Hussars left this ancient garrison for India. At the outbreak of the South African War volunteer activity centred on Colchester, where Paget's and Compton's Horse were formed and trained.

Cavalry are still training here, and in surroundings that breathe the spirit of the "fathers that begat us." Old Colchester adapts itself to the times and changes in matters superficial, but underneath all is the determined spirit of these ancient

cities to hold dear the memory of those who worked here, and from here went out to do credit to the place. As I have already remarked, Colchester has no glorious cathedral to enshrine pious memories, but there is an air of remembrance about the Church of Holy Trinity, the bricks of which may well date back to the days of Longinus the Duplicarius. There is much of the old, friendly, homely spirit about the "Cups," and the intricacies of the "Red Lion," which seems characteristic of the time when Lieutenant Mansel was advertising for his lost dog "Pompey," and just outside, but still part of the city, stands the beautiful gateway of St. John's Abbey, looking out over the roofs of barrack buildings, placid but alert to the call of the trumpet.

Though not a city of great size, there is yet something about Colchester which confirms a description of our country by a friend of ours, *Andrè Maurois*, when he speaks of "l'immense, l'éternelle Angleterre."



THE EARTH STOPPER.

Extracts from his Doggerel.

CHARLES.

(A Crawley and Horsham Fox.)

The dim grey dawn had scarce crept in
Through chill November's air,
When Charles the fox, five seasons' old,
Made slowly towards his lair.
His movement lacked that perfect rhythm
(Like the verse, a trifle jerky)
As he made for the gorse near Chantry Post
Dragging a twelve-pound turkey.
And as he neared the homestead snug
From a bush his Vixen popped,
"Lor, lummy! Charles," she gasped at him
"Our bloomin' earth's been stopped!"
Charles dropped his burden on the grass
Gaped! as the bird he leant on,
Turned as pale as the tag on his brush
"Oh, Susan! that means Denton*!"
"Denton be blowed!" his wife replied,
"What makes my brush all itches
Is the awful rousting we shall get
If he brings out the Bitches."
To move at once however there
Was no immediate need,
So mask to mask they settled down
To have a princely feed.
They seemed to lose all count of time
Digesting that good bird,
But came to their senses all at once
As the sound of the horn they heard.

*Huntsman, C. & H.

Two pairs of ears at once were pricked,
Two brushes lightly lifted,
Two foxey minds then thought alike
As away down wind they shifted.
Along the Downs to Parham Post
A holloa gave alarm!
The brace then turned right handed
Down the hill to Rackham Farm.
And, shortening stride as down they fled,
For the hill was very steep,
Susan shouted "Charles, yer fool!
Make for the flock of sheep!"
Together through that flock they ran
Thinking the scent to stifle,
But the Huntsman not born yesterday
Lifted Hounds a trifle.
As on they pressed, poor Susan flagged,
'Twas now beyond a joke,
She left the Hunt in Parham Park
And hid in the hollow oak.
Charles, quite cheerful, waved adieu,
Though he'd nearly shot his bolt,
But hoped to stir up Auntie Liz
Who lived at Wiggonholt.
But Auntie chanced to hear the chase—
She left in frantic hurry,
Ere poor old Charles had reached her haunts
She was half way into Surrey.
With dragging brush and lolling tongue,
For he had such a thirst on,
No time to drink, he set his mask
And struggled on towards Hurston.

* * * * *

Susan (still at Chantry Gorse),
Again took marriage vows;
She very rarely mentions
Poor Charles, her former spouse.

HERMOSO TOROS

By BREVET MAJOR B. M. MAHON, D.S.O., M.C.

IN the imagination of an ordinary Englishman the word "Bull-fight" conjures up a picture of gorgeously dressed toreadors with red cloaks mercilessly tormenting a gory bull which cannot escape slow butchery at their hands. The scene is rendered horrible by the suffering of maimed and disembowelled horses, and the whole performance and atmosphere is more like that of a slaughter house than an arena of sport. By all his teaching it is an unwarrantably cruel survival of ancient brutality.

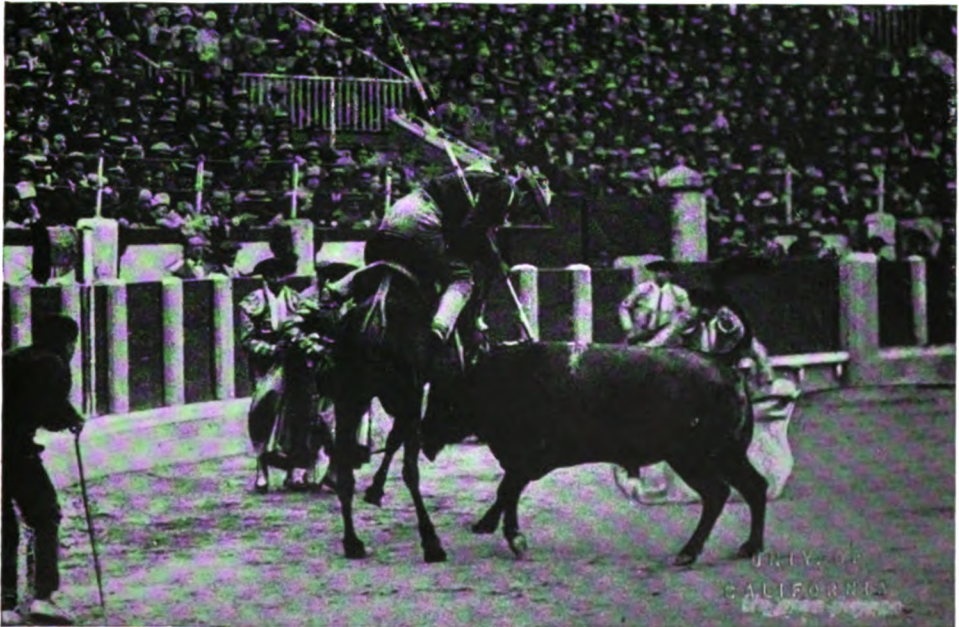
Recently I was in Spain at a place noted for its bull-fights. One day an advertisement headed "6 Hermoso Toros," displayed everywhere about the town, whetted my curiosity and drew me to the Plaza de Toros somewhat against my convictions to watch the national sport of Spain, if possible with an unbiassed mind.

I discovered that the sun controls the price of seats at the bull-ring, the fashionable and expensive seats are "Ombre" (in the shade), and those which are exposed to the rays of the sun are labelled "Sol," and accommodate the poorer members of the community. It was a Sunday afternoon and by 4 p.m. there was a dense but very orderly crowd streaming into the arena half an hour before the time announced for the start. A large contingent of police in their red tunics was on duty to keep law and order, but (except for one buffoon who created a diversion attempting to show his valour as a toreador by jumping into the ring) no more amenable and well-mannered crowd could be imagined.

It is interesting to study mass psychology, for every large crowd has its own individuality and temperament. A Latin



THE OPENING PHASE (A NEAT EVASION)



CHARGING A PICADOR

crowd thronging to a bull-fight might be expected to produce an atmosphere of some superlative excitement, but, on the contrary, it was with a contented ease and a predominating spirit of peaceful complacency amounting almost to lethargy that the immense assembly gradually surged into its seats round the enormous amphitheatre. There was no apparent excitement, no betting, no community singing nor any other demonstration which might have betrayed a suppressed eagerness or enthusiasm for what they had come to see. Women calmly took their seats nursing young babies, and old men hobbled in to their places without being jostled. It was a placid crowd and represented every age from childhood to dotage.

At first when I saw the great sandy-floored arena it was filled with hawkers, who were carrying on a lively business in nuts, ginger-beer, oranges, sweets and postcards. A vigilant and vivacious activity marked their short period of occupation of the ring. A raised hand, or a glance even, was sufficient to enlist their attentions, and whatever a customer wanted was thrown neatly to him with marvellous accuracy, if he was in the lower tiers, and, if out of range, relays of willing hands passed up the goods and returned the price with equal reliability. It was an amusing exhibition of the sagacity of vendors, and I could not help being struck by the complete faith with which numerous disinterested members of the crowd were trusted both to hand up the wares and deliver back the money from an individual perhaps forty or fifty tiers above the arena.

Of a sudden from the topmost galleries of "Sol" a burst of clapping breaks out which gives the signal for a wave of movement to sweep over the whole concourse. It is time to begin and the impatient clapping of a few has suddenly set a spell of expectation over all. The hawkers clear themselves out of the ring and gorgeously apparelled bull-fighters saunter in and loll against the side contemplating the thousands of spectators with *blasé* indifference. The Royal box has been occupied and all now seems ready. A fanfare of trumpets rings out and from under a big archway on the left a procession emerges which

turns out to be a parade of all the toreadors performing in the forthcoming display. Led by two outriders, toreadors, picadors, banderilleros and matadors troop into the arena, and a team of three heavily caparisoned horses for dragging out the dead bulls brings up the rear. Rumour has not exaggerated the splendour of the toreadors' dress which are all typical of the gaudiness ascribed to them. The wrecks of horses destined for the ensuing fights alone mar this opening scene which, but for their woe-begone appearance, would be exceedingly picturesque. After making several circuits of the arena, the procession, or "Cuadrilla" as it is called, moves out and the gates close behind it, leaving the ring empty save for three or four toreadors. Again the trumpets sound, and this time it is to herald the entry of the bull. Before the last notes have died away a door under the small arch facing the Royal box has swung open, and a fine black bull in perfect condition and with undeniably dangerous looking horns dashes into the ring. A rosette with streaming ribbons flutters from his massive shoulders as he goes, and infuriated by the pricking barb of this favour, which was deftly implanted in him as he passed under the arch by a man above, he wastes no time in attacking the first toreador he sees. The man stands invitingly still waving his extended red cloak, but as the bull is on him he steps neatly to one side and the cloak flutters over the animal's horns and along his back as he passes by in his furious rush. With a bellow of annoyance and without a moment's hesitation the bull engages a second toreador who runs ahead of him trailing his cloak and leaps lightly over the arena paling whilst the bull inches only behind crashes with a shuddering shock into it, sending splinters of timber flying with the force of the impact. He turns, and furious in being so frustrated, charges again and again at every toreador who tempts him, until somewhat disconcerted by his repeated failures he stands still, breathing heavily and contemplates with an angrily stamping foot his elusive tormentors.

In watching this opening scene of the fight it was hard not to get the impression that the bull was a very stupid animal, in that his sole object appeared to be the cloak instead of the man.



A BANDERILLERO



A MATADOR TAKES ON THE BAITING

It seemed a magnet which drew him unerringly to itself in every charge, leaving the man unscathed. Concentration on it alone seemed entirely to possess him. How far this stupidity on the bull's part was apparent or real it was hard to decide. Was it the animal's own innate hatred of red, or was it the bull-fighter's skill which made him look so foolish? To one ignorant of billiards the game looks absurdly simple when two professionals are playing, and it is the same with all other games and sports, the more perfect the skill of the performer the easier his art appears. And so it may well be with bull-fighting. Years of experience with the animal and a long and hard apprenticeship in the ring produce the supreme confidence which enables the bull-fighters to encounter charge after charge of the enraged beast with a facility which to the uninitiated disguises his skill and makes it appear that his task is easy and the bull a clumsy senseless animal.

After six or seven minutes have passed in this exhibition of baiting with the cloak, which is the only part of the fight which I could enjoy with unmixed feelings, the trumpets sound again, and the picadors mounted on their miserable Rosinantes enter the ring.

The spectacle of a man falling from a horse always proves an attraction to any body of humanity looking for a thrill. At a steeplechase that fence which causes most spills always draws an expectant crowd. It is something of the same morbid complex which stirs an increased excitement amongst the onlookers at the entry of the picadors. At the sight of the horses I felt an unpleasant anticipation of imminent horrors, but the Spaniards accustomed from childhood to the sight of blood and gore in the ring have no such qualms—they are merely passing incidents in the course of the fight. The horses, blindfolded on the side to be presented to the bull, are led into the ring and at the first suitable moment are halted broadside to his line of approach, and the picadors wearing special guards to protect their legs sit waiting with lances ready to meet the attack when it comes. The bull does not always go straight in at the thus invitingly posed horseman, but more often he has to

be enticed up to charging distance. Thence, after a few moments contemplation of his new opponents and one or two preliminary stamps of his feet, with lowered head and all the force and impetus of his weight and strength he looses himself against the flank of the unseeing and unresisting horse, which taken at such a disadvantage, if not overthrown at once, is trundled along and crashed against the arena paling receiving in either event a rapid but terribly effective goring, despite a shield which is supposed to protect it.

And the rider! Well may it be asked "What of him?" He falls with his horse unless he topples off in the scrimmage following the first shock of the charge. For a few moments his life is full of peril. If the bull had him alone to settle with his lot would indeed be an unhappy one, for he is lying prostrate at the mercy of the frenzied animal after falling from his horse. But his friends with the all-attractive red cloak are near, and with reckless agility step in and force the attention of the bull to themselves until the danger is passed, and the picador has extricated himself.

The horse having been gored and maimed and the rider cast to the ground, it might seem that the bull has scored in this round of the fight, but as he charged home into the horse the picador drove the lance deep into his back inflicting a deep, severe wound. Apart from anything else the effort of such an attack is itself exhausting, and having disposed of the first horseman the bull is almost at once confronted with a second, and the episode is repeated. When the trumpets blow for the picadors to retire, he has therefore exhausted much energy, and in addition he has two gaping wounds which are beginning to drain his vitality.

The third main period of the fight has now been reached, when it is the turn of the banderilleros to carry on the baiting.

The "banderilla" is nothing more than a cruelly barbed arrow-like weapon, bedecked with gay coloured frills and streamers so that in appearance it resembles a May Queen's wand. With one held artistically in each hand, the banderillero with all the grace of a ballet dancer approaches the bull until

he is the centre of its attention. Then he stops and strikes a pose raising the banderillas above his head and slowly lowering them again, after which he advances lightly a few steps and does the same again. Thus he comes nearer and nearer to the bull, who soon bears down upon him furiously.

Of all that is nimble-footed and audacious in a bull-fight no performance excels that of the banderillero. As the bull commences his rush so does he dash forward with the two banderillas poised above his head. In a moment man and beast have met in a conflict which augurs ill for the man. But no! They have passed each other, only in the now blood-stained shoulders of the bull the two banderillas are transfixed and nod cruelly as he checks and turns again to the attack with a bellow of pain and baffled fury. The incident passes so quickly that one scarcely appreciates the judgment, the agility, and the pluck which the banderillero displays. A slip, an hesitation or a false step at the critical moment and the bull's horns instead of the barbs of the banderillas would be "blooded." It is hard to see why the bull does not score more often in this bout, because the man has no cloak with which to foil him, and the encounter is in the nature of a charge and counter charge.

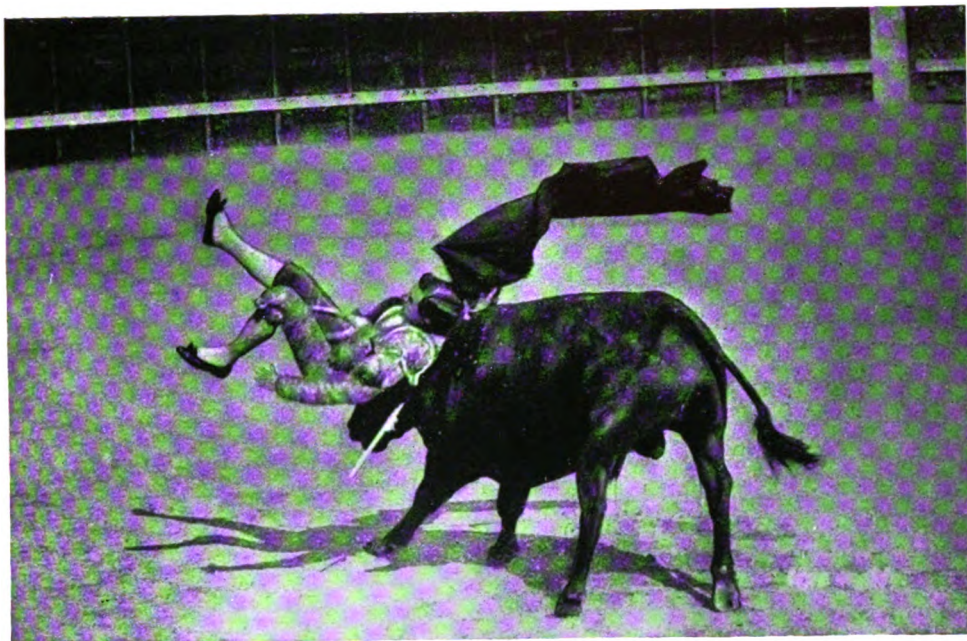
Three times a banderillero tempts the bull and three times he gallantly charges. But at the end of these vain encounters six banderillas cling viciously to his streaming shoulders, and he looks the doomed creature that he is, breathing heavily and foaming at the mouth, his strength and endurance rapidly waning.

Again the trumpets sound, and the matador (the killer) enters the ring greeted by the applause of the crowd. A matador who has acquired a big reputation is a popular hero in Spain, and his income is princely equalling or exceeding the amounts earned by our greatest theatrical stars. His attire is the same in design as that of the other toreadors but easily distinguishable by its richer colours. As he enters the ring there is an air of conscious swagger about him, but he does not delay more than a moment in engaging the bull, using not the ordinary cloak but what looks like a strip of the same material of a deeper

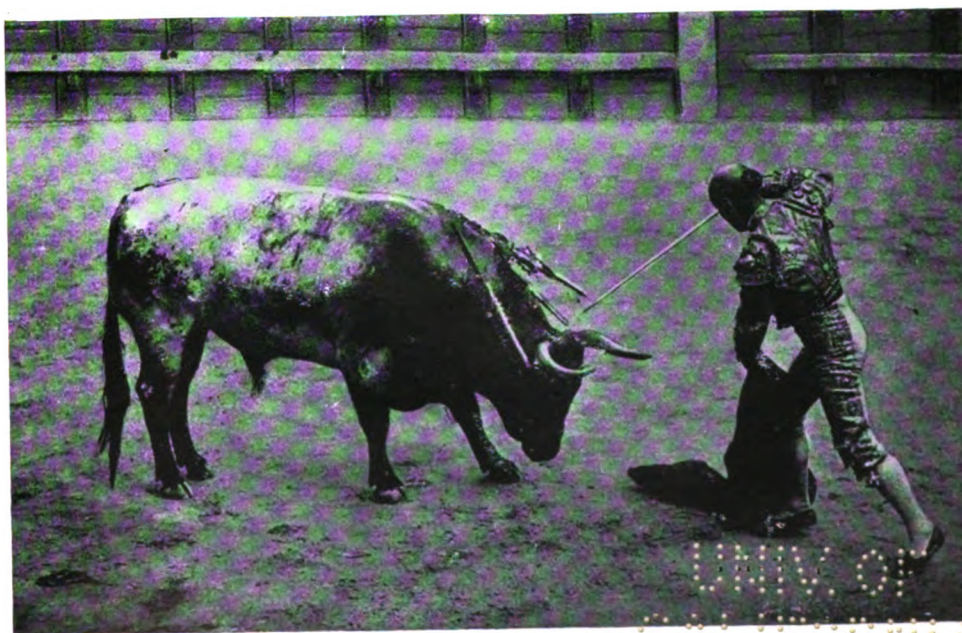
hue of red attached to a rod—the whole resembling a thick blind about a yard square. He soon has the bull's attention centred on himself, and after evading two or three of his determined charges with superlative ease, amid enthusiastic cheers from the crowd he brings the fight to the climax of excitement in the eyes of the spectators, who are now keyed up to a high pitch and respond to every thrill. Hush after hush of tense expectancy is followed by roar upon roar of exultant relief from ten thousand throats at his hairbreadth escapes.

It is indeed an exhibition of elegant audacity which in these days is unique. The bull in a frenzy of fury and fear is making his last desperate effort, and as none is so deadly as a wounded or cornered beast, so these last attacks on the matador are the most dangerous. The matador plays him with the skill of a fisherman, keeping constantly in close proximity and ever tantalizing him to charge, charge and charge again. From the right, from the left, to and fro, the bull rushes striving to rip the mocking figure which confronts and eludes him with a terrible persistency. There is no flurry nor unseemly hurry in the advances or the evasions of the matador. He moves with perfect grace, and his whole action is reminiscent of the ballet. It is his style no less than his intrepidity which makes his success.

Finally the bull's weakness overpowers him, his rushes become shorter and slower, and his movements stiff and spasmodic. His strength is played out. It would be well could a curtain fall now, for the rest is a scene of pure butchery. The matador approaches the stricken beast with a rapier in his hand. He halts a few feet from him, keeping his rapier on a level with his own face and aligned on the bull's shoulder in a position of intense readiness. Thus they stand face to face. If the bull does not charge of its own accord the matador steps in quickly and plunges the rapier up to the hilt between its shoulder blades. Should the bull charge he sends the rapier home to its mark no less surely, and clears himself to one side with a lightning step.



A CLUMSY MATADOR



THE END

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Inflicted with this mortal wound the gallant brute makes a final effort to reach his antagonist, but his strength has gone. He looks a piteous sight with the hilt starkly protruding from the middle of his mutilated and blood-soaked shoulders. His bellow is more a moan. If he does not collapse the matador takes a second rapier and thrusts it in deeply next the first, after which it is only a matter of seconds before the bull sinks down on his knees dying. Then a toreador approaches him from behind with a special dagger for severing the spinal cord, and he kills him instantaneously.

The last call of the fight is sounded on the trumpets now, and in answer to its summons the cavalcade which drags out the carcase enters with clattering hoofs. Rapidly a rope is fastened round the bull's horns and with shouts from the drivers and cracking whips the horses are urged off at best pace, dragging the remains of the noble bull with a bloody trail through the sand.

Meantime the matador has been receiving a great ovation. The crowd showers its approbation on him in accordance with its appreciation of his performance. An exhibition pleasing to it is greeted not merely by applause, but by an almost hysterical demonstration of praise. Men and women stand up and throw money, jewellery, hats, walking sticks, and even articles of clothing into the ring as an offering, and in acknowledgment the matador trips lightly round the arena, bowing and smiling his thanks, whilst his minions gather up the coins and other "sacrifices," many of which of the more personal variety are subsequently recovered by their owners.

When the matador leaves the ring, it is soon cleared, raked over and watered, and within five minutes a fresh bull is fighting for his life against impossible odds.

Thus on this afternoon six bulls were slain. In matter of time, method and incident each fight was practically a replica of the former one.

The crowd going out seemed well pleased with the afternoon's performance. I felt sated. Let it be granted that the bull-fighters give an exhibition of real skill and cool intrepidity,

which is unique and perhaps unequalled in these days, yet this very excellence intensifies their unerring superiority over the unfortunate bull, and makes his gallant but futile efforts to escape his inevitable fate a nauseating spectacle to watch.

I sat next to a Spaniard, who told me he had witnessed over 300 bull fights, and whilst he admitted feeling a prejudice against them in theory, he said that the fascination of the spectacle outweighed his scruples. He intensely admired the gladiatorial performances of the toreadors, and he had seen many gored and several killed in the ring.

In order to notice what re-action it would have upon the spectators, I would like to be present when a bull-fighter is gored. I believe the predominating sentiment amid the uproarious excitement would be a disgust at his unsuccessful and clumsy exhibition, just as in the palmy days of the Coliseum the Roman populace had little sympathy for failure, and a beaten gladiator was seldom spared.

The Bull-fight is obviously an anachronism, for in the past most countries in Europe have boasted their bull rings. In Spain, however, ideas, customs and traditions change more slowly.



B.C. LEGENDARIES

By SIEGFRIED P.

5. *Stanley Debonair.*

Charge Chester, Charge!

THE dust hung in clouds over the dark ranks. The men wrapped the ends of their lungis over mouths and noses. Except for a muffled cough now and again, there was an eerie silence as the Bootleggers tramped along the village track, deep in dust. A sudden halt brought the tired sepoys in rear into stumbling confusion. A whispered order to "fall out" came down the column, and the men dropped down on a furrowed field to the left of the track. Ten minutes later they were aroused by their officers. Many of them had fallen asleep and had to be shaken.

The Bootleggers were soon hard at work digging trenches. The supply of entrenching tools being very limited, an intensive quarter of an hour relief system was adopted. The C.O. himself superintended the excavation of an enormous hole in which the officers' chargers were to be stabled. A ramp led into it. The dust had subsided by this time, and the stars threw a dim lustre over the operations. "Zor se! Put your backs into it! Shahbash jawan! Well done young fellow!" the taskmasters encouraged.

As the dawn came up behind low hills the tasks were practically complete. The officers partook of a hasty breakfast behind a mud hut, and the troops sat in their low trenches and ate cold chuppatis.

The Colonel stood up after his repast. "Gentlemen," he said a little pompously, "I hear firing. Our main attack has commenced. In half an hour's time we should be engaged. Will

you please go to your companies and see that all is in order. Remember my words of last evening about fire discipline and the judicious expenditure of ammunition. We have a hard day's fighting before us. That is all, gentlemen."

The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and yet the Bootleggers still sat contemplating a peaceful landscape. A few goats browsed on the hillside. The C.O. was impatiently smoking "gaspers," which he carefully inserted in his wooden holder. He sat bolt upright, his moustache bristling. "Smith," he exclaimed petulantly, "please read me the Brigade orders once more." "Yes, that's the part. The 201st Infantry will make a night march and be in position before Belumpur by 5.30 a.m.," "and the special instruction tells us 'to oppose the retirement of the enemy upon whose right rear you will find yourselves.' there can be no mistake."

Another hour passed. Sounds of distant firing came to them occasionally, apparently from due East. Reconnoitring patrols reported nothing within a radius of three miles. A mounted officer, who had been despatched to find out what was happening, at length appeared galloping back over the bare fields. He dismounted hurriedly and, running up to his commanding officer, saluted. "I'm sorry, Sir, there has been a mistake. It was Begumpur and not Belumpur that was intended. The fault seems to lie in a difference of maps. Begumpur is not shown on our small scale."

The Colonel's face was plethoric, his allusions to the supply of manœuvre maps adequate. No one tried to converse with him until several hours later when the Bootleggers, having marched another ten miles to the sound of the guns, found themselves in Brigade reserve, and Colonel Pepperly summoned his officers to hear their new orders.

"The Brigade is held up by enemy forces estimated at five infantry battalions and two squadrons of cavalry on a line running approximately from Anandi to a mile North East of the L in Lemanabad.

"The 201st Infantry will take The Bagh (wood) West of Lemanabad. The 4th Battalion, Royal Rangers, will be attack-

ing on our left." Colonel Pepperly went on to give his detailed instructions, and twenty minutes later the Bootleggers were moving up between cultivated fields to the attack. They passed through a repulsed battalion of their brigade, feeling too tired to answer rallies from the recumbent men. With a maximum of two hours sleep, they had marched thirty-five miles during the previous twenty-four hours.

They plodded on. As enemy rifle fire opened upon them, they changed from their artillery formation into extended order. The country was getting thick with long grass and thorn bushes.

"Number Two Company has lost touch with the Rangers, Sir," reported the Adjutant respectfully. "That is the Rangers fault," snapped his C.O. stiffly. "However, tell Belworthy to try again."

They came to a cactus hedge with open ground beyond. The Bagh lay four hundred yards away. The forward sections were advancing by rushes under heavy fire. To their left front was a patch of scrub jungle which the map failed to show.

At this juncture an umpire came galloping up. "Colonel, you will withdraw at once. You are being fired at by one and a half battalions of infantry and four machine guns. You have no covering fire except possibly from your artillery and you are entirely unsupported."

"I disagree with you," replied Colonel Pepperly curtly. "The Rangers are attacking on my left. "Have you touch with the Rangers?" asked the umpire scathingly.

"No, Sir. But let me draw your attention to the Field Service Regulations." He drew the little red book from his pocket and adjusted his spectacles.

"Thank you, Colonel. Keep your little lecture. My name is Colonel Blazing." Colonel Blazing's name was well known. He was a senior lecturer at the Staff College. "The failure of a battalion on your left flank to keep in touch does not dissolve you from the obligation to refrain from committing a folly. Kindly withdraw at once."

"Folly, Sir. Where is the folly? There is no one in that thicket to my left front; my scouts have informed me. My right

is secure. I am only the object of frontal fire." The little man was hungry and tired. He could not contain himself.

"Charge!" Through the thick brushwood to their left front broke a swarm of horsemen. The dark hirsute faces opened a line of white teeth as they shouted their war-cry and thundered down, with lances at the engage, upon the flank of the Bootleggers.

"Now will you withdraw, Sir?"

"But," boomed the irate little Colonel. "But me no buts! Had you that time, Sir; mobility, surprise, and so forth. Charge Chester, charge! On Stanley, on!" Stanley Debonair reined up his shining black charger on its haunches before his seniors. The sun shone on shining leather and mailed shoulder chains. He threw a gauntleted hand aloft, grasping his sword as if posing for a statue of victory; and giving the signal to his rallied squadron to dismount, swung himself from the saddle, drew the reins over his horse's head, adjusted his kurta (long tunic) to his full satisfaction and smiled at his seniors. "Well, Sir, what's the decision?"

Colonel Pepperly turned away speechless. The impudence of these young cavalymen! He would have little relished hearing Debonair's next remark to the red tabbed umpire. "Johnny, old boy, our friend seems peeved."

"Yes. Stanley," said Colonel Blazing. "The Bootleggers have had a doing, I understand. They are really a good lot. Pepperly has done them a world of good since he took over command. If only he hadn't been so infernally pompous and flaunted F.S.Rs. at me, I would have been kinder. As for you, was it luck or judgment that brought you in so opportunely?"

That evening the G.O.C. held his pow-wow in front of the Staff marquee. He was not pleased and said so plainly. However, as the odour of roasting murgli (chicken) came to his nostrils, he noted with satisfaction the "opportune employment of cavalry against tired infantry," but immediately afterwards was inveighing against faulty map references in Brigade orders; and when Lieut.-Colonel Meekmus Snottingley tried to excuse his loss of direction by remarking that "we all learn by making

mistakes, don't we, Sir?" he terminated the conversation abruptly. "Then all I can say is that we have learnt the hell of a lot from to-day! Thank you, gentlemen." He turned into his tent to drain a stiff whisky peg.

—*Were the last words of Marmion.*"

The Turk machine guns were still peppering away, in spite of the R.H.A. shells bursting with apparently deadly precision on the ridge. The rest of the Cavalry Brigade were holding on like grim death to a position they had taken half a mile away. The 61st Horse were trying to capture this flanking ridge to make the position secure.

Two squadrons were already engaged. They had dismounted half way up the rocky slope and had scrambled three quarters of the way to the top with fixed bayonets, only to be stopped with heavy casualties. All the Hotchkiss guns of the regiment were engaged to a greater or lesser extent. The C.O. ordered his third squadron forward.

"More to the left," groaned Debonair, as the squadron came to an abrupt halt and dismounted for action in the same dead ground as its predecessors.

"What's that you say, Debonair?"

"The Turk must be a bit tired, Sir. I was thinking that if the third squadron had used a little judgment they would have tried to distract his attention and got further without dismounting by moving a trifle further round his right flank."

"Judgment, Debonair. Are you trying to teach me my job? I instructed them to do as they are doing. But for that dead ground we should have lost all our horses." There was no love lost between the two men. Debonair's irrepressible tongue made him somewhat trying to a tired commanding officer, who could scarcely find fault with his junior because Debonair had an irritating habit of being right in his remarks.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Debonair, stroking a bristly chin. It was most unusual for Debonair to be unshaven. Unfortunately his servant had been blown up by an aeroplane bomb whilst unstrapping his master's kit the evening before. He

dusted his boots with a silk handkerchief and again turned his field glasses on to the hillside.

"It is now or never, Major Debonair. We must take this ridge. You will——" The C.O. never finished his sentence. A stray bullet at long range had killed him.

"Poor old boy," whispered Debonair. He turned from the body of his Colonel. "Billy," he said to the Adjutant, "I shall carry out the C.O.'s orders and attack at once. You must carry on until you can let Trelawny know that he is now commanding."

"Squadron, mount! Trot!" Debonair wheeled them out of cover in column of troops and extended them to five yards interval. They advanced rapidly towards the hill seven hundred yards away, but their direction was half left. He had been studying the landscape carefully for the last three quarters of an hour; and had already told his Indian officers what he would do if given a free hand, though he had loyally added that the C.O. had special instructions which might not allow of the project. The enemy's right flank was a steep and rocky one, though no more so than that on which the other squadrons were attacking. Owing to there being no dead ground and also no possibility of covering fire for the Hotchkiss guns, the C.O. had ruled against it. Water, as usual, was the obstacle which prevented their turning the enemy's flank in approved fashion.

"Here we are," said Debonair, as he swung his troops up the steep incline at a gallop. Debonair's horses had been well cared for. They scrambled up the hillside like cats. "This comes of our polo games, Sirdar Sahib," he found time to laugh to his second-in-command as he pushed his pecking horse on.

Bullets were coming fast. The Indian officer's grim smile disappeared as his horse dropped under him, pitching him on to his back. He was on his feet again in a moment, sword in hand, and running after his leader, only to be knocked over once more by a falling man and horse.

"I thought we should do it. Charge!" yelled Debonair. The Turks were indeed tired, and also hungry; but a handful of stolid yeoman stood to the last as Debonair's troops came pounding along the crest.

"Now then, Jemadar Sahib. For action—Dismount! Four hundred yards. Rapid fire." The enemy were streaming down the far side of the hill as the other squadrons of cavalry arrived panting on the hill top.

Stanley Debonair sat for a moment, dismounted lazily, took the reins carefully over his horse's head, and sat down in front of his heaving charger.

The Indian officer turned to him a minute later, his eyes flashing their jubilation. "Sahib! Sahib!"

But "Dibona" Sahib stared unseeingly into space. He had been shot through the heart before dismounting.



CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS.

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

PART I.

The Origin of Battle Honours.

It is a distinction of the Cavalry that the first Battle Honour in the form of the name of a battle on Standards, etc., was granted to a regiment of that arm, viz., the grant of "Emsdorff" to the 15th Light Dragoons (later 15th Hussars) by Royal Warrant dated 19th December, 1768.* This practice seems to be entirely British for the French did not grant such honours before 1792 (for Valmy and Jemmapes) and the Germans before 1808 (for Colberg, 1807). The Hon. East India Company does not appear to have granted battle honours before 1826, when it granted some for the First Burmese War, 1824-26.

Battle Honours of all kinds come under the general heading of "Honorary Distinctions" and are an out-growth of "Augmentations of Honours" granted by the Sovereign to a shield of Arms in the days of chivalry to commemorate some illustrious deed. As the devices on the shield were repeated in the banners, etc., and as the carrying of standards and guidons is but a development of the carrying of banners, it is not difficult to understand the origin of the practice of bearing honorary distinctions in standards and guidons.

Although "Emsdorff" was the first honour to be granted it is not the earliest campaign, chronologically, to be commemorated, this distinction belongs to "Tangier, 1662-80," granted in 1909,† and is borne by one Cavalry Regiment, viz., 1st The Royal Dragoons and one infantry regiment—The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey).

*Other regiments may have borne similar honours before this date but their authority for so doing is doubtful.

†Under A.O. 180/1909.



THE ROYAL DRAGOONS, 1660

70 1919
1919 1919

*"Tangier, 1662-80."**

Commenting on the Tangier campaign Fortescue writes : "In 1684 that ill-fated possession, having cost many thousands of lives and witnessed as gallant feats of arms as ever were wrought by English soldiers, was finally abandoned." (Vol. 1, p. 299.)

Britain acquired Tangier† as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza of Portugal, consort of Charles II. Don Francisco de Mello was sent to England to negotiate about the marriage and was empowered to offer with the Princess's hand such material advantages "as he thought no other power in Europe could offer." On interviewing the King he said that "he was authorised to offer £500,000 sterling in ready money, as a portion for the Infanta and likewise to assign over and annex to the Crown of England, for ever, the possession of Tangier, a place likely to be of great benefit and security to the trade of England," etc., etc. Charles and Catherine were duly married.

As Tangier is the scene of the earliest exploits of our present Standing Army a few words of description might be justified.‡ It is a sea-port on the North Coast of Morocco and commands the western entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar. Standing on the ramparts a sentry can see the whole of the Straits and the coast of Southern Spain. The town is built on the slope from the beach and a castle on the highest part commands the whole. It is a place of great antiquity, the original founders being the Canaanites, and has been, successively, in the possession of Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Moors and Portuguese. The Moor gave considerable annoyance to the Portuguese who were probably glad to get rid of it, as we were a few years later. The city has changed very little in the course of time and the Guard Room which was occupied by the Regiment of Foot (now

*WORKS CONSULTED:

"History of the British Army," by Colonel Clifford Walton.

"History of the British Army," by Sir John W. Fortescue.

"Historical Records of the First of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons," by General de Ainslie, Colonel of the Regiment.

"History of the Second Queen's now The Royal West Surrey Regiment," by Lieut.-Colonel John Davis, F.S.A.

†And also Bombay.

‡Bayonets were first used in the British Army in this campaign; they were of the "plug" pattern, i.e., screwed or plugged into the muzzle of the musket which rendered the musket useless as a firearm.

The Queen's Royal Regiment) during the campaign may still be seen, as also the Gateway through which the Troop of Horse galloped out to a skirmish with Omar Ben Haddn's horsemen.

At the time of the campaign the whole city was walled in. The main defence on the land side consisted of a series of out-works so placed to form a complete outer line of forts. These were connected by ditches and in some places by "palisadoes," the whole being three miles in compass on this side.

The military system of the Moors was of a feudal type, there was no field administration, each man providing for himself, a great weakness when a large concentration of force was required for any length of time. They were excellent horsemen and possessed great confidence in their ability to defeat any foe in the open. They observed no kind of order, observing neither ranks nor files.*†

*These descriptive notes are taken from Walton's "History of British Army," pp. 22-24.

†(i) Fortescue, "History of the British Army." Vol. I, p. 294.—"Tangier, being in constant peril of recapture by the Moors, was a troublesome possession, and required a garrison, for which duty a regiment of foot and a strong troop of horse were raised by the Earl of Peterborough, the recruits being furnished mainly by the troops at Dunkirk. These corps survive among us as the Second or Queen's Regiment of Foot, and the First or Royal Dragoons."

(ii) As regards the raising of the troops of horse which formed the nucleus of The Royal Dragoons much detail is given on pp. 15-26 of "The History of the Second Queen's now the Royal West Surrey Regiment," by Lt.-Col. John Davis.

The troop was raised by the Earl of Peterborough under a Royal Warrant dated 6th September, 1661.

By an Establishment dated 10th October, 1661, the details of the troop were:

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS OF HORSE:

							ANNUM		
							£	s.	d.
Collonell as Collonell	219	0	0
Chaplain at	121	13	4
Chirurgion att iijs with a horse at 2s.	109	10	0
Quartermaster at 4s. with a horse at ijs	109	10	0
Gunsmith at ijs vjd	45	12	6
Total							£605	5	10

A TROOPE OF HORSE:

Captaine at 10s. with two horses at 2s.	225	10	0
Lieut. at 6s. with two horses at 2s.	182	10	0
Cornett at 5s. with two horses at 2s.	164	5	0
Three trumpeters at 2s. 8d. each	146	0	0
Three corporalls at 3s.	164	5	0
And one hundred soldrs. at 2s. 6d. each	4,562	0	0
Total							£5,444	10	0
The totall charge of horse							£6,049	15	10

(iii) In his very authoritative "History of the British Army" (1600-1700) Walton quotes "Mercurius Publicus, 24 Octr., 1661," for the raising of this Regiment of Foot and Troop of Horse.

(iv) General de Ainslie (Colonel of The Royal Dragoons in 1887) in his history of regiments states: "The officers of this troop were the Earl of Peterborough, Captain and Colonel; Robert Leech, Captain-Lieutenant; James Mordaunt, Cornet.

At the outset the British were on the defensive but in 1663 Lord Teviot, who in that year succeeded Peterborough as Governor of Tangier, took the offensive and the Horse carried out many brilliant exploits. "In February, 1664, a Moorish army commanded by Gaylan, the usurper of Fez, appeared before Tangier with the object of laying seige to the fortress. On the 1st of March the Earl of Teviot, observing a body of the enemy with a splendid scarlet standard, on an eminence near the city, ordered the Troop of Horse to make a sally and bring in the standard, which command being promptly obeyed, the brave troopers, led by Captain Witham, issued from the city, traversed the intervening space with signal intrepidity, and, having routed the Moors, they returned in triumph with the Standard."*

A disastrous sortie took place on the 4th May, 1664, in which the British were misled by a false report, and being surprised by a band of Moors, many were massacred, including Lord Teviot. Desultory warfare went on till 1679 when Charles II increased the garrison† at Tangier. The augmentation included six troops of Horse thus bringing the total Cavalry up to seven troops. During September and October, 1680, these troops made sallies from the fort and in one of them (24th October), Sir Palmes Fairborne, was wounded and died (27th October). A troop of Spanish Horse co-operated in these affairs and gained great praise from the Governor.

A great fight took place on the 27th October, 1680, in which Captain Nedby (or Neatly) led the troop of English Horse. As soon as the Moors' first position had been carried by the infantry the cavalry were brought up and after a series of short fights the enemy fled in all directions, pursued by the English and Spanish Horse. The casualties in the English troop were Lieutenant Capel wounded in right arm, Cornet Windham shot in right arm, "which is cut off," and five soldiers wounded.‡

*"History of The Royal Dragoons"—General de Ainslie—p. 11. This affair is described in greater detail in the "History of The Queen's" (Davis), pp. 56-57.

†This included some companies of the regiments now known as the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards and The Royal Scots. These three regiments bear the honour "Tangier, 1680" granted under Army Order 180/1909.

‡Vide "History of The Queen's," Vol. 1, p. 179.

A Treaty of Peace was concluded on 3rd January, 1681, but perpetual warfare went on until 1683 when Parliament decided to abandon the place, and sent Lord Dartmouth to Tangier to carry out the withdrawal. On 2nd July, 1683, the King signed Lord Dartmouth's Commission which appointed him "Admiral, Captain-General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief." The fortifications and harbour defences, etc., were duly destroyed and the garrison returned. The Horse came home on the "Charles," a merchantman, which sailed on 1st February, 1684.* Towards the end of 1683 Charles II was considering the means by which he could improve his army, and resolved to retain the services of the Tangier Horse. He also commissioned Colonel John Churchill to raise a troop of Dragoons at St. Albans and its vicinity, and Viscount Cornbury, son of the Earl of Clarendon, to raise another at Hertford; and these were constituted with the four troops of Tangier Horse, a regiment to which he gave the distinguished title of "The King's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons," the words "King's Own" were, however, soon afterwards discontinued, and the regiment was styled "The Royal Regiment of Dragoons."† The Colonelcy of the new regiment was conferred upon Colonel Churchill of Eyemouth, by commission, dated 19th November, 1683, and the Lieutenant-Colonelcy at the same time upon Viscount Cornbury.

(Part 2 will deal with "Blenheim" and "Ramillies.")

*Vide "History of The Queen's," Vol. 1, p. 179.

†In 1672 a corps had been raised bearing this title, but it was disbanded after the Peace of Nimeguen in October of that year. ("History of The Royal Dragoons.")



TANGIERS

Position of the Troops at the Commencement
of the Fight 27th Oct 1680

1. King's Battⁿ
2. Governor's Regt (2nd Queens)
3. 1st Bn. Dumbarton's Regt.
4. 2nd Bn do do
5. Adm. Herbert's Bn of Seamen
6. 2nd Bn Governor's Regt (2nd Queens)
7. 8. 9. 10. 11. Forlorn Hope
12. 13. Detached parties
14. Reserve Cavalry



A ROGUE'S GALLERY

By JOHN AYE.

THE old saying that opportunity makes the thief is nowhere better illustrated than in our army history. Over and over again its pages show only too clearly that given faulty administration and lack of proper financial control it will not be long before the rogue makes his appearance, though in justice to the soldier it should be pointed out that the rogue, generally speaking, is usually of civilian importation.

The introduction in time past of the civilian element into lucrative posts in connection with the army—at one time a very common form of political jobbery—let loose upon the service a number of rascals whose pilfering was so open and flagrant as to be almost humorous. Prominent among this band was William Harbord, the Treasurer of the Army and a Member of Parliament, who in 1689, not content with the already lucrative pickings of his post, contrived by some underhand jobbery to obtain a commission to raise an independent troop of cavalry for which he drew pay as though it were complete in all ranks, though it consisted in reality only of himself as commanding officer, two clerks whom he put down as officers, and a standard which he kept in his bedroom. This unit, it is interesting to note, had the unique distinction at that time of being the only one regularly paid. Harbord's practice was to send in complete muster rolls, pay himself promptly, and when awkward questions were raised to find that his duties as a Member of Parliament required his immediate departure from the Army and his attendance at the House of Commons, where of course he was free from arrest.

The same year brought forward an almost equally humorous rogue in the person of Commissary General Shales. One

of this gentleman's principal duties was to obtain horses for the troops going to Ireland, but when the campaign opened the horses were missing, Shales having collected them in Cheshire and then let them out to farmers in the neighbourhood and pocketed the hire. When compelled to carry out the duty for which he was paid the transport he provided was so bad that even in the short passage from England to Ireland one regiment of Cavalry lost every horse in the crossing. It was also not until what remained of the horses had been landed in Ireland that it was discovered that no provision had been made for the supply of horse-shoes. Among other little schemes run by this enterprising and get-rich-quick official for his own benefit was purchasing salt at 9d. a lb. and retailing it to the troops at 4s.

The system of accounting in the army that existed down to comparatively modern times can only be described as ludicrous, and that it should have lingered so long is an undoubted blot upon our administration. The report of a special Commission of Accounts, printed in 1781, which inquired into the methods pertaining in the various Government departments disclosed the fact that the Paymaster-General was to all intents and purposes the banker of the Army. It was his practice to submit each year to the Treasury an estimate of the sum required for the various army services, whereupon the Treasury, with a child-like faith that they have now unfortunately lost, without testing the accuracy of the request, or making inquiry as regards any outstanding balance, paid over the amount demanded. From that moment there was no further check on it, and the Paymaster was at liberty to accumulate as large a balance as possible, placing the interest thereon in his own pocket. Under this system the average yearly balance in his hands was found to be well over half a million pounds, and the monthly balance one million. Another custom, sanctioned by time and usage, permitted this official to retain his balance after relinquishing office until his accounts were finally passed, and naturally under such conditions the clearing up was deferred as long as possible, and it was no uncommon thing for a balance of nearly half a million to be

retained by a retiring Paymaster-General for eight or ten years. Indeed, under it a sum of £473,000 issued to Lord Lincoln in 1719-20 vanished beyond discovery.

In view of the corruption that existed on all sides the system of payment by muster gave rise to situations that though humorous were almost tragic. The Commissaries of Musters, although bearing army rank, were civilians who had obtained their posts through political jobbery, and not only were they unfitted for their position but in most cases they were not above suspicion, even the most honest of them putting in at times unnecessary musters in order that he might draw the fees. For example, the Commissary of Musters at Portsmouth was an antiquated old gentleman in the last stage of senile decay who was wheeled about in a wheelbarrow. To counteract the illegal exactions of these harpies, and very often without any such excuse, all kinds of frauds were perpetrated. Arms and horses were borrowed, civilians were dressed up for the occasion and placed in the ranks, and men were mustered over and over again under different names. As an example of this a Court of Inquiry that sat in 1684 reported that the Governor of the Isle of Wight had, in addition to his authorized number of servants, one soldier employed on his yacht, another as coachman and a third as groom; "that he had lent to different private persons one soldier as a gardener, another as a gamekeeper, another as a steward, and that these men had not been mustered for seven years; another gardener had not been mustered for a year and a half, and both he and another man, who was apprenticed to a carpenter, had never done a day's duty; that a labourer and a shepherd appeared at the musters for a consideration; that one soldier whose name appeared on the muster rolls had been at sea for four years; that another man duly answered to his name at the muster rolls but that his pay was allowed to the Rector of Yarmouth as the said Rector's servant, and the said man has another pay allowed him for which he musters in his own name; that one man had run away but his name was continued on the rolls, and that another was a brickmaker and had been altogether excused duty."

The outstanding feature of the army system, or rather want of system, over nearly two centuries lay in the fact that the greater the salary the greater the robber, while the lower the salary the more such person was robbed. Thus while the colonel drew pay not only as a colonel but also as a captain, and in addition made an income of anything from £300 to £800 out of the clothing of his unit, the poor subaltern during the period 1660 to comparatively modern times had on receiving his commission to pay one fee to the Secretary of War, a second to one of the Secretaries of State, and five per cent. on his purchase money to Chelsea Hospital. His pay, which was barely sufficient to keep him, was divided into subsistence and arrears. The latter, small as it was, and often very much in arrear, was subject to a deduction of one shilling in the £ to the Paymaster-General, one day's full pay to Chelsea Hospital, while our old friend the Commissary-General of Musters claimed yet another day's pay. These deductions were followed by a vast number of petty and illegal exactions sanctioned by long usage. Every commissary of musters claimed a fee of one or two guineas for every troop or company passed, which passing sometimes took place six times a year. Following these came the auditors who demanded thirty shillings, or eight times their legal fee, on passing the account of each troop or company. After these came fees to the officials of the Exchequer, Treasury fees for the issue of pay warrants, and in fact fees to every civilian clerk who had impudence enough to demand them.

The private soldier was even worse plucked. His pay of eightpence per day was divided into two portions, three shillings being paid to him weekly for his subsistence money, while of the remaining 1s. 8d. sixpence was retained by the captain for necessaries and 1s. 2d. by the colonel towards paying for his clothing. If when all was paid anything remained over (known as off-reckonings), the soldier was supposed to receive the balance, but such settlements were as rare as the Greek kalends. This, however, did not satisfy some commanding officers who were in a hurry to get rich, and for whom the regiment only existed as a means of making money. Thus in 1668 Col. Sir

John Edgeworth of the 18th Foot was tried and cashiered for purchasing cast-off clothing from the Jews and charging it to the recruit as new. A number of officers of the regiment were at the same time cashiered with him, including his two sons. Again in 1695 Col. Hastings of the 13th Foot was cashiered for charging extortionate prices for necessaries and threatening and imprisoning those who objected to take the clothing at such prices.

Another opportunity for getting rich through the medium of public funds came with the creation of barracks. The rapid growth of our manufacturing towns, coupled with more or less revolutionary agitation among the workmen, forced on Pitt the necessity of establishing small garrisons, and this in turn caused the necessity for barracks. Accordingly in June, 1792, he appointed Col. Oliver Delancey, a D.A.G. at Headquarters, to the post of Barrack-Master-General with the duty of providing the necessary housing for the troops. Before accepting the post Delancey stipulated that he should not become a public accountant, and this was agreed to by Pitt, all money expended being defrayed out of the vague charge "Extraordinaries of the Army." The advantage of this arrangement was that while Delancey was authorized to purchase land, contract for the erection of barracks, the supply of furniture, bedding, etc., nothing came before the House of Commons until huge sums had been spent on account.

In carrying out these large financial operations without any supervision or control, Delancey, either through incapacity or something worse, made the most extravagant bargains. The Commissioners of Audit and the Treasury were ignored, and when inquiry was at last set on foot in 1804 (some twelve years later), it was found that over £9,000,000 of public money had been issued to the Barrack-Master-General's Department for which no accurate accounts could be produced. The condition of affairs was indeed lamentable; the most ludicrous prices had been paid for articles supplied or work done; barrack-masters had been appointed and paid where there was no barracks at all; while the Barrack-Master-General had appropriated large

sums to himself under the all-embracing title of "personal expenses." In spite of this exposure Delancey not only escaped punishment but on retiring from his office in 1804 was granted a pension of £6 a day.

Next to faulty administration the most frequent cause of roguery has been the penury shown by the authorities to the essential services of the army. This was particularly so in the case of the medical service. From the middle ages right down to comparatively modern times the neglect of this branch was most marked, probably owing to the economical theory which existed that it cost more to cure a soldier than to levy a recruit. Even at the best the medical personnel sent with any expeditionary force was largely of the "scratched together" order, but the climax of scandal was reached in that sent to the Netherlands in the campaign of 1794, when a so-called medical staff "was improvised out of drunken apothecaries, broken down practitioners, and rogues of every description who were provided under some cheap contract, the charge of respectable members of the profession being deemed exorbitant." These rascals who bore the title of surgeons' mates not only charged £40,000 for wine for the sick (which they drank themselves), but actually plundered the poor patients committed to their care.

Another somewhat humorous form of roguery that at one time existed in the army owed its origin to the fact that once enlisted a man could not be arrested for debt. Arising out of this a practice arose (with the connivance of the officers) by which debtors to avoid arrest were enlisted and then given indefinite leave to carry on their trade or calling. Retribution, however, was not long in overtaking them, for in March, 1705, the Secretary at War sent to the Judge Advocate-General the names and addresses of twenty-two tradesmen in and about London and enlisted in the Foot Guards, but absent from duty, with an order that the Board of General Officers should inquire into the matter and send these men to the regiment abroad.



EPHRAIM AND MANASSEH.

A Tale of Two Mules and the War.

“HELLO, Ephraim!”

“Hello, Manasseh!”

“Back again to it, Ephraim? How did you get here?”

“How did I get here? Why train, of course, you man ass; do you think I came by aeroplane, or what, eh?”

“No, it’s not that; what I meant was, how did you manage to get back to your old unit?”

“Oh, that was easy enough; tact, my boy, tact, and a bit of cheek did it. You see, after doing my six weeks in hospital—and I wish I was there still—I was sent to the remount depot, and there I struck up an acquaintance with a good-looking sergeant in the mule section. He said to me after my seven days C.B. in the depot, ‘Look here, my son, you’ll be for the front one of these days, who did you belong to before you went sick?’ ‘I belonged to the 40th D.A.C. sergeant,’ said I, ‘and I would like to go back there, for by brother Manasseh is with the 40th, and we’ve always been together.’ ‘Right, son,’ said he, ‘I’ve marked you down for the 40th,’ and here I am. Good chap that, wasn’t he, Manasseh, for he could have marked me down for Timbuctoo, I daresay, if he wished.”

“Well, I am glad to have you back, Ephraim; things have not been going too well since you left, and I’m getting a bit down on my luck, fed up with this bloomin’ mud and short tack.”

“Ah, it’s a change you want, Manasseh, short tack won’t feed you up much, and I wish the blinkin’ Kaiser was drowned in the mud, but hold on until I tell you my experience in paradise, and then we’ll see how the land lies for you and a bit of a holiday.”

“You remember when I was hit in the neck from a bursting bomb, and was taken to the ‘Mobile’ (Mobile Veterinary Section) of the Division for first treatment. Well, I was transferred from there to a new arrangement at Corps Headquarters called ‘Veterinary Evacuating Station’ (V.E.S.), and who should I come across but ‘Ginger,’ the little chap who used to be with the ‘Mobile’ of our Division when it was billeted in a chocolate factory, and who gave us bits of chocolate when we turned up for treatment of our little ailments. Well, to make a long story short, two hundred and forty of us, collected at the evacuating station, were put into a special train and sent non-stop to the nearest veterinary hospital in the back areas near the sea coast. Fancy a special train, thirty wagons for eight horses each, and every wagon with its own rations, its own water in bag canvas containers or big shell cases, and a man to each wagon to look after us, with a sergeant in charge of the lot. ‘Ginger’ was the attendant in my wagon, and my heart sobbed at his attention. But the best thing of all was the little South-Eastern Railway engine pulling us; wasn’t she just a pretty sight pulling along in the good old way as if she was going from Clapham Junction to Epsom for the races. I can tell you this much, too, that our engine drivers can knock spots off these Frenchies, who are a bit rough on the likes of us in handling trains. Well, we got down to the reception hospital at a place called something like Noof-Chatel (I am not much of a French scholar; I guess American or English is good enough for me), and we were unloaded at a special siding run into a chalk quarry, the green labels (surgical cases), the white labels (medical cases), and the red labels (mange and skin cases, red for danger) being put in separate reception lines. Then a young officer comes along with a syringe, and injects some stuff they called Mallein into the lower lid of one of our eyes to find out if we had the germs of Glanders in us or not. And, by jove, wasn’t he quick: he had the whole two hundred and forty of us done in forty minutes. Two days settled that business, and being pronounced free, we were distributed, the scraggy and poor conditioned going to convalescent horse depots for rest and feeding up, the lame and

wound cases to No. 10 and No. 13 Hospitals, and the skin cases to No. 12 to be put through the dipping baths. In the meantime the train conducting party returned to the V.E.S. at Corps Headquarters and 'Ginger' and I parted. 'So long, son,' said he, 'be good, meet again soon.' I was sent to No. 10, which was built on sand, so I had a nice comfortable bed to lie on. I also had my hair cut, a good brush up, and, of course, my wound properly attended to.

"Did *you* have a bath, Ephraim?"

"Not one of the sulphur and lime baths they give the mangy contingent, if you mean that, Manasseh, but I had many a good sand bath and roll to my heart's content. Talking of sand, when I first went to No. 10, I thought as it tasted a bit salty it might be good to eat, like a bran mash, so I ate a few mouthfuls, but, my goodness, didn't I pay for it. I got the most awful pains in my interior during the night, and the orderly officer and the sergeant on duty had to give me a pint of linseed oil to clear the sand out of me. So, Manasseh, profit by my experience, if ever you get amongst sand, don't eat it."

"However, my stay in No. 10 was fine. I had everything I could wish for in the way of food and drink. My oats were crushed, a part of my hay ration was chaffed, a little crushed linseed cake was mixed amongst my manger food, and I could take my own exercise. My wound healed up wonderfully, the men were very good to me, kept me from fretting with their jokes and even gave me tit-bits from the canteen, and so on. I tell you I was mighty sorry when I had to leave. I had plenty of time to observe all the comfort and the good that was being done for us animals at war, and I am thinking of leaving the memory of it in my will for the benefit of my descendants."

"Descendants? You'll have no descendants. It's against the rules of nature. But I'll tell you what we can do, Ephraim. We can suggest that what we die possessed of might be bequeathed to the nation for a memorial to us after the war. I suppose a good many kindly disposed ladies and gentlemen will want to do something of that kind for us, God bless them."

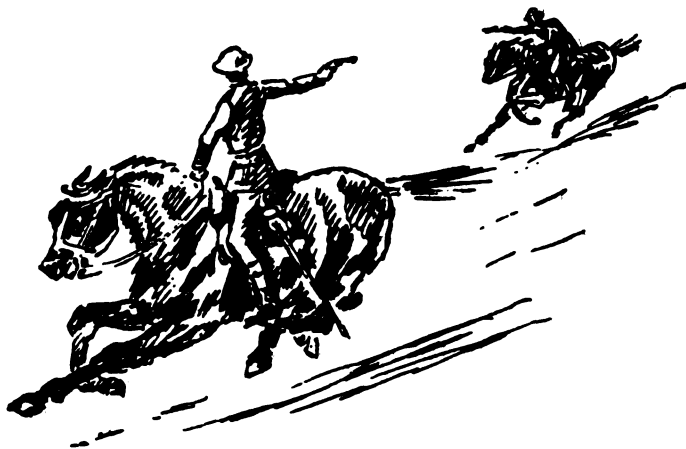
"Now, Manasseh, I just want to have a heart to heart talk with you. Here you've been at the front for the best part of two years, with never a day, or rather a night, off, and never sick or sorry, in a manner of speaking. Too many late nights packing up ammunition in the mud, and dodging shells is telling its tale on you. You take my tip and get out of it for a bit. Officers and men get away for a change, why shouldn't you. You report sick, or pretend. They all do it, and the A.V.C. Sergeant can work the oracle."

"No, Ephraim, I can't do it. Stern duty compels me to stay and see the war through."

"Stern duty be blowed, Manasseh, and if your fine feelings are above pretending, just go into the road there and pick up a nail in your foot, or even a live cartridge, as I heard tell of when I was in hospital. There are plenty of nails about, and you may have the luck to get one conveniently into your frog. And if you get to No. 10, give them all my best love and remembrances, Tell them I hope to meet the Kaiser one day. I'll introduce my shoemaker to his tailor if I can get hold of him. I may remind you that my shoemaker deals in cold iron, and you know what Mr. Kipling, the poet, says: 'Iron—cold iron—is the master of them all.'"

"Well, so long, Ephraim, glad to see you looking so fit. I'll ponder over what you have said."

J. MOORE.





AN ARQUEBUSIER FIRING HIS FIRELOOK—1643

MODES OF USING THE FIREARM IN THE CAVALRY FROM EARLY TIMES TO PRESENT DATE

By **HARRY PAYNE**

As early as Queen Elizabeth's reign some of the cavalry had added a firearm to their other weapons of offence and defence, but it does not appear to have proved a great success. It was still in a primitive form and very cumbersome and it took a long time to load and fire, so it gradually fell into disuse in favour of a pair of pistols which were much handier to fire from the saddle.

As the various descriptions of fire-weapons had somewhat improved in mechanism by the beginning of the XVIIth century it began to be recognized that cavalry to be efficacious should be armed with a firearm as a weapon of offence as well as pistols and swords. A firearm was therefore considered to be part of their armament and by the middle of the century all cavalry, except the Cuirassiers, carried it.

The cavalry arm about this date consisted of Cuirassiers, Arquebusiers, Carabineers and Dragoons.

The Cuirassiers were practically the heavy cavalry of the army. They wore protecting armour from head to knee, the lower part of the leg being encased in long untanned leather boots. They were armed with long straight swords and a pair of pistols, but with no carbine. They were composed of gentlemen by birth and fortune and were considered a *corps-d'élite*. They rode strong weight-carrying horses of 15 hands and over.

The Arquebusiers were less heavily armoured; an open casque or helmet, gorget, back and breast-plate more than pistol proof, constituted their protection, and they were armed with an arquebus two and a half feet long in the barrel, a pair of pistols and a sword. Their horses were under 15 hands.

The Carabineers (or Carbines) wore only the casque as a protection for the head, a good "bufte" coat and the usual long boots of the period completed their livery as it was then termed. They were armed with a carbine twenty-seven inches long in the barrel and a sword in a strong belt. All troops then carried a spanner, a flash-box, touch-box and match, which the cavalry man held between the fingers of the bridle hand.

The Dragoons—to quote the old drill books of the period—"are no less than a foote-company consisting of Pikes and Muskets; only for their quicker expedition they are mounted on horses." They were found to be of great use in guarding fords and passages. In the attack the men dismounted by tens, leaving every eleventh man as horseholder; so out of a troop of 132 men, which composed their usual number, a compact body of infantry of 120 men would be formed who marched with muskets at the shoulder trailing the rest, from which the musket was fired, from the left wrist by a short leather loop. As the infantry formation was then ten files deep, the Dragoons adopted that method. There is no mention of a sword being used then, but a sharp spike of steel was fitted to the pole of the rest, which could be thrust forward by pressing a spring after firing the musket. This rest was intended as an extra weapon of defence and was called a "sweyn's feather"; the same name was given to the original bayonet.

The usual formation of a troop of cavalry in the field was six files deep, and a frontage of twenty ranks. In the attack the front rank fired their carbines, then retired to the rear to reload. If the troop was in close order, knee to knee, the retirement was round the flanks, but if in open order of six feet interval it was through the open files by a countermarch.

The general plan of the cavalry attack as laid down at this date was: The Dragoons were sent ahead mounted to seize any advantageous position, e.g., a bridge, ford or passage; dismounting when sufficiently near the objective, attacking on foot and holding the position when gained until supported by other arms. The Arquebusiers and Carabineers as medium and light cavalry performed the usual duties allotted to cavalry, i.e., protecting the moving columns, guarding the flanks of the infantry against hostile cavalry, and harassing the flanks and rear of the enemy foot.

The Cuirassiers marched in rear to act as reserve, to cover, if necessary, the retreat of the lighter armed horsemen and to allow them time to reform. Owing to the great weight of their armour and equipment they were seldom able to charge at a quicker pace than a sharp trot and the charge was seldom pushed home.

When firing from the saddle the Cuirassier was trained to advance against the right hand of his adversary as "he could then use his pistols with greater effect." The other cavalry who were armed with arquebus or carbine attacked the enemy's left as they could "thus rest their weapon upon their bridle arm."

The cavalry then marched into the field in column of fives; all officers, commanders and supernumeraries marching in file at the head of their troops.

The method of the cavalry attack was by a succession of rushes on the flanks and front of the enemy's squares; then, pulling up sharp, they discharged their firearms at point-blank range. If the enemy broke and fell back they dashed through the gap in the ranks attacking with the sword and in a few minutes the square would be turned into a crowd of fugitives.

From the foregoing extracts we can form some idea of the working and organization of cavalry up to the time of the Reformation.

When Charles II decided to create a standing army there can be little doubt that he and his advisers based its formation very considerably upon the military forces that had been so recently in existence. No very new inventions had been



PRIVATE GENTLEMAN OF THE KING'S
GUARD ON ROYAL ESCORT—1663

brought into being with the exception of a shorter carbine, and a less profuse use of body armour, so when a number of ex-Cavaliers offered their services, they were embodied into a guard which soon numbered 800 men. They were styled the Private Gentlemen of the King's Guard, and in their formation and equipment they approximated closely to the Cuirassiers of earlier times. They were armed with short carbines, pistols and long straight swords and dressed in a

very handsome uniform. Their red coats were richly ornamented with gold lace, tall broad brimmed hats, trimmed round the brim with a profusion of white ostrich feather, long boots reaching to the middle of the thigh. Cuirasses and iron skull caps worn under the hats comprised their only armour. With their love locks hanging down to their shoulders and their slashed sleeves showing cambric shirt sleeves they were indeed a *corps-d'élite*.

The carbine was carried in the hand for all ceremonies, but when on the march it was hooked to a belt and thus hung at their sides. These belts were richly laced and distinguished the various troops by their colours; the King's Troop wearing

blue velvet with gold lace ; the Queen's green and gold ; and the Duke of York's yellow and silver.

These gentlemen fired carbine and pistols from the saddle. If against hostile cavalry at close quarters they fired from the hip as more likely to hit the horse and thus bring man and horse down together.

A division of Mounted Grenadiers was added to each troop in 1678. The men were armed with fusils and bayonets and carried large pouches to hold hand grenades. They were drilled to dismount, link horses, fire and then sling the fusils, run forward throwing in the grenades ; again unsling the fusils, screw in the bayonet and attack.

About 1687 regiments of horse began to be formed for service in various parts of the Kingdom. These regiments were composed generally of a good class of men, although of a different standing to the Gentlemen of the King's Guard, who paid to belong and supported themselves. They were essentially cavalry, trained to act exclusively as mounted soldiers using both sword and carbine or musket, from the saddle, the firearm being two feet seven inches long in the barrel.

Regiments of Dragoons were brought into being about the same period (The "Royals" were formed in 1683). Their organization was on similar lines to the Dragoons of earlier times and like them they were taught to fight on foot as well as on horseback, but their principal role was to act as infantry in the attack. They were provided with smaller horses than the "Horse"—probably the class now known as cobs. Their arms consisted of snaphasse muskets and slings with bright barrels of three feet eight inches, cartouche-boxes, bayonets, grenade pouches, buckets and hammer-hatchets, and their drill was based upon the principle as described above for Dragoons, except that they attacked with a broader frontage and not so many files deep. At the Battle of Blenheim, 1704, the 2nd North British Dragoons (Scots Greys) dismounted, formed an entire battalion and advanced to the attack with shouldered arms, drums beating and colours flying, led by their colonel, who would not allow a shot to be fired until he gave the signal.

When the enemy began to give way The Greys were ordered to remount and, joining the rest of the cavalry, followed in pursuit of the flying enemy.*

Attacking on foot must have been rather trying work then, as once the horses were linked they could not be moved with such a few horseholders. No matter how far the attackers advanced they had to march the same distance back to re-mount. The jackboot then worn was at its heaviest and most cumbersome stage, which must have made marching on foot both difficult and slow, especially to the troops encumbered with their wounded.



CAVALRY EQUIPMENT 1865.
MODE OF CARRYING THE CARBINE
FROM ABOUT 1759—1872

As the length of the musket increased new methods of carrying it had to be devised, and by this time, 1704, a boot or bucket was fixed to the front of the saddle on the offside, into which the butt of the musket was placed, the whole of the barrel projecting obliquely under the man's arm. This mode was in use for many years and was adopted by all divisions of cavalry (see illustration).

About the middle of the XVIIIth century it was found unnecessary to retain mounted men to act as foot soldiers and as the Dragoons had proved themselves to be as good cavalry, when occasion required, as the other regiments of that arm, they gradually became to be recognized as valuable as regiments of horse, and in 1746 three more regiments of horse were converted to Dragoons. As the latter received a lower rate of pay the country gained by the alteration. They retained the long musket and bayonet and still practised the Dragoon drill of dismounting as infantry, but were not exclusively so trained.

On the introduction of light cavalry a lighter weapon came

*Vide Lt.-Col. Percy Groves' "Records of the Scots Greys."



LIFE GUARDS—1790. STATE ORDER

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into use which was again called a carbine and intended to be fired from the saddle, but if the trooper could use it more effectively by dismounting and seeking cover he was allowed to do so.

These light horsemen were provided with a strong belt of untanned leather worn over the left shoulder, fitted with a swivel which ran up the belt to which the carbine was hooked by a ring near the butt, when so fixed it hung down by the man's side, muzzle downwards.

By 1776 a fresh description of bucket had been provided : it was a black leather case, about five or six inches long, fastened in front of the saddle under the right holster, into which the muzzle of the carbine was plunged, the butt protruding upward under the man's arm ; the carbine was kept secure in this position by a strap from the opposite side being fastened round the stock. This was used only for the light Dragoons, but towards the end of the century all cavalry had begun to use a shorter description of firearm and the long barrelled musket had practically gone out of use for mounted men.

Carbines became shorter still at the opening of the XIXth century, and in the course of a few years the length of the barrel had been reduced from two feet eight inches to about fifteen inches. The same pattern bucket and mode of carrying the carbine remained in use from the time we are speaking of, during the Peninsular War, through the Crimean War, right down to the early seventies—practically 100 years.

The method before firing mounted was to draw the carbine from the bucket, hook it to the swivel, lower it to the left side to load, holding it by bridle hand at end of the stock near muzzle, load from pouch by using ram-rod, return rod, seize carbine at the small with right hand and place it on left arm which was raised to form a support, press trigger and give fire. The man was instructed to seek cover if available before firing. After firing the carbine was cast loose, hanging by the belt, the sword was drawn and pursuing practice was gone through at the gallop. Possibly some of the readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL may recollect this old drill, which was in vogue until the seventies.

The jar of firing such a short weapon, which was not held firm but merely placed upon the arm as a support, must have been tremendous. Only those who have fired the old Snider carbine know how it could kick in those days of black powder and solid bullets.

With the advent of the breach-loading Snider, in 1862, and the steady improvement of all firearms it became evident that firing from the saddle was useless against arms of precision. The inefficiency of this method of using the firearm, owing to the difficulty of making the horse stand still, led to the introduction of the present dismounted practice in the early seventies. This allowed only three men of each section to dismount, leaving every fourth man, No. 3, mounted in charge of the four horses, the advantage of which was the led horses could follow the skirmishing line at a safe distance, yet near enough to save a long run back before being able to remount.

About this time a new method of carrying the carbine was introduced, which except for various modifications still exists. A long bucket fixed perpendicularly in rear of rider, strapped to tree of saddle on right side, into which the carbine was plunged muzzle downwards. This allowed the trooper more freedom to use his sword arm.

Shortly after the Battle of Waterloo certain regiments of Light Dragoons were converted into Lancers, which were now armed with lance, sword and a pair of horse pistols which they fired from the saddle, but they were not armed with the carbine until about 1875 or 1876, when the pistols and holsters were called in and carbines, buckets and wallets issued instead.



A LIGHT DRAGOON FIRING FROM
THE SADDLE—1809

IN A MEXICAN PRISON

By "OLD TIMER."

OVER fifteen years ago I had the unpleasant experience of spending a few days in jail in a Mexican town on suspicion of having been concerned in a fight in which several Mexican soldiers and police lost their lives.

At that period of my life I was ranching in the territory of New Mexico. Getting tired of the lonely life my partner and I decided to go on to El Paso for a day or two and enjoy the giddy delights of the town.

We accordingly saddled our ponies and rode the 75 or 80 miles which lay between us and its gaieties. On arrival we put up our "brons" at a livery stable and proceeded to see the sights and look up acquaintances. The first place we entered was the Ranch Saloon, where we could get cool lager beer to wash the dust out of our throats.

The salutation of the bar-tender on our appearance was puzzling: "Waal, if you ain't got a cheek and nerve coming into this town after last Sunday, I'm a liar."

"Why, what did I do last Sunday?" I inquired. "As I happened to be on the ranch at that time, I don't know what you're talking about."

"You may say you were on the ranch," he replied, "but there's a lot in town who think you were over the river, and you take my advice and keep this side and get back to the ranch as soon as you can."

After some difficulty I managed to get him to believe that I was speaking the truth, and then I asked him for an explanation. He told me that the Sunday before, a number of Texan cowboys had ridden from El Paso across the bridge over the Rio Grande, which is the boundary there between Texas and Old Mexico.

They had gone with the intention of rescuing one of their number who had been arrested and sentenced to some years' imprisonment for driving stolen cattle. The attempt had failed and the police and soldiers had turned out. A desperate fight ensued in which a number of the Mexicans were shot and the cowpunchers had succeeded in making their escape.

Some of the people in El Paso had got the idea into their heads that I was one of those in this fracas, and that explained the bar-tender's greeting on my arrival.

As I knew that I could easily prove an alibi and wanted to see Juarez, not having been there, I asked my partner if he would ride over next day and see the place. He consented, so next morning we mounted our ponies and rode all quite unconcerned to what very nearly proved to be our death warrant.

After riding round a street or two we decided to have a look at the "calaboose." We were going quite slowly at a walk and had just turned up a back street, which had the wall of the jail on one side and houses on the other, and were talking and laughing, when suddenly there was a rush of soldiers who seemed to appear from nowhere. Our horses were seized by the bridle, we were covered by a dozen rifles and six-shooters and ordered to dismount.

Not being quick enough at obeying this order I was pulled out of the saddle and flung on the ground. Luckily we had left our guns in El Paso or we might have been tempted to use them. As it was, when I regained my feet I let one man have a straight left hander which put him on his back. I had no time for more as I was at once seized and dragged away. We were both hauled through the streets until we arrived at a sort of police office where we were searched, all our property, even tobacco, being taken from us.

We were then placed under the escort of half-a-dozen soldiers with fixed bayonets and marched once more along the street, this time our destination proving to be the jail. The great entrance gates were thrown open as we approached and securely locked and barred after we had passed through. We were prisoners indeed.

The jail, like most Spanish-American buildings, was in the form of a courtyard. On two sides of it were built the cells, the doors of which opened on to the yard. Each door had a hole, about nine inches square in it, through which one could see inside the cell. We were turned loose in the yard and allowed to roam about amongst the other prisoners, of whom there was a large number. All of them appeared to be what were known as "greasers," and looked with no friendly eye upon the two white new comers that we were, although they were evidently delighted for other reasons to see us there.

In the evening, I suppose about 6 o'clock, though we had no means of knowing the time, all the prisoners were mustered in two long lines, one on each side of the yard. My partner and I were not allowed to stand together but were separated by some dozen men. A sort of Chief Warder now divided the lot into batches of eight, each of which was marched into a cell and shut in, until all had been locked up.

I was placed amongst seven "greasers" and when the door closed on us I felt rather uneasy I must confess.

This cell measured no more than eight feet square and had absolutely no ventilation but the hole in the door. The floor was of cement and indescribably filthy. There was no bedding for me although my seven lovely companions each had his exceedingly dirty blanket. The mud wall opposite the door was a mass of bullet marks, as if on many previous occasions the soldiers had been firing through the doorway.

I was very angry. In those days I was young and pugnacious, and at this moment I was positively boiling over with rage and fuming with indignation.

My mates were evidently quite resigned as they rolled themselves in their dirty blankets and lay down on the floor, but I was too incensed to follow their example. I began to pace the floor, or rather the very small portion of it that was left, until one man said, "You lie down." My answer was plain and to the point: "You go to h——."

"If you no lie down then we make you," was the reply.

"All right," said I, "make me." That just suited my mood.

They certainly wasted no time, but even though they came for me as one man I got my back against one of the walls and got one or two straight blows in to my satisfaction.

The whole affray must have lasted less than a minute when the sentry's appearance at the small window and his peremptory order to "lie down" made the seven "greasers" retreat in a hurry back into their blankets. I alone remained standing. "Lie down," he again commanded. "When I'm good and ready," I retorted. This made him bring his rifle to bear on me and repeat his order. I lay down.

I dropped off to sleep and only awakened when the door was flung open in the morning and we were ordered out. I met my partner in the courtyard. He had spent an almost equally pleasant night of it. We were not allowed to get much fresh air however, as we were evidently looked upon as dangerous and desperate characters. While the others were permitted to sit or wander about the yard we were conducted to a cell and locked in, a sentry with fixed bayonet being stationed outside our door. We had been given no food or water since our capture, and being terribly thirsty about the middle of the day I went to the door and asked the sentry for a drink of water. His answer was simply to curse me for a "Gringo."

While looking through the hole I saw a white man in the yard not far away so I called to him and asked him for mercy's sake to get us some water. He went off and presently returned with an old fruit tin full of exceedingly dirty tepid water. But such as it was it was nectar to us and we drank it eagerly.

We then entered into conversation.

"Waal, stranger," said he, "I shouldn't feel very happy if I was in your place."

"Why so? We have done nothing," I replied.

"That's all very well," was his answer, "but they reckon you're some of that gang of cowpunchers they're looking for, and I guess you are myself. But even if you ain't, that don't matter a whoop in h—— to them. You're Americans and they've got you, and I guess they'll keep you. Why, I've been in here

for six months myself and I don't know what I'm in for. In the interior of this all-fired country they have white men in jail who've been there twenty-five years and don't know what for, so there's your chances for you!" This was comforting.

* * * * *

The next morning our door was flung open, we were ordered out and once more put under a strong escort and marched through the big gates quite half round the town. At length we halted before a kind of corral or pound, inside which we had to go, soldiers were being stationed round it at intervals.

We were the central figures of attraction and evidently the chief performers in a Juarez holiday for the whole population. Everyone turned out to see us; we were jeered at and pointed at, gestures to show our impending fate were indulged in, such as pretending to shoot and drawing of fingers across the throat, and similar antics—in fact, every kind of congratulation and pleasantry was shown us over what the future had in store for us.

We must have been there quite two hours before we were again marched off, this time to the Court House to stand our trial. This trial was merely a farce as our condemnation had been decided upon before we ever left the jail.

Several policemen swore to our identity, having particularly noticed us on the occasion of the fight on the previous Sunday.

We looked like being condemned unheard, but I had other ideas on this point which I meant to put into execution.

In the middle of the judge's speech I said: "We are British subjects and this is an outrage." This the interpreter explained to the judge who after a few words turned to us and said, "You are not British subjects, you are Texans."

"We are not," we repeated. "Well, you are cowboys," came his remark.

"What has that got to do with it?" I next asked.

"We are looking for five cowboys, and we have got two."

"Yes, two of the wrong ones. We are British subjects and not Texans. We came from New Mexico, and were there last Sunday. If you harm us it means trouble for you." was my retort.

"But the police know you," said he.

"The police are liars and they know it." This had its effect. Another consultation was held, the judge evidently being impressed with the continual repetition of the words "British subjects."

At last he said, "Can you get any one in El Paso to identify you and swear you are British subjects?"

"Yes, half the town can do so," said I. "Name one," said he. We named one, taking care to mention an alderman and not a saloon-keeper. The interpreter went to the 'phone and called up the alderman. Shortly after he returned with a scared look on his face and whispered something to the judge, who became equally terrified, for he lost no time in saying, "You are free, your ponies and belongings will be returned. When you get them, get out of this town as soon as possible and don't come back again."

"We will certainly do so," I said, "but I intend to come back again as soon as I have had a wash and something to eat, neither of which we have had since coming to your hospitable place. I mean to come back and lay our grievance before the British Consul."

That very same afternoon I kept my word and once more rode into Juarez. This time I dismounted at the British Consul's office and went in to have an interview with him.

Although British Consul he turned out to be a German who had no use for Britishers. I asked him what he was going to do about my case. "Do," he cried, "I will do nodings. You are a hard case. You get out of mein office."

"No, I won't," I shouted back, "You are British Consul, and if you won't help British subjects what the devil are you doing in that position?"

He got very angry, and the dispute ended in him chasing me down his staircase and refusing to do anything.

As I had really only gone to see him for the fun of the thing, knowing what an excellent British Consul he was, I did not mind two straws, and, in fact, I believe I rather enjoyed getting chased by this choleric Teuton.

CORRESPONDENCE.

9th July, 1931.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Sir,—A new history of The Royal Dragoons is being written by Mr. C. T. Atkinson, and I would crave the medium of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL to ask those who may have diaries, documents, family papers, pictures, or prints of the regiment, or of former officers, to communicate with me. I need hardly say that anything lent for this purpose will be handled with the greatest care.

There is a manuscript journal that it is important to find, namely, one kept by General James Johnston, of the Campaign in 1760, when in command of The Royals. General Johnston became Governor of Quebec, married a daughter of the 1st Earl de la Warr, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. This Journal was in the hands of General de Ainslie when he wrote a history of the Regiment in 1887, but since then all trace of it has been lost. If there is any member of the family who can tell me where it is now, I should be very grateful.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST MAKINS,

Brig.-General.

Colonel of The Royal Dragoons.

180, Queen's Gate,
S.W.7.

FRANK FREEMAN TESTIMONIAL.

We have been asked to announce that the amount subscribed to the testimonial for Frank Freeman, Huntsman of the Pytchley for 25 years, by past and present instructors and students of the Equitation School, Weedon, amounted to £100.

IMPORTANT.

The Staff of the JOURNAL is limited, and it is therefore necessary for all officers who obtain the JOURNAL direct from the Managing Editor to report any alteration of rank or address immediately, as it is quite impossible to follow up the stations of individual officers; every effort will, however, be made to trace the movements of regiments.

**NORTHUMBERLAND HUSSARS OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION.
ANNUAL REUNION DINNER.**

The Eighth Annual Reunion Dinner will be held in the County Hotel (opposite the Central Station), Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Saturday, October 10, 1931. Tickets 3s. 6d. each. Application for tickets and any enquiries to be addressed to "The Adjutant, Northumberland Hussars Yeomanry, Newcastle-on-Tyne."

NOTE

Owing to doubt having been expressed as to the extent to which serving officers or soldiers may contribute articles to the CAVALRY JOURNAL, it is notified for general information that the CAVALRY JOURNAL is issued with the sanction of the Army Council. Officers and soldiers are, consequently, encouraged to submit papers for publication, especially those dealing with modern thought on cavalry subjects, on the understanding that the Editor will obtain from the War Office the necessary permission for publication. A statement should be enclosed from the authority (if any) under whom the applicant is immediately serving that such authority has no objection to permission being applied for.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING.

THE WOODWORKING TRADES.

CARPENTER, JOINER, CABINET MAKER.

To the majority of individuals the Woodworking Trades are the most interesting and attractive of the constructional trades, and generally are considered the most important.

In modern industry the general term "Carpentry and Joinery" is commonly used to cover all the woodworking operations connected with the building trade, and cabinet making is the general term applied to the making of furniture.

In the country districts, carpentry and joinery frequently go hand in hand, a craftsman often being able to work either as carpenter or joiner, but in most large towns men generally keep to one section or the other. Although carpentry is akin to joinery, there is a great deal of difference between the two. The carpenter works on the construction of the building, and moves from building to building as required, while the joiner remains in the workshop at the builder's works or the joinery factory, and prepares the various fittings which the carpenter fixes.

A joiner's work consists mainly of making all the wooden fittings required in the construction and fitting up of buildings, houses, shops, etc. These consist of such items as doors, door frames, sashes, sash frames, dressers, cupboards, mantelpieces, show cases, staircases, and fixtures of all kinds. The carpenter fixes these in the buildings after he has assisted with his part of the construction. His work on the building lasts almost from start to finish. As the building goes up he puts in the joists, partitions, roof timbers, etc., and then when the roof is on he fixes the stairs, floors, doors, sashes, cupboards, dressers, skirting, etc.

Whereas the work of the joiner calls for greater neatness and skill in finishing than that of the carpenter, the latter's work requires a sound knowledge of construction. Each class of work is highly skilled, and the young man in training should see that he gets experience of both carpentry and joinery, as this will enable him to discover which of the two he is most fitted

for. The work entails the skilful use of tools, and familiarity with timbers.

A cabinet maker has a somewhat similar job to the joiner. He also does most of his work in the workshop, and it consists almost entirely of furniture making, but on occasions he goes into large houses and shops to fix the hard wood panelling and shop fittings made by him.

Cabinet making demands skill with tools, and a man must possess the ability to work cleanly and neatly in hard wood. The methods of construction differ from joinery, but the skill required is very much the same. Machinery has lowered the general standard of craftsmanship in the present day, but some firms are again developing hand-made work along the traditional lines.

One who possesses the aptitude for woodwork and the use of keen-edged tools soon makes progress at the woodworking trades, but the difference between them should be realized. A man may make a first-rate carpenter, but a very poor joiner or cabinet maker, and vice versa.

Nowadays much of the work hitherto done patiently by hand is produced by machinery—notably we have machine made doors, windows, and furniture—so that in many joinery and cabinet-making works the bench hands are little more than assemblers. It follows that apprentices in such works are often robbed by the machine of good and necessary practice.

At the Vocational Training Centres things are different. Productiveness takes second place to training, and although machinery is in use it is used only to save unnecessary labour. Most of the work is hand wrought by the student, so that by gaining skill with his tools and co-ordinating hand and brain, he can later use the machine as a servant rather than slave under its mastery.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The following articles of general and cavalry interest form the principal features of recent military magazines :—

The Army Quarterly for July contains, besides Col. Chenevix Trench's essay which won the Bertrand Stewart prize, a good assortment of historical articles, and as the chief plums of current interest, an interesting discussion by Capt. Clarke on the limitations placed on mobility by administrative considerations, a practical talk on leadership by "an Indian Brigadier," and a paper on the recruiting situation by Major Sherbrooke.

The pick of the military articles in the July *Fighting Forces* is a characteristically vigorous paper by Gen. Fuller, "Why Prod?" protesting against the perpetuation of the bayonet assault as the basic idea of infantry training. Other articles discuss the time and space problem of a flank guard in considerable detail, and outline the remodelling of the army conducted by Lord Cardwell. There is the usual good assortment of lighter matter.

The April and July numbers of the *Canadian Defence Quarterly* each contain an article by Lt.-Col. Charrington, of which the first, "The Employment of Cavalry," is a clear and useful summary of accepted doctrine, while the second, "Experiences of a Mechanised Cavalryman," traces the effect of re-armament with armoured cars on the morale and spirit of the writer's regiment, the 12th Lancers. "Mechanisation," he writes, "is intensely interesting, and has certain distinct advantages. The moral and physical deterioration which some pessimists prophesied when the order to mechanize was first received has certainly not set in yet." There are a number of other articles on political, economic, historical, and military topics, most of them, of course, from the Canadian standpoint, which space forbids us to mention.

The July *Journal of the United Service Institution of India* contains a paper on a regimental officer's experience in the recent

Cawnpore riots, an outline of the last winter's operations against the Afridis, and the first part of an article on the "Defence of Ports."

The greater part of the July number of the *Society for Army Historical Research* is taken up with the instalment of the Mutiny diary of Lieut. Lang, of the Bengal Engineers.

The Journal of the Royal Artillery contains the essay by Capt. Foster which won this year's Duncan Prize, the subject being a comparison of the fitness for war of the artillery of to-day with that of 1914. Lt.-Col. Dreyer contributes an outline of the recent Afridi operations; and another interesting, though somewhat technical, paper by Major Thomas draws lessons for the present day from a visit to the battlefield of Le Cateau.

The Royal Engineers' Journal includes several good items of general interest—Mr. Bartlett on "Maintenance of Morale in War"; an account by General Fuller of the first tank v. tank battle on April 24th, 1918; reminiscences of the early days of the Mesopotamian campaign by Col. Molesworth; and the continuation of Col. Thackeray's Mutiny recollections.

The May number of the *Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly* also contains a variety of papers well worth perusal, among the most valuable being those on the relations of R.A.S.C. and R.A.F. in the field, the utilisation of local resources by a small force, the carriage and distribution of water rations, and the operation of M.T. convoys in the desert.

In *The Royal Army Medical Corps Journal* for June and July appear an anonymous series on the humours of life in an Indian station, and two instalments of Lt.-Col. Morris' reminiscences of an army surgeon in the later years of last century.

The Royal Air Force Quarterly continues to maintain itself at a high standard. In the July number Gen. Fuller completes his outline of the strategy of the World War, and Major Richards puts his readers *au fait* with the current situation as regards A.A. artillery. The lighter articles section provides many entertaining items.

FOREIGN MAGAZINES

As the last number of the "United States Cavalry Journal" which is to hand is that for May-June of this year, this periodical appears to have again become a bi-monthly publication. It opens with what purports to be an expression of the official view of the future organization and employment of the mounted arm, and this paper, which is entitled "Mechanized Force becomes Cavalry," deals generally with the extension of mechanization and mobilization throughout the army. The keynote of such reorganization as the United States military authorities have in view, is that whatever is envisaged must be attempted from the standpoint of the missions assigned to the several arms acting in unison, rather than from the standpoint of equipment only.

After stating what compose the various missions of the Cavalry Arm, it is laid down that in order to enable the Cavalry to develop its organization and equipment so as to maintain its ability to perform its various missions under modern conditions, the Mechanized Force must be reorganized as a reinforced cavalry regiment; and in the future it may be necessary to employ two types of cavalry regiments—the one containing the horse and mule only where these cannot be replaced by the motor, e.g., for operations in difficult country, and the other a mechanized type of cavalry wherein the horse and the mule will be wholly non-existent.

At the present moment the United States military authorities contemplate re-constituting one cavalry regiment only as a mechanized cavalry regiment.

This article is followed by a paper by an artillery officer describing the training of a mechanized force recently assembled

at Fort Eustis, Virginia, and which appears to be composed of all arms of the Service. It may be useful here to give the United States official definitions of "Mechanization" and "Motorization"; the first, then, is the application of mechanics directly to the combat soldier on the battlefield; while "Motorization" is the substitution of the motor-propelled for animal-drawn vehicle in the supply eschelons of all branches of the Army, and in providing increased strategical mobility for units of all types through the carrying of men, animals and equipment in motor vehicles over roads.

This paper is followed by others of possibly more local interest, but all cavalry soldiers will enjoy reading the account of the march of the 4th South Carolina Cavalry, which was sent during the War of Secession from South Carolina to Virginia to reinforce General Robert Lee in his operations against Grant during the Virginia Campaign of 1864-1865. This regiment started on the 29th April and arrived at Richmond, Virginia, on the 23rd May, having marched 469 miles in 24 days—including three days' halt, an average of $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles a day—and was in action on the 28th May, on which day, out of some 300 men present, 125 were killed, wounded and missing.

In the "Revue de Cavalerie" for May-June, Chef d'Escadrons Trémeau has a paper on modern cavalry when moving forward to engage the enemy, and for his purpose he takes an imaginary cavalry division, composed of all the most modern adjuncts, mechanized and motorized, while the military situation serving as a basis for this article is that which confronted the Franco-British forces at the end of August, 1914, after their checks in the battle of the frontiers about Charlaroi and Neufchateau. The idea is well worked out and the paper is provided with good maps; it is to be continued.

Under the title of "Les Quatre Vieux" will be found an extraordinarily interesting account of the regiment known in the French Army for very many years, and throughout some very desperate campaigns, as the Berchény Hussars. This corps was raised for service in France in 1720 by one Ladislas de Berchény, the son of a Polish refugee, and until the Revolu-

tion it was always commanded by one of that name. The story of the life of this Regiment is a very fine one, and in many of the histories of the campaigns of the British Army we find mention of the Berchény Hussars as among our most redoubtable opponents.

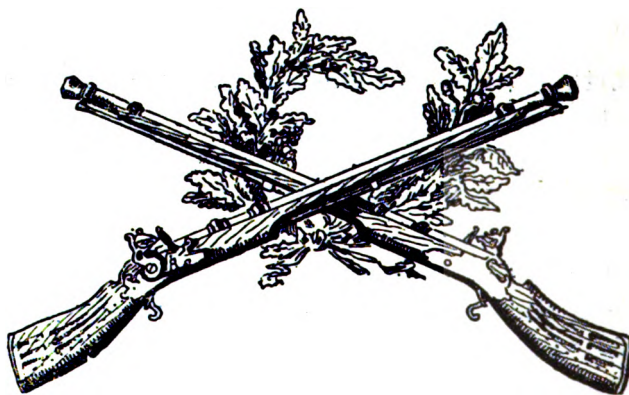
The "Militär-Wochenblatt" of the 4th March last contains what appears to be a very sane and well-reasoned paper on the combined action of armoured cars and cavalry. The one, it is urged, cannot achieve the best results without the complete co-operation of the other. Both are equally inter-dependent. The writer appears to consider that our methods are more up-to-date and promise better results than do the experimental exercises of the other military nations, and the anonymous writer concludes on a note which will not doubt commend itself to our readers, namely, that the cars must under all circumstances be under the orders of the cavalry commander—so alone, it is considered, can the best results be obtained.

Well worth perusal and study is an article, which is commenced in the issue of this journal of the 25th April and concluded in that dated the 4th May, dealing with the work of the infantry division as to-day constituted and of its divisional cavalry.

It is stated to be always good for our self-esteem to see ourselves as others see us, and we may therefore cordially recommend to the notice of British soldier-readers an article—and on the whole a thoroughly appreciative one—by Chef de Bataillon Morel, on "The Armed Forces of the British Empire," to be found in the June number of the "Revue Militaire Française." The author does full justice to the versatile character of our commitments, points out in how many very far distant quarters of the globe the British Army has, often at very short notice, been called upon to act, and lays due stress upon a fact, which is too often ignored by those who criticize our Army, viz., that it does not travel to the scene of a campaign in railway carriages, but that on every single occasion when its services are called for, it starts by a journey over-seas.

In the July number of "Wissen und Wehr" there is an interesting study of Oliver Cromwell as army commander, and the author draws attention to the fact that Cromwell, and in some lesser degree also Fairfax, stood throughout upon his own feet and was responsible to nobody for his actions and for the decisions upon which they were based. Neither was in any way whatever shackled by instructions from a Cabinet or even War Office, and they were responsible to nobody for what they did or left undone.

This issue contains also a valuable account of the work of the First and Second German Armies in the battles of the Sambre and Marne.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"The Knights Hospitallers in the Holy Land." By Colonel E. J. King (Methuen). 25s.

The history of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem goes back uninterrupted from the present day to the beginning of the 12th century, when the victory of the First Crusade established the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. From that time until the fall of Acre, the last Christian stronghold in Palestine, nearly two hundred years later, the Military Orders of the Hospital and the Temple were the main bulwarks of the kingdom, and it is this part of the honourable and heroic career of the Hospitallers that Colonel King presents at length and in considerable detail, aided by an excellent equipment of illustrations and plans. It is a tale well worth telling, for as compared with the later and more famous achievements of the Order at Rhodes and Malta, this early period in its history has hitherto been somewhat neglected by historians, and well worth reading by those who wish to recapture something of the strange, and to us, almost incomprehensible spirit of religious fervour, chivalry, and devotion so characteristic of the Middle Ages. Colonel King has done his work excellently and as befits a prominent official of the Order, and we look forward to the completion of his story in subsequent volumes.

"The 16th Foot." By Major-General Sir F. Maurice. (Constable.) 5s.

This little history of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment has designedly been written, produced, and priced so as to make it suitable for all ranks of the unit, past and present, and is therefore brief and in popular style, and is devoid of any illustration more elaborate than a few sketch

maps. Nevertheless, it admirably covers the whole ground from the first raising of the regiment by James II in 1688 down to the end of the Great War, the tale of which is most suitably concluded by the special message sent to it by Marshal Foch in 1928. The regiment's history falls sharply into three periods—the wars against Louis XIV under William III and Marlborough; the century and a half in which it saw no active service, being tucked away in foreign garrisons during all the many British wars of that time; and the last twenty years from the Chitral campaign to the end of the Great War. Major-General Maurice's practised pen has done its work well, and all ranks of the old 16th Foot owe him a debt of gratitude for an admirable piece of popular history.

“Official History of the Australian Army Medical Services, 1914—1918. Vol. I. By Col. A. G. Butler. (Melbourne.) 21s. 6d.

This bulky and lavishly mapped and illustrated volume covers the campaigns in Gallipoli, Palestine and New Guinea. Of the three parts into which it is divided, Part II, dealing with operations in Palestine, in which the predominant part was played by mounted troops, is of especial concern to cavalrymen. The writer of the narrative, Col. R. M. Downes, was at the time D.D.M.S. to the Desert Mounted Corps and therefore speaks with the authority of experience on the detail of medical work with mobile forces; his account of the many problems and difficulties encountered and of the methods by which they were met and overcome is full of interest and of valuable lessons for the future.

“A Summary of the Strategy and Tactics of the Egypt-Palestine Campaign, 1917—1918.” By Lt.-Col. A. Kearsey. (Gale and Polden.) 3s.

This is a second and revised edition of a pamphlet which appeared a few years ago, as a guide to Promotion and Staff College examination students. For any to whom such a volume is necessary, it may serve as an introduction to further study of the campaign.

“Tactical Schemes with Solutions.” By Major S. W. Kirby and Capt. J. R. Kennedy. Series II. Clowes. 3s. 6d.

The second volume of this useful little series of up-to-date tactical schemes has followed hard on the heels of the first, from which it may be inferred that the demand for the latter has been deservedly great. In this new set the authors give us six more problems, set on the Aldershot map, and concerned with an infantry brigade and attached troops, which carries out an approach march, attack and pursuit, and is then compelled to act as rearguard in a retirement. The authors disclaim any pretence to omniscience or peculiar inspiration, but trust that their solutions “are such as would give every chance of success either in examinations or in practice.” The chief value of the book, however, lies in the chance it gives the student of practice and self-tuition, and it is to be hoped that the wide success that has attended the first set of schemes will not be lacking to this new series.

E. W. S.

“The Art of Riding.” By Lt.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. (Published by Methuen & Co., London.) 7s. 6d.

Colonel McTaggart is generally known as a faddist with a craze for the “forward seat,” but you have only to read this book to see that a wrong impression may easily have been formed, and that in reality his forward seat is very little in advance of the direct perpendicular to the ground. The illustrations in the book are excellent, there are numerous examples of how the rider should sit over fences, in the opinion of the author, and innumerable snapshots of steeplechases in which Col. McTaggart points out the faults of the various styles adopted.

The whole system of training, both of rider and horse, is worked out in easy language, in accordance with common sense as opposed to hard and fast rules.

I believe that quite 50 per cent. of the present day riders in a big hunting centre seldom study equitation, they pay long prices for trained hunters, and expect them to do all that is

required. If a fox is not found they come home disgusted with the day's sport. On the other hand, the true lovers of horsemanship, who study books of this kind, can get just as good value out of their horses for half the money, and with them there is no such thing as a "blank day." T. T. P.

"Saddle Room Sayings." By William Fawcett. (Constable & Co.) 8s. 6d. net.

The title of this book is really a misnomer, as the author's "plain, unvarnish'd tale is the life of the hunter, as a foal, as an unfurnished youngster, as a leggy three-year-old, till he reaches the apex of his career—the hunting field." The story is told in an interesting and authoritative manner. Two chapters are devoted to "Life in a Hunting Stable," which give much useful practical information on horsemastership." The chapter on "Riding to Hounds" conveys useful hints to novices and others.

The author tells some strange and amusing anecdotes of horse-copers and horsey men. The old custom of giving a broken-winded horse a mixture of shot and whisky just before the sale may sound novel, but it was apparently an efficacious, if temporary, remedy. Another north-country custom called "wetting the horse's head"—in other words, wetting the farrier's throat—on the occasion of the first shoeing of a young horse, is with us now, but in another guise. Lastly, we commend to the reader the story of the new parson and "Mary Gray."

O.J.F.F.



SPORTING NEWS—CANADA

St. Catherine's Horse Show, Ontario, June, 1931, one of the largest open-air horse shows held in Canada, had the best jumpers from Eastern Canada and Eastern U.S.A.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons won the following jumping events :—

Pair Jumping.

- 2nd Lieut. C. C. Mann and Mrs. Phillips.
- 3rd Major D. A. Grant, M.C., and Captain L. D. Hammond.

\$500 Touch and Out Stakes.

- 1st Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., on Bucephalus.

Best Hunter (Member).

- 1st Major R. S. Timmis on Rio Rita.
- 2nd Captain L. D. Hammond on Lady Koenig.
- 4th Captain L. D. Hammond on Kippendavie.

N.C.O's. and Troopers Jumping.

- First four ribbons won respectively by L/Cpl. Harrison, Sergt. Simpkin, Tpr. Knights and Tpr. Bress.

Green Light Weight Hunter.

- 4th Major R. S. Timmis on Rio Rita.

Open Class (Amateurs).

- 2nd Major R. S. Timmis on Bucephalus.

Hunts Teams.

- 3rd R. C. D. Team (Lieut. C. C. Mann on Danny Dever ; Major D. A. Grant on Bobs ; Major R. S. Timmis on Suntan).

Inter-Municipal Teams of Three.

- 1st R. C. D. Team (Captain Hammond on Serjeant Murphy ; Lieut. C. C. Mann on Bronte ; Major R. S. Timmis on Bucephalus).
- Aggregate score : 1 fault.

Open Lightweight Hunters.

- 1st Captain L. D. Hammond on Lady Koenig.
- 4th Major R. S. Timmis on Rio Rita.

Finals—Touch and Out Stakes.

- 1st Major R. S. Timmis on Bucephalus.

Special Sweepstake.

- 3rd Captain L. D. Hammond on Lady Koenig.
- 4th Lieut. C. C. Mann on Bronte.

(These two horses tied for first place with a clear performance).

Officers' Chargers (Open).

- 1st Captain G. F. Berteau on Bob.
 2nd Lieut. C. C. Mann on Bobs.
 3rd Captain L. D. Hammond on Serjeant Murphy.
 4th Major D. A. Grant on Peggy.

N.C.Os.' and Troopers' Mounts.

The first four ribbons were won respectively by Sergeant Macdonald,
 S.S.M. Copeland, D.C.M., Cpl. Nickle and L/Cpl. Stafford.

Resumé of ribbons won by Royal Canadian Dragoons' officers:—

					<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Fourth</i>
Major Timmis	4	1	1	2
Captain Berteau	1	—	—	—
Major Grant	—	—	2	1
Captain Hammond	2	1	3	1
Lieut. Mann	1	2	1	1
					—	—	—	—
Totals	8	4	7	5 = 24
					—	—	—	—

SPORTING NEWS—CEYLON**CEYLON MOUNTED RIFLES**

The following are the results of the Cups, etc., competed for at the Annual Camp, 1931:—

The Massey Memorial Challenge Cup (Jumping) 1st Tpr. R. M. H. Edleston.

The Matala Challenge Cup (Tent-pegging Lance) 1st Tpr. J. R. Grogan.
 2nd Tpr. R. R. Jordan.

Stanley Dyer Cup 1st L/Sgt. D. C. Gordon Duff.
 2nd Cpl. H. D. Nicholson

Lloyd Lindsay (Officers' Cup) .. Tie : Kandy and Uva No. 3.

Kandy :

L/Sgt. D. C. Gordon Duff.

Tpr. A. F. Allen.

Tpr. J. R. Grogan.

L/Cpl. C. C. Hope.

Uva No. 3 :

L/Cpl. J. R. B. Goodfellow.

Tpr. R. A. Cooke.

Tpr. A. M. Jordan.

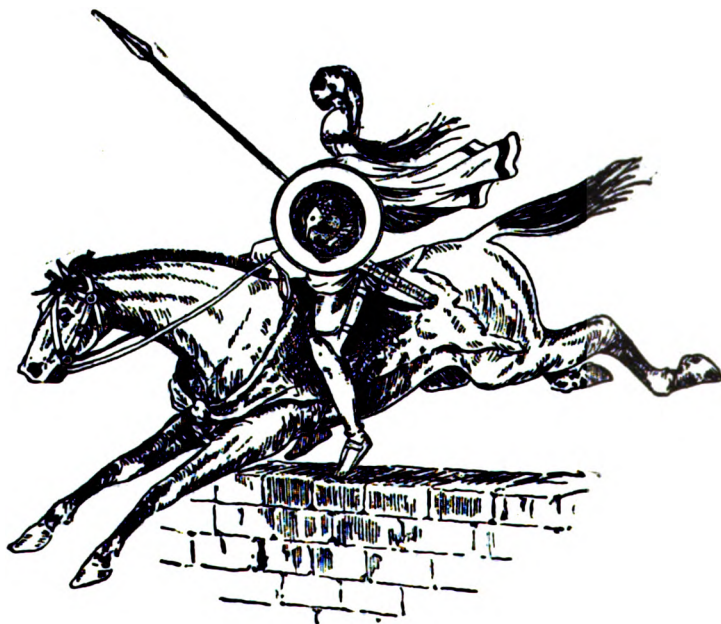
Tpr. R. H. Rudd.

<i>Northway Cup (Rifle Shooting)</i> ..	1st	Sgt. C. F. Troup.
	2nd	Cpl. J. A. Mudge.
<i>C.M.R. Challenge Cup (Revolver Shooting)</i>	1st	L/Sgt. A. P. Pearson.
	2nd	Cpl. J. A. Mudge.
<i>Bayly Cup (Best Charger)</i> ..	1st	Sgt. A. P. Pearson.
	2nd	Tpr. J. R. Grogan (both horses tied).
<i>Dickson Cup (Old) Swordsmanship</i>	1st	Cpl. H. D. Nicholson.
	2nd	Tpr. J. R. Grogan.
<i>Dickson Cup (New) Swordsmanship</i>	1st	L/Sgt. A. P. Pearson.
	2nd	Sgt. D. C. Gordon Duff.
<i>Sly Cup (Section Jumping)</i> ..	1st	Kandy :
		Sgt. D. C. Gordon Duff.
		Tpr. J. R. Grogan.
		Tpr. F. W. B. Fryer.
		Tpr. A. F. Allen.
<i>Horsefall Cup (Best All-round Troop in Camp and during the year)</i>	1st	Uva Troop.
<i>Westland Shield (Best All-round other rank in Camp, includes Shooting, Skill at Arms, Riding, Jumping and General Efficiency)</i>	1st	L/Sgt. A. P. Pearson.
<i>Cope Cup (Point-to-Point, under 12 stone)</i>	1st	Tpr. H. L. St. G. Carey.
<i>North Cup (Point-to-Point, over 12 stone)</i>	1st	Tpr. A. R. Williams.
<i>Hodgson Cup (Point-to-Point, 1st Recruit past 1st post)</i>	1st	Tpr. A. M. Jordan.
<i>Ross Wyllie Challenge Cup</i> ..	1st	Uva :
		L/Cpl. J. E. Kear.
		Tpr. A. M. Jordan.
		Tpr. V. W. Birkbeck.
		Tpr. A. R. Williams.
<i>Recruits' Prize</i>	1st	Tpr. A. M. Jordan.
<i>Syces Competition</i>	1st	Tpr. C. R. Brocklehurst's "Suppiah."
	2nd	Tpr. R. M. H. Edleston's "Sundanum."
<i>Robertson Cup (Inter-Troop Polo)</i>	Winners :	Uva—
		L/Cpl. G. Adams.
		L/Cpl. J. R. B. Goodfellow.
		Tpr. R. A. Cooke.
		Tpr. R. S. Howie.

17th/21st Lancers' Cup (Inter-
Squadron Polo)

Winners : " A " Squadron—
Capt. J. A. F. Wallace.
Lieut. H. L. Bucknall.
L/Cpl. J. R. B. Goodfellow.
Tpr. J. R. Grogan.

V.C. Race	1st	Tpr. R. A. Cooke.
				2nd	Tpr. R. R. Jordan.
Bending Race	1st	Tpr. R. A. Cooke.
				2nd	R.S.M.I. P. A. Frizelle.
Musical Chairs	1st	Sgt. V. C. Baker.
				2nd	L/Cpl. C. C. Hope.
Tentpegging (Open)	1st	Sgt. V. C. Baker.
				2nd	Tpr. R. R. Jordan.
Open Jumping	1st	Tpr. J. R. Grogan.



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